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## LUTHER :—HIS FAITH AND WORK.

A COLLECTION of Luther's writings, by a competent editor,—one who could do for this sturdy spiritual captain what Colonel Gurwood did for the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Sparks did for Washington,—would be an unfailing treasure for this and future generations. Its value would be great as a record of a great era in the human mind—one of the most important pages of history: but probably it would be still more useful as a bright example of unwavering reliance upon the divine word.

Professor Stowe, of Lane Seminary, has published an article on the subject, in which he says that for more than two months, at a time when thick dangers threatened the Protestant cause, Luther wrote to his friends at Augsburg nearly every day, and every letter breathes the spirit of deep devotion. These letters would make a volume of intense interest, illustrating the power of faith and a good conscience, more lively perhaps than anything else that ever proceeded from an uninspired pen.

In a letter to Brueck, chancellor to the elector of Saxony, dated August 5th, 1530, he says—"Some of our friends are anxious and desponding, as if God had forgotten us; but He cannot forget us, He must forget himself first. Otherwise, our cause were not his cause, nor our doctrine his word. But if we are certain without doubt that this is His cause and His word, then our prayer is certainly heard, and help for us is already resolved upon and prepared; and we shall be helped, and there can be no failure."

“ I have lately seen two wonders ; First, I was looking out of my window at night, and saw the stars in the heaven, and God’s great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the builder had fixed this arch ; and yet the heavens fell not, and this arch stood firm. Still there were some who were seeking for the pillars, and were longing to touch them and feel them. And because they could not do this, they stood quivering and trembling, as if the heavens would certainly fall, and for no other reason than because they could not see and feel the pillars which held them up. If they could only grasp the pillars then the heavens would stand fast.

“Secondly, I saw great thick clouds sweeping over us, of such weight and burden that they might be compared to a mighty sea; but there was no floor for these clouds to rest upon, and no barrels to barrel them up; yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us with a scowling visage and fled away. And when they had gone, then both the floor and the roof which had held them up, shone down upon us, the beautiful rainbow. Yet that was so small, thin, weak a floor and roof, that it disappeared in the clouds, and seemed more like a shadow, like an image in a painted glass, than such a strong floor, so that one might well be in doubt whether such a floor could bear up so great a weight of water. Yet, in point of fact, the waters were borne up and we were protected; still some will be feeling to see what holds the waters up, and because they cannot find it, are in dread of an eternal flood.

"Such a work as God by his grace has given

us to do, He will by His spirit prosper and advance; and the way and time and place to help us will come right, and will be neither forgotten nor delayed."

In a letter to Melancthon, dated June 29, 1530, he writes: "I hate from the heart your great anxiety about which you write; it is not the great perils of the cause, it is your own great unbelief which distresses you. There was far greater peril in the time of John Huss, and at many other times, than in our times. And though the peril may be great, yet He whose the cause is (for it is not ours) is also great; He hath begun it, and He will carry it through. Why give yourself such constant trouble? If the cause be not a good one, why, then, let us give it up; but if it be a good one, why should we make God a liar in so many and great promises which he has given us that we may be quiet and content? *Cast thy care upon the Lord.*—(Ps. lv. 23; 1 Pet. v. 9.) "The Lord is nigh to all that call upon him."—(Ps. xxxiv.) Think you that he speaks such words to the wind, that He casts such pearls before swine?

"I sometimes have fears, but not all the time. It is your philosophy and not theology that plagues you so. What can the devil do more than put us to death?"

"I pray you for God's sake take up arms against yourself, for you are your own worst enemy, and give the devil all the weapons he can use against you."

"Christ has died unto sin once for all, but to righteousness and truth he never dies, but lives and reigns! If this be true, why should we fear for the truth while he reigns. Yes, you reply, but by God's wrath is the truth cast down. Then let it be cast down by God's wrath, and not by our cowardice. He is our father, and He will be the Father of our children."

"I pray for you constantly, and am troubled because your anxiety, greedy as a horseleech, sucks out all your blood and makes my prayers powerless. So far as the cause is concerned, I have no anxiety, (whether from stupidity or from the spirit, my Lord Christ knoweth.) God can raise the dead; He can maintain His cause although it fall; He can raise it up, He can make it prosper; if we are not fit for the work, He can do it by others. If we cannot have confidence in His promises, who in the world is there that can? But of this more another time, though I am but carrying water to the ocean. May Christ himself comfort, strengthen, and teach you by his Holy Spirit. Amen."

"If matters go ill with you, I shall scarcely any longer be able to refrain myself from hurrying to you, that I may see how terrible the devil's teeth look round about, as the scripture saith in Job xli."

In another letter to Melancthon, of the 27th of June, he expresses himself as follows: "I am occupied with our cause day and night; I think it through, examine it, dismiss it, search throughout the whole scripture; and I become more and more convinced every day that it is the cause of truth; and this confidence, by God's help, no man can ever take from me, let things go as they will." "The father of lies hath sworn to be the death of me,—that I know well; he will give himself no rest till he have swallowed me up. Very well—let him swallow me—by God's will he will then get a stomach-ache and a purging such as he never had before." "If Christ be not with us, where

in the whole world shall we look for him? If we are not the church, or at least a part of the church, where then is the church? Is the Duke of Bavaria, the Pope, the Turk, and the like of them, the church? If we have not the word of God, who is it then that has it? And if God be for us, who can be against us?"

In another letter to Melancthon, of June 30th, he says: "If it be a lie, that God spared not his own son, etc., Rom. viii. 32, then the devil may be a man in my place; but if it be true, then what do we with our empty care, fear, trembling, and sorrow, as if He would not stand by us in those little matters when he has given his own Son to die for us, or as if the devil were stronger than God?"

"I pray you for Christ's sake, cast not to the winds the divine promises and comforts, as when he says: 'Cast thy cares upon the Lord.' 'Wait on the Lord, and be of good comfort.' Were we obliged to go on our knees to Rome or Jerusalem for such promises, we should value them; but now we have them so numerous and so near at hand, we regard them not. This is not good. I know that it comes from the weakness of our faith. Let us pray with the apostles, 'Lord increase our faith.'"

MISS MARTINEAU ON MESMERISM.—The semi-scientific portion of the London population are very busily discussing a letter just published by Miss Harriet Martineau, in which that lady declares she has been cured by Animal Magnetism. This is hailed as a great accession to the strength of the Mesmerists. A careful perusal of the letter, however, will convince any unprejudiced medical man, that Miss Martineau is the subject of self-delusion. She is not the first talented woman whose powers of mind have been turned, as it were, inwards, to their own undoing. She says, at first, that a public paper is no place for the statement of medical facts, and yet she asks the reader to believe that a serious disease was cured by an agent which she confesses she does not know the nature of. In fact, she begs the whole question. Faithfully, no doubt, and graphically does she describe her sensations before and after this mesmeric experiment; but the medical reader will at once perceive, from her own statement, that Miss Harriet Martineau had sought and found relief from pain in sedatives. He will know the tendency in every patient to increase the quantity of such medicines, and, in fact, will at once recognize in the Miss Harriet Martineau, for years confined to her room, an unfortunate opium-eater; and in the Miss Harriet Martineau, "cured by Mesmerism," the same individual, who, by strong mental effort, has cast off her pernicious habit. She gradually, as her faith increases, diminishes her opiate, and as her opiate diminishes her strength grows up, until at last she walks forth, vowing she has been cured by the animal magnetiser's "passes."—*Hunt's London Journal.*

HABIT OF JESTING.—Some persons are prone to view almost every subject through a ridiculous medium. It is their pleasure and their genius to discover odd associations; and there is nothing so familiar on the one hand, or so grave on the other, as not to excite their faculty of jesting. The inveterate jester is sure to lose his weight in society. Who shall say that such a man is not in danger of laughing away his soul into endless woe?

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Travels in Southern Abyssinia.* By C. J. JOHNSTON. J. Madden and Co.
2. *Travels in Kordofan.* By IGNATIUS PALLME. J. Madden and Co.

THE public occasionally hear through the newspapers of a British settlement at Aden, a port of the Red Sea, on the south-western coast of Arabia. We hold it chiefly as a station for coals, but by what right, of conquest or purchase, has never been clearly explained. It is understood that an arrangement was effected with the ruling Sheik, who, the Arabs say, had as little legal power of alienating to foreigners his native soil, as the Duke of Wellington would have, as warden of the Cinque Ports, of selling Dover Castle to the French. Our right to remain is therefore contested, and numerous sanguinary conflicts have been the result; but possession is nine points of the law, and the law is the perfection of reason—a fact quite obvious in the case of the law of the stronger.

Aden we have, and Aden we mean to keep; but its military occupation being expensive, why not try to turn it to some account as a commercial port and entrepôt for the whole of the north-eastern coast of Africa? We suspect this was part of the original object, and setting aside our unwarrantable assumption of Arabian sovereignty, (about which let us ask no further questions for conscience' sake,) we are very far from blaming the late government for availing themselves of the presumed advantages of their position, and seeking a new opening for British commerce on the opposite coast of Africa. The Church Missionary Society had early turned their attention to the same field, and the wisdom of doing so was obvious; for not only are the Abyssinians, for the most part, Christians already, or a people calling themselves such, but, throughout an extensive tract of country, we have a high table-land, far above the fever level, and a climate, in the cultivated parts, as well adapted to the constitution of Europeans as the chalk hills of Kent. We have conversed with an African traveller, who, after spending three years in Abyssinia, returned a younger man, physically speaking, than when he left England. Mr. Johnston was less fortunate, having brought with him from Bombay the seeds of intermittent fever; but there can be no doubt of the comparative healthfulness of this elevated plateau, and that, if Africa is to be christianized, or European civilization introduced into the interior, we should abandon all thoughts of penetrating by rivers running through deadly swamps or pestilential plains, and seek at once the most accessible mountain ranges. Following this rule, there does not appear any reason for doubting that Englishmen may yet find habitable homes in Africa under the line; for the most southern portion of Abyssinia is but ten degrees north.

We think, therefore, the British government intended well by their embassy to Shoa, and deserve

credit for that intention; but we are equally satisfied that the step was taken without due consideration, and that the whole proceeding was an error. Embassies may have their uses between civilized nations, mutually respecting each other; but an embassy from a great European power to the king of an African tribe, for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty—a thing never before heard or dreamt of by African potentates—can only be viewed as a ludicrous mistake. We can imagine the bewilderment of Sâhela Selassie, with a sheet of parchment before him, the signing of which was to be harbingers of unknown blessings; and, more than this, we imagine the very natural suspicion that would be awakened in his mind, by the anxiety exhibited about this sheet of parchment—the rich presents brought to him by strangers, apparently without any hope of receiving a reasonable *quid pro quo*—and the unaccountable length of their visit. How ready would such a mind be to adopt the friendly warning of a French agent, or of his own courtiers,—“These English have come to spy out the nakedness of the land; they aim at conquest, as at Aden, and the treaty is a trap to facilitate that object.”

The failure of such a Quixotic expedition was therefore inevitable, even had it not been intrusted to Major Harris—an unfortunate appointment; but the result would appear to be worse than failure, for the distrust excited has, we are told, caused a country to be closed against us, which agents of missionary and geographical societies had always found open, and which was quite as free for commercial enterprise as any country can well be without custom-house barriers, but surrounded with more formidable barriers than prohibitive duties, in the shape of rude tribes of toll-gatherers, and desert tracts impassable, in their present state, for heavy merchandize.

In our former strictures on Major Harris' work, we were glad to avail ourselves of a pen guided by a better knowledge of the subject than books. The writer had visited Shoa, and knew the people attempted to be described in the “Highlands of Æthiopia.” Major Harris has published a reply to those strictures as a preface to a second edition, chiefly relating to his Arabic and Amharic scholarship; upon which we shall not offer a word of comment. Not from one source alone, but from many quarters entitled to respect, have we received confirmation of our own judgment in the case, upon all material points, and we now find it supported by the narrative of *another* traveller, not connected with the embassy.

Mr. Johnston, in 1840, held the appointment of surgeon, on board the armed iron government steamer, the “Phlegethon,” bound for Calcutta. Before leaving England he proposed to the Geographical Society to return by way of Africa, landing on the coast opposite Aden, and crossing the continent by any practicable route he might discover. The proposition was favorably received,



and subsequently obtained the patronage of the Indian government.

Mr. Johnston left Aden in the spring of 1842, more than a twelvemonth after the embassy, the route of which he followed, keeping somewhat to the east; his first object being to reach Shoa, deliver despatches to Major Harris, and his own letters of introduction, and obtain such assistance for the further prosecution of his journey as it was natural to presume the embassy would enable him to procure.

Mr. Johnston travelled alone, with only a small native escort, which, by continual accessions on the road, gradually grew into a caravan, not sufficiently numerous, however, for resistance to any really serious attack, and his account of the journey strengthens an opinion we had long since formed, that the real dangers of an African traveller arise rather from a want of correct information respecting the political state and customs of the tribes through which he must pass, than any obstacles naturally insurmountable. His first difficulty is with turnpike trustees; these must be conciliated by suitable offerings in Africa as in England, however bad may be the roads; and sometimes there are rival trusts, both claiming an equal right of toll. But the most serious difficulty is that of avoiding dangerous protection. Better travel without an escort than get mixed up with the deadly feuds of petty tribes. In passing through the country of the Mudita tribe, the slave of one of the camel owners was assassinated during the night; this was in revenge for the recent murder of one of their tribes at Tajeurah. The embassy lost three soldiers by assassination on the same spot, and doubtless from a similar cause. There is no evidence to show that the Mudita tribes are more prone to murder than North American Indians, or New Zealanders, but "blood for blood" is the fearful common law of the uncivilized world.

Property is much more safe than would at first be supposed. The disposition to plunder seems confined to the tribes on the coast. At a place called Errur, near Hiero Murroo, Mr. Johnston found seventeen boxes of stores that, for want of camels, had been abandoned by the embassy, to the custody of the Dangalli; yet the contents of the boxes had not been disturbed.

Mr. Johnston undertook the trouble and expense of bringing these boxes on with him to Abyssinia, and succeeded in restoring them to the embassy, but would doubtless have spared his labor, had he foreseen that his zeal would only be rewarded as officiousness.

On crossing the river Hawash, the eastern frontier line of Abyssinia, he hears alarming rumors of the state of affairs at Ankobar, the capital of Shoa. He learns that the members of the embassy are in disgrace with Sáhela Selassie, probably in prison; and, as a strong confirmation of the truth of these reports, he is himself detained at

Farree, sentinels placed over him, and his letters intercepted by authority. His first disposition is to escape back to the coast, and report at Aden the imprisonment of his countrymen, but the actual danger of their position had been exaggerated. His letters at length reached Major Harris, and Mr. R. Scott, the surveying draughtsman attached to the mission, comes out to conduct Mr. Johnston to head quarters.

"An answer had been sent to me by Captain Harris the day before by the messenger now in prison, confined by the Wallosmah for having brought a letter for me, after the king had issued orders that all correspondence between the English already in the country and those arriving should be prevented. Mr. Scott was not at all surprised when I informed him of the circumstance, though I certainly considered such a proceeding to be very much at variance with the conditions and stipulations I was given to understand were contained in the commercial treaty. I could not help remarking this, and Mr. Scott then candidly admitted the king did not know the character or purport of the paper he had signed; and had only been made aware of the new responsibilities he had incurred, by a sharply worded expostulatory letter, written by Mr. Krapf, in accordance to the dictation of Captain Harris, on an occasion subsequently to the signing of the treaty, when despatches and letters coming up from the coast were intercepted and detained for some time by the orders of the king. Singularly enough, this information was corroborated by Ohmed Medina, who told me that my letter from Dinmomee had not been carried to Captain Harris, but to the king, who wanted to find out whether the English were his friends or not, and was trying my disposition and that of the commander (Captain Harris) by this harsh treatment of me; a kind of experiment, in fact, to see what would be borne by us, and how far he had limited his authority by attaching his signature to the treaty. Any idea of granting public benefit at the expense of his prerogative was never entertained for a moment, the intentions of the king being limited to showing personal favor alone, which he is ever ready to concede even now to English travellers, much as he complains of the conduct of the mission in Shoa as regards their political misdoings; more especially of the great insult offered to him by the unfortunate letter before alluded to, and which was worded so unguardedly, that the king, on receiving it, might well, considering his great regard for Mr. Krapf previously, turn to him and say, in a tone that implied more of sorrow than of anger, 'Did you write that, my father?'"

A new difficulty now arises, for, under the pretext that Mr. R. Scott had left Ankobar without permission, he, also, is detained at Farree; sentinels are placed over both travellers, and the unfortunate messenger who had been detected bringing a letter to Mr. Johnston was not only imprisoned, but nearly starved to death during his confinement by a diet of the very worst kind of bread and water.

"I felt very sorry for him when he came staggering out of prison, with blood-shot eyes and squalid look; and it was with feelings of pity rather than of contempt that I witnessed the



broken-spirited man, with shoulders bare, and with the most abject submission, stoop and kiss the feet of his unjust and tyrannical oppressor. The Wallasmah, with the penetrating glance of suspicious cunning, read in my countenance the detestation I felt at such unwarrantable conduct on his part, and muttered in excuse, something about the man having been 'one of Krapf's servants,' as if he considered that quite a sufficient pretext for the harshest treatment."

They are at length permitted to proceed and reach the court of Sáhale Selassie. Here a further indignity is offered, for the boxes brought by Mr. Johnston were ordered by the suspicious monarch to be brought before him, and burst open in his presence. Subsequently Mr. Johnston discovers that, although nominally at liberty, he and the officers of the mission are really under a system of rigid surveillance; the servants placed about them spies; every movement watched, and instantly reported to the government. Summing up the whole, he says, "The total failure of the mission attests the want of tact, and of all knowledge of human nature, by the parties employed by a liberal and too indulgent government."

The embassy to Shoa might have failed from a thousand causes, not necessarily involving blame to Major Harris, although Mr. Johnston attributes "the great moral injury the cause of English influence and African civilization has sustained to the incapability of one man, and the ill-judged proceedings which characterized his ambassadorial career." But if it be true that the treaty was worthless, and that the embassy only succeeded in inspiring distrust where none had formerly existed, a deception has been attempted; and for any loss of life or property that may arise from a misplaced confidence in the representations made in the "Highlands of Æthiopia," and since repeated, of improved relations with Shoa, Major Harris will be accountable to his country. In the preface to his second edition, Major Harris denies the failure of the embassy, and adds that:—

"It does not follow that the mission has been a failure because some Cairo gossip chooses to say so, or because all the fruits of it have not yet been reaped. A treaty has been concluded, friendly relations have been established, and upon this basis commerce will proceed, slowly perhaps, but surely, to erect its structure."

Mr. Johnston we do not know personally, neither are we acquainted with Major Harris. We will give no opinion upon the veracity of either gentleman, but we place the statements of both before the reader. He will be assisted in drawing a correct conclusion upon the facts by the following account of a conversation (carrying with it internal evidence in its favor) between Mr. Johnston and Tinta, the governor of Aliu Amba.

"I soon perceived that the real object of these visits was to learn the motive that had induced so many Europeans to visit Shoa of late. About this time, it must be observed, information had ar-

rived of the approach of M. Rochet de Hericourt bearing presents from the King of France to Sáhale Selassie. I scarcely knew how to answer Tinta, except by complimenting him upon the able character of the Negoos, of which we had heard in our country, and induced us to desire a more intimate acquaintance with a monarch of whom report speaks so highly. This not appearing satisfactory, cupidity, the national vice of Abyssinia, I thought might be excited favorably for the explanation desired; so I entered largely upon the great commercial benefits that would accrue to the Shoans by a communication being kept up between their country and the sea-coast. The very supposition of a road being opened for this purpose seemed, however, to astound Tinta, who, with a deal of sincerity in his manner, begged of me, if I wished to remain on good terms with the Negoos, not to mention such a thing; for 'how would Sáhale Selassie,' he asked, 'be able to preserve his people, if they could escape to countries so rich as yours.' To remove the Adal and Galla tribes, Tinta considered would be to break down the 'hatta,' or fence, that alone secured the Shoans at home, for they dare not leave their country under present circumstances, except with the greatest danger to their lives.

"This subject-preserving principle appears to be the most important one in the home policy of the government of Sáhale Selassie. It also appears to have been the foundation of many ancient systems of social communities, and the representatives of which, preserved in their original purity, have yet to be discovered in the unknown cases that stud with desert-surrounded islands intertropical Africa."

Mr. Johnston explains the origin of the story of the "Maneater" in the "Highlands of Æthiopia," and satisfactorily, to us at least, shows the imputed cannibalism to have been utterly devoid of rational foundation. He further meets with a contradiction of two statements made by Major Harris,—that the Moslem servants of the embassy voluntarily abandoned it in Shoa, "rather than prolong a hateful sojourn in Abyssinia," and that "half the number were murdered on their way down." Mr. Johnston gives the names of the eight persons alluded to, and states that they did not leave the embassy, but were dismissed from it in consequence of insisting upon the payment of arrears of wages, which Major Harris proposed to settle only upon his return to Aden. That five of the number did not leave Shoa, but remained at Aliu Amba, some of them taking wives, and that of the three who attempted to reach the coast one of them only, an Indian boy, was slain.\* That under any circumstances a body of helpless foreigners should be thus discharged, in the heart of Africa, certainly seems an act of cruelty, which (if the fact be so) it would be difficult, under any circumstances of provocation, to justify. Mr. Johnston adds:—

"The unfortunate servants appealed to the Negoos for redress, who condescended (but without avail) to intercede for their return to the mission. This affront to the royal dignity was never

\* Vol. ii., p. 405.

forgotten, whilst a very injurious prejudice was raised by the conduct that was pursued by our representative with reference to the non-performance of the engagement entered into with these men. This being followed shortly afterwards by the infliction of corporal punishment upon a soldier for a breach of martial law, when no other kind of discipline was even pretended to be kept up, astonished the Abyssinians not a little, and gave the finishing blow to all popular respect for English civilization, or wishes for any connexion whatever with our country."

It remains only to be seen how the public services of Mr. Johnston were rewarded, who, from Lord Auckland's patronage of that gentleman, would really appear to have been regarded by Major Harris as a rival ambassador, or at best as a rival author. Mr. Johnston had found it necessary, *en route*, to secure the safety of the government stores, by having an additional escort, to be paid upon their arrival in Shoa. He had, it is true, no authority to do this in the name of the mission, but it was natural to conclude that no difficulty would be made about a trifling sum. When called upon in Aliu Amba to redeem his engagement, he immediately applies for that purpose to the embassy:—

"Walderheros walked by my side, and by nine o'clock we arrived at the residency, where a little flag, displayed, telegraphed the presence of the ambassador, Captain Harris, who had come into town the night before from Angolahlah. I was compelled to solicit, as a personal favor, that which was denied as an act of justice; on the strong representation that 'these thirty dollars would be the price of my blood,' our singularly constituted ambassador reluctantly consented to advance me that sum from the treasury. Let it be observed, that not one word of approbation was bestowed upon the endeavors I had made to obtain the restoration of the boxes, &c., left by Messrs. Bernatz and Scott at Hiero Murroo; and when I alluded to that circumstance, the reply I received was, 'that any other party coming up would have brought them on.' The irritation and excitement consequent upon this interview aided the predisposition to a relapse, and to that I principally attribute the long illness which, from this date, afflicted me for many months."

Here we must take leave of Mr. Johnston and Major Harris, between whom and the public a very serious account remains to be settled, and one which we submit, for the honor of all the parties implicated, as well as for the interest of African civilization, ought to be made the subject of parliamentary investigation. We would not, however, close the two volumes of "Travels in Abyssinia" without adding that the work contains, apart from these matters, which are merely incidental, a great body of interesting and apparently trustworthy information. Mr. Johnston attempts no ambitious flights. He does not aim at fine writing. His style is without pretension, as becomes a sober narrator of facts desirous of promoting the objects of geographical discovery, and one sensi-

ble that the charms of truth are not enhanced by the meretricious disguises of romance.

We now turn to the neighboring country of Kordofan, lying nearly in the same parallel of latitude as Shoa, but somewhat more to the north, and further from the coast.

In 1837 Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian by birth, undertook a journey to Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, on a commission of exploration from a mercantile establishment at Cairo, with a view to commercial objects. Pallme appears to have been eminently fitted for the undertaking. He had resided sufficiently long in Egypt to become familiar with the Arabic and colloquial dialect of the people; and former excursions towards the interior had made him well acquainted with native habits. His objects being strictly mercantile, it was not his intention originally to write, but a nineteen months' sojourn in countries but little known, enabled him to collect so much novel and varied information of a general character, that its publication became a duty, and the result is one of the most interesting books of travel in Africa we have long perused.

Unlike the high table-land of Abyssinia, Kordofan could never be inhabited by an European population. It is formed by the plains lying at the foot of the Nuba and Shillock mountains, and stretching out on the north and west into the deserts of Gondola and Dafur. The soil is sandy, but fertile; its appearance during the rainy season, when vegetation springs up from the earth as if by magic, that of the garden of Eden, but death revels in the paradise. Every spot is rendered unhealthy by the exhalations of stagnant waters; and no hut is then to be met with in which there are not several sick. In the dry season disease disappears, but the extreme heat is almost equally fatal to animal life, while the eye rests with melancholy upon a wide-spread scene of parched desolation.

"During the dry season, everything in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves, and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps towards the forests to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another. In this season, however, frightful hurricanes occasionally arise, and fill the minds of those who have not been witness of such a phenomenon in nature before, with the utmost consternation. A powerful current of air, of suffocating heat, blows fiercely from one point of the heavens to the other, devastating everything that lies in its course. The atmosphere bears at these times generally a leaden grey appearance, and is impregnated with fine sand; the sun loses its brilliancy, and total darkness envelopes the earth, rendering it even difficult to distinguish objects at a few paces distant. The sky changes suddenly, becomes of a yellow color, then assumes a reddish hue, and the

sun appears as a blood-red disk. The wind howls, tears up everything within its reach; houses, fences, and trees by the roots, carrying them away with it: levels mounds of sand, and piles up fresh hills. In short, the devastation caused by a hurricane of this kind is beyond description. Unfortunately, indeed, is he who happens to be overtaken in the desert by one of these storms. There is no course left for him to save himself, but to throw himself with his face on the ground, in order to avoid suffocation by the pressure of the atmosphere. Respiration is totally impeded; all the fibres are tightly contracted; the chest threatens to burst for want of pure air; and a man of rather weak constitution, overtaken by one of these hurricanes in the open air, generally succumbs. But robust men, even those in full vigor of life, feel depressed in every limb for several hours after exposure to these storms, and recover but slowly and by degrees. Animals fly and endeavor to conceal themselves; every creature, in fact, seeks a place of shelter. The camels on journeys indicate the storm before it breaks forth by an unsteadiness of gait, and by drooping their heads towards the ground.

"The rains begin in the month of June, and terminate with the month of October. Those who have not spent this season in a tropical country can form no idea of the showers which then drench the earth. The storms generally arise in the east or in the south. A small black cloud is, at first, perceived on the horizon, which increases as it approaches, spreads in a few minutes, with incredible velocity, over the whole region, and then descends. A fearful storm now rages; flash upon flash, and peal succeeding peal, the lightning illumines the whole heavens, and the thunder rolls most fearfully, as if the sky were about to open and the earth to burst; streams of water pour down with violence, which the soil is incapable of imbibing, and torrents are thus formed, destined, however, soon to be lost in the sands. Showers of this description generally last over one quarter of an hour, seldom for a longer period, and very rarely indeed are they repeated on the same day. They remit frequently during two, three, or even six days, and this is the most unhealthy, and even dangerous time both for strangers and natives; but it is admitted by general consent that those of white color suffer more than the blacks."

Kordofan was originally peopled by nomadic tribes from the Nubian mountains, one of which, called Mount Kordofan, gave its name to the plains below it and most of the surrounding country. These were subjugated in 1799 by the King of Sennaar, (a country bordering upon Shoa,) who in turn was conquered by the Sultan of Darfour; and Meleks governed the country in the name of the Sultan of Darfour from 1784 to 1821. During this epoch the country was prosperous.

"Commerce extended in all directions; caravans brought the produce from Abyssinia, the interior of Africa, and from Egypt, into the two towns of Lobeid and Bara, whence the greater part was again transported into other countries. Abundance might be said to reign everywhere, and there was no want of any necessaries, whilst all were wealthy, and even the women of the less opulent inhabitants wore golden rings in their noses and ears, and many even golden bracelets and silver ankles round their feet. No other metal

but gold or silver was to be seen in the decoration of the women, and many female slaves even wore gold about their persons. Agriculture and cattle-breeding flourished, and there were few inhabitants in the country who did not, to a certain extent, devote themselves to commerce. The whole population, in fact, lived free from care, and was wealthy; singing and dancing resounded from place to place; in short, this was the golden age of Kordofan."

An iron age was approaching. In 1821, Mahomet Ali undertook the conquest of Kordofan. A brigade of 4,500 infantry and cavalry, attended with 800 Bedouins, and eight pieces of artillery, were sent on the expedition. The men of Kordofan defended the freedom of their country with desperate valor; and a severe battle was fought near Lobeid, the capital; but unprovided with firearms, all resistance was ultimately in vain. The town was plundered and nearly wholly sacked, and the whole country surrendered, with the exception of a distant mountain tribe.

Kordofan was now annexed to Egypt, and a son-in-law of Mahomet Ali, who had headed his troops, was made governor of the province. This man speedily acquired, under the title of the deftardar, the infamous reputation of a Nero. It is difficult to believe that a monster could exist in human shape capable of the acts of cruelty reported of him by former African travellers, and now confirmed; but we are told that many persons are still living whose testimony could be adduced as eye-witnesses of his deeds of horror, and themselves sufferers by his cruelty. Pallme says:

"I may, perhaps, be permitted to illustrate a few traits in the character of this ruthless tyrant by narrating some of his feats; it will then become evident that this flourishing country could but sink in a very short time, as the natural consequence of his oppressive tyranny; and that a considerable period must elapse before it will be able to recover itself but slightly.

"A soldier who had stolen a sheep from a peasant was caught in the very act. He not only refused to return the stolen goods, but even maltreated the peasant. Confiding in the equity of his cause, the latter thought he should more probably have justice done him by the governor than by any one else, and entered a complaint against the soldier. The deftardar listened very patiently to the story; but, when the peasant had finished, the tyrant accosted him in an angry voice, with the words: 'And with these trifles you trouble me?' Then turning to his attendants he ordered the peasant to be brought before the kadi; they understood immediately that he meant by the kadi, a cannon, carried the poor wretch immediately off, and bound him to the mouth of a gun, which was instantly fired.

"His very servants, consisting not only of slaves, but of free Arabs and Turks, although they might be regarded as his executioners, stood in great awe of him, for he punished the slightest offence of which they might be guilty with every imaginable species of cruelty. Thus it happened that one of these servants was tempted to dip his finger into a dish to taste it. The deftardar, unfortunately, observed the act. He demanded of the unhappy man, in an ironical tone, whether the



dish were sweet or sour? The servant was naturally mute with fear. The defturdar now ordered him to be nailed by the tongue to the door and his face to be smeared with honey, in order, as he expressed himself, to stimulate his gustatory faculties. In this position the unfortunate man had to pass two full hours. It took a long time before he recovered, and a variety of remedies were required to heal his tongue.

"A scyss or groom, whose office is, according to custom in Egypt, to run before the rider, was incapable of keeping up with the defturdar from absolute fatigue, in a long and quick trot. The tyrant struck him with his whip to quicken his pace. The unfortunate man, who was, however, quite exhausted, as may be supposed, did not become more active after this remedy had been applied. For this crime the unnatural barbarian had his feet bound to the tail of a horse, and ordered the animal to be driven through the streets of Lobeid by two other scyss. The unhappy groom would, no doubt, have met his death in this manner, were not the streets paved merely with fine sand; thus he received many wounds, but none which proved mortal. The horse, unaccustomed to such usage, turned suddenly round, and struck at the unfortunate scyss, who, in desperation, seized the animal with all his remaining strength by the head; and, to save himself, bit its upper lip. No attention was at first paid to this slight wound, but in a short time the head of the horse began to swell, and it eventually died. The scyss, who was covered with wounds however, survived the torture.

"A man gave his neighbor, in a quarrel, a box on the ears; the latter brought a complaint against him before the defturdar. 'With which hand didst thou strike thy neighbor?' asked the tyrant. 'With the right,' answered the peasant. 'Well,' replied the defturdar, 'that thou mayest not forget it, I shall have the flesh removed from the palm of that hand.' This order was immediately executed. 'Now return to thy work,' said the defturdar to the sufferer, who, writhing with pain, replied: 'In this state I cannot work.'—'What!' exclaimed the tyrant, in a rage; 'thou dardest to contradict me! cut his tongue out, it is rather too long!' and this operation was also immediately performed, without consideration of the tortures to which he had been previously subjected.

"The defturdar one day observed, that some one had taken a pinch of snuff out of his box during his absence; his suspicion lighted upon his valet; he therefore, on a subsequent occasion, confined a fly in his box, and leaving it in his divan, went into another room, and ordered his servant to fetch something from the chamber in which he had put down the box. The servant fell into the snare, was really tempted to take a pinch, and the fly escaped without being observed. In a short time the defturdar returned to the room, found that the fly had escaped from its confinement, and immediately asked the servant, 'Who had opened the box?'—'I, sir,' he confidently replied; 'I took a pinch.' This liberty he paid with his life: the ruffian had him flogged to death.

"A negro bought milk of a woman for five paras, drank it, but forgot the payment; the woman complained to the defturdar, who happened to be in the neighborhood. 'Well,' said he, 'I will immediately investigate the affair,' and ordered the offending negro to be instantly brought before him. When he appeared, he asked him if

he had bought milk of that woman, and not paid for it! The negro, in fear, denied it. The barbarian immediately ordered the abdomen of the negro to be cut open, to see whether his stomach contained the milk. It was, indeed, found; whereupon he quietly said to the woman, 'Thou art right, take these five paras, and now go thy ways.'

"In his garden the defturdar had a den, in which he kept a lion: the animal became gradually so tame that he ran about at liberty in the grounds, and followed his master like a dog. Of this tame lion the tyrant made use to frighten the people who came before him, a species of wanton sport in which he took the greatest pleasure. If it so happened that no stranger came to visit him during the hour in which he engaged himself in his garden, he ordered his attendants to bring any person they might meet on the high roads to him. The invitation was sufficient in itself to frighten any one to death; but when an unfortunate man in the greatest trepidation entered the garden, and in absolute fear of his life creeping along the earth, approached the defturdar, he set the lion at him, and the poor fellow, of course, fell senseless to the ground at the sight of the wild beast. This was now his greatest delight; for, although the animal did no harm, it was sufficient to frighten the most courageous man to be brought into close contact with a rampant lion.

"Before this animal was quite domesticated, and whilst it was yet kept in confinement, one of the gardener's assistants was guilty of some error, of which the superintendent complained to the defturdar. In no case dilatory in passing judgment, he ordered the accused, without going into details, or listening even to the full explanation of the case, to be cast into the lion's den. This order was immediately complied with; the beast, however, treated the poor condemned wretch like a second Daniel; it not only did him no harm, but, to the astonishment of all beholders, licked his hands. The gardener's assistant was not the animal's attendant, but had occasionally thrown some of his bread into the den in passing. The noble animal had not forgotten this kindness, and spared his benefactor's life. The defturdar, on hearing this, was by no means pleased; but bloodthirsty as ever, and without feeling the slightest appreciation for this act of generosity, ordered the lion to be kept fasting during the whole of the day, and the delinquent to remain in confinement, thinking, in the anger of ungratified rage, to force the beast to become the executioner of its benefactor. But even hunger could not overcome the magnanimity of the royal animal, and the poor gardener remained the whole day unhurt in the den with the lion.\* In the evening he was liberated, but the unfortunate man did not long escape the vengeance of the tyrant, who, meeting him one day in the garden, where he had brushed up a heap of leaves, accosted him with, 'Dog, thou art so bad that a lion will not eat thee, but now thou hast made thine own grave.' Hereupon he commanded him to carry the dry leaves to an oven, and then to creep in himself. When this order was executed the tyrant had the leaves lighted, and the poor wretch expired under the most horrid tortures.

\* This noble animal will probably be found stuffed in the Royal Museum at Munich, for Mehemed Ali presented it to the Conseillier d'Etat Schubert, who was at Cairo in the year 1836.

"A fellah, (peasant,) owed the government forty maamle,\* the sheikh of his village had his last ox seized, the fellah declaring himself incapable of paying. The beast was slaughtered and divided into forty parts: the butcher received the head and skin for his trouble, and the remaining forty parts were sold at one maamle each, to the inhabitants of the village promiscuously. The meat, as may be supposed, was quickly sold at this low price. The poor peasant now appeared with a complaint before the defturdar, assuring him that the ox was worth more than forty maamle. The defturdar proceeded with all speed to the village, to investigate the matter on the spot. Having convinced himself of the truth, he ordered the sheikh, the butcher, and all those persons who had bought a portion of the confiscated ox, to be called together, and reproached the sheikh, in presence of all, for his unlawful conduct. The butcher now received the order to slaughter the sheikh, and to divide his body into forty parts. Every former purchaser was obliged to buy a part at a price of one maamle, and to carry the flesh home with him. The money was handed over to the fellah as an indemnification for the ox which had been taken from him.

"At the feast of the Baëram† all the servants and seyss, eighteen in number, went before the defturdar to offer their congratulations, according to custom, and begged at the same time for a pair of new shoes. 'You shall have them,' said he. He now had the farrier called, and commanded him to make eighteen pairs of horse-shoes to fit the feet of his servants; these were ready on the next day, whereupon he ordered two shoes to be nailed to the soles of the feet of each of the eighteen servants without mercy. Nine of them died in a short time of mortification; he then had the survivors unshod, and consigned them to the care of a medical man."

It must be said for Mahomet Ali that these atrocities were not perpetrated with his authority or connivance, and that at last he deposed this ruthless tyrant, and had him put to death; but Egypt remains a heavy and fatal incubus upon the prosperity of Kordofan. The government is now more lenient; but in a province so distant and inaccessible as Kordofan, there must always be a wide field for the abuse of local authority, and the system pursued continues to be one which tends not to enrich the country, but to drain it of its resources. The people are reduced to abject poverty by duties and imposts of every description; and the old proverb, "Where a Turk sets his foot, no grass will grow," is here fully exemplified. The province is now governed by the Bey, or colonel, of the first regiment of the line; and all inferior government situations are obtained by purchase, the highest bidder among the candidates obtaining the vacant post. The consequence, of course, is, that every officer avails himself of his position to extort as much as possible, in order to

reimburse himself for this original outlay, so that when a contribution is ordered to be levied from Cairo, double the amount is usually exacted. Mahomet Ali knows this, and has tried to enforce a more just administration, but without success. A commission of inquiry sent into the province in 1838, checked the abuse for a time, but for a time only, the system remaining unchanged; partly, perhaps, because Mahomet Ali feels the necessity of a cautious policy with the governors of these distant provinces. He knows that a revolt in Sennaar and Kordofan, now that the natives have become accustomed to the use of fire-arms, could only be subdued with an enormous sacrifice of troops: the governors are, therefore, for all merely local objects, practically independent; and finding themselves rarely interfered with, they substitute arbitrary will for the laws and institutions of Mahomet Ali, and exercise a more despotic power over life and property than the viceroy himself.

Abuses of local administration, however, sink into shade when seen by the lurid light of the horrid slave hunts for which Mahomet Ali is alone responsible. Pallme, who is in some sort an apologist for the viceroy when any fair excuse presents itself, pleads for Mahomet Ali that a true account of the inhuman deeds committed in his name on these occasions never reaches him, all the parties employed being too deeply criminated to make a faithful report: but common humanity and a slave hunt are inconvertible terms, and by no effort of the imagination could the ruler of Egypt deceive himself as to the true character of these expeditions.

Pallme describes a slave hunt organized in the years 1838 and 1839, when the province of Kordofan was ordered to contribute 5,000 slaves. The slaves were to be procured from the mountains of Nubia, inhabited by independent tribes. The inhabitants of the first hill attacked surrendered; those of the second had fled, leaving nothing behind them but their huts, which were instantly fired and burnt to the ground.

"And now the march was continued to the third hill. The inhabitants of this village had formed the firm resolution of defending their freedom to the uttermost, and, determined to suffer death rather than the horror of Turkish captivity, had prepared for a most obstinate resistance. The hill was charged, but the troops were several times repulsed; the attacks, however, were renewed, and the village was ultimately taken by storm. The scene which now presented itself to view was frightful in the extreme. Of five hundred souls who had been the peaceful inhabitants of the village, one hundred and eighty-eight only were found living. Every hut was filled with the bodies of the aged and the young indiscriminately, for those who had not fallen by the sword in battle, had put themselves to death to elude the dreadful fate of captivity. The prisoners were led away; and the place was given up to the soldiery for plunder, but the dead were left disinterred. A fearful scene for the few who were fortunate enough to escape the carnage by flight.

\* A coin which is no longer current, but was equal to two piastres ten para, about twelve and a half kreuzer current = eightpence of English money.—Tn.

† A solemn feast kept by the Moselemin; the great Baëram commences on the 10th of Dhu Ihajia; the little Baëram is held at the close of the fast Ramadhan.—Tn.

Nothing but the dead bodies of their friends and the ashes of their homes met their eyes on their return!

"In order to recruit the troops, a camp was now formed, and a detachment sent out in search of forage. An encampment of this description, which is always erected on the plains, consists of an irregular quadrangle, surrounded by a hedge of thorns or bushes, or sometimes even by a stone fence, in which the regular infantry, the guns and baggage are enclosed, whilst the cavalry and spear-bearers encamp without the enclosure. Of setting outposts, or of other judicious military movements, they have no idea, but confine themselves merely to preparations for defence in case of a surprise, as the negroes frequently venture by night on an attack, which might prove very destructive to the troops, considering their carelessness. Generally speaking, a camp is soon broken up, and this was the case on the present occasion; for no sooner had the soldiers recovered somewhat from their fatigues, and furnished a scanty supply of provisions, than the tents were struck, and the march commanded for the next hill destined for attack. The cavalry was sent about two miles in advance, to surround the hill. On its arrival, however, in the vicinity of the village, it was suddenly surprised by the inhabitants, who had received intelligence of the movements of the troops, and was attacked with vigor. The negroes in a very large body, and only armed with spears and shields, broke with impetuosity from their covert, and with a fearful war-cry, augmented by the shouts of the women accompanying them, (resembling the *Lu, lu, lu!* of the Arab women,) threw themselves headlong upon the enemy. Surprised by this sudden movement, yet too discreet to sustain the attack of the negroes, the cavalry turned and took to flight. One of the Bedouin chiefs, who was mounted on a restive horse, and could not keep up with his troop, was surrounded; he seized his gun to discharge it at the first man who might attack him, but it refused fire, and before he could make use of his pistols and sabre, or put himself in any other way on his defence, he was torn off his horse and instantly slain. None of his corps made the slightest attempt to save their officer, for each man was intent on his own escape. This flight must not be ascribed to cowardice on the part of the Bedouins; for they generally fight well, provided their interest is not at stake. By fraud, or promises, destined never to be fulfilled, these nomadic people are enticed away from their native plains, and employed in these frightful slave-hunts. With the exception of very trifling pay, they can expect nothing beyond what they may be able to gain themselves by robbery and plunder; if by any chance, and without fault on their part, they happen to lose a horse—which is their personal property—even on actual service, they cannot reckon upon any indemnification from the government; for, should they not have the means of purchasing a fresh animal, they are indeed mounted by the government, but the price of the horse is deducted from their pay, which is always on the very lowest scale, and thus they have to serve for several years gratuitously. Their sheikh, or commanding officer, told me this himself, and assured me that his Bedouins (erroneously termed Mogghrebeen) would act very unwisely in risking their horses on an attack whence nothing was to be gained; for the negroes, in encountering cavalry, are well aware of the advantage of injuring the horse rather

than the rider, as the latter falls a certain victim to them when the animal is slain. After the cavalry had again formed in the rear of the infantry, the officer in command ordered a charge by the foot for the following day. If the attack had succeeded, the carnage would indeed have been terrific, for the troops were all eager to revenge the death of the Bedouin sheikh. But it was differently recorded in the book of fate. With the first dawn of morning, the infantry were put in marching order for the ensuing storm, and the cavalry placed in reserve. The advance was now made, on the word of command, with the utmost caution, a few cannon balls having been first sent into the village without effect. All remained perfectly quiet, until the advance-guard of the storming party had reached the foot of the hill and prepared for action, when the negroes suddenly broke forth, endeavoring to surround the enemy. The position of the Egyptians became now very critical, for bent upon the capture of this hill, they had overlooked two other villages flanking the one attacked, which were densely populated by negroes, who joined the besieged, and threw themselves with the whole strength of their united forces upon the troops. Not one man would have escaped, for, enclosed in a narrow valley, and surrounded by hills, the infantry could scarcely move, and no assistance could be expected from the cavalry. The whole brigade, in fact, would have been lost, as the negroes gathered, like a black cloud, upon the hills, and poured down by hundreds upon the enemy; no troops could withstand their attack, for they rushed into battle with unparalleled frenzy, regardless of shot or bayonet, and used their spears with great dexterity. The commander of the Egyptian forces, however, betimes recognized the danger threatening his troops, and ordered a retreat; when the whole body fled, in wild confusion, from the vale of death. The cavalry was not behindhand in this movement, and thus the brigade never halted until it was fairly out of the dominions of the foe. Of a renewal of the attack there was now no idea; for nothing in the world can induce these heroes to repeat an advance where they have once been beaten. They know further, that the negroes become almost invincible with success; while the musket and bayonet afford but slight advantage over the weapons of the blacks; for the wild inhabitants of the hills rush blindly to the charge, heedless of every wound. I myself had opportunities of convincing myself of the intrepidity of these men.

"After the troops had again collected, order was once more restored, and the march was continued; in the course of a few days, several hills were taken, and the prisoners duly forwarded to Lobeid. The expedition now moved in a southern direction from the Nuba mountains, towards a country inhabited by a different race of men. The tribe now attacked differs from the natives of Nuba, both in language and manners; they are easily recognized by the number of brass earrings, which they do not pass through the appendix of the ear, but wear in the upper part of the cartilage, by which means the whole ear is distorted, so that the superior portion covers the meatus. Almost all the men wear the tooth of some animal, one inch and a half to two inches in length, above their chin; it is passed through a hole in the under lip, when they are very young, and acquires a firm adhesion with the integument. In their habits they differ



but little from the other negro tribes ; but it is rather remarkable that they do not, like the negroes, Turks, or Arabs, convey food to their mouths with their fingers, but make use of a shell, or piece of wood, shaped like a spoon, for this purpose. The dwelling place of this tribe was very advantageously situated on the summit of a hill, and very difficult of access ; the commanding officer, therefore, on hearing that it was not supplied with water, to avoid a loss, decided upon surrounding the hill, and forcing the negroes by thirst to surrender. The siege lasted eight days, and the poor creatures, who felt themselves too weak for a *sortie*, had not a drop of water left on the fourth day, as was subsequently heard. The cattle were slain in the early part of the blockade, to diminish the consumption of water ; on the sixth day, several children and old people had perished of thirst ; and on the seventh day the mortality became so frightful that they determined to surrender. Several of them advised a sally, but exhausted as they were, they saw the futility of this movement ; and when, on the eighth day, hundreds had fallen in the most fearful torments of unsatisfied thirst, and many of the negroes, in the horrors of despair, had put an end to their miseries by ripping open their abdomina with their double-edged knives, the small body of survivors delivered itself up to the enemy. Of more than two thousand souls, one thousand and forty-nine were only found living ; the rest had all perished by thirst or had committed suicide. On entering the village, the huts were seen filled with the dead, and the few unfortunate survivors were so exhausted by fatigue and overpowered by thirst, that they could scarcely stand upon their feet ; yet with blows with the butt-end of the musket, or with the whip, these poor wretches were driven from the huts, dragged into the camp, with every description of cruelty, and thence despatched for Lobeid, on which march more than one hundred and fifty souls perished from ill usage.

"On the fourth day of the march of this transport, after the caravan had halted, and whilst the prisoners were forming detachments to take up their quarters for the night, it so happened that an aged woman, worn out with the fatigues of the long march, or overcome by the mental sufferings she had endured, was incapable of reaching the spot assigned to her with sufficient alacrity, and a barbarous Turk dealt her a blow with the butt-end of his musket, which laid her nearly lifeless on the sand. Her son, who witnessed this gratuitous act of cruelty, no longer master of his feelings, rushed with fury towards the soldier, struck him a blow with the sheba round his neck, and felled him to the ground. This was the signal for attack ; all the slaves, who bore a sheba, threw themselves upon the troops, and knocked them down before they could take to their arms or fix their bayonets ; thus fifty-six negroes took to flight during the confusion in the camp, and aided by the darkness of night, succeeded in effecting their escape."

More than once Mahomet Ali has pledged himself to put an end to slave-hunting expeditions in all the countries dependent upon Egypt ; but the pledge does not appear to have been redeemed. Slave hunts were resumed in 1840 and 1841, and whether the British government has yet finally succeeded, by threats or remonstrances, or the negotiations consequent upon our Syrian campaign, in

stopping slave hunts for the future, is a point upon which the public may naturally be skeptical. Assuming Mahomet Ali to be in earnest, we have little doubt that the local governors would still continue to carry on slave hunts for their own private benefit. Pallme, however, shows satisfactorily that the policy of these expeditions is as mistaken as it is criminal ; and that if friendly relations were established with the Nubian tribes, their vast gum forests alone would enable the viceroy to realize a much larger revenue than he has ever obtained by these marauding and hazardous excursions.

Whatever may be the defects of the African character, the treatment the blacks have received at the hands of more civilized races has certainly not been calculated to raise them from the state of brute or savage ; yet there is abundant evidence that in many of the qualities which ennoble humanity, the native African is by no means deficient, and their rude notions of justice are certainly entitled to respect ; indeed, in many cases, as in the following amusing instance, it is by no means safe to countenance, even in appearance, an infraction of fair and honorable dealing. Pallme was travelling on the borders of the Shilluk's country, along the White Nile, when an incident happened which would have cost him and his servant their lives but for his knowledge of the true character of the people.

"I pitched my tent on the shore of the White Nile, and sent my servant out in search of the wood requisite for our consumption during the night ; for it is necessary in these regions, when encamped in the open air on the banks of the river, to keep up a fire all night long, partly on account of the crocodiles, which swarm in these localities, and are very dangerous, partly on account of the hippopotami ; for, although the latter never do any injury, yet they are by no means an agreeable acquaintance. Lions, moreover, and other beasts of prey, might pay a very disagreeable visit in the dark, and they are only to be kept at a respectful distance by maintaining a fire throughout the night. Just as my servant was about to sally forth in quest of fuel, a boat, laden with wood, and rowed by a negro, crossed the river, and landed near my tent. My servant immediately walked up to the negro, and demanded a quantity of wood, as he could find none in the neighborhood. The good-tempered black instantly gave him the half of his store ; but, as soon as I had turned my back, my avaricious servant asked for more, which the negro flatly refused ; the former, hereupon, became abusive, and his opponent by no means remained mute, until from words they fell to blows, and, finally, began to fight in real earnest. The negro, who was the better man of the two, gave my servant a sound beating, and did not cease, until he roared out most lustily for mercy. I observed the scuffle from the distance ; but, unacquainted with what had transpired, and merely seeing that my servant was getting the worst of the affray, I took my double-barrelled gun, presented it at the negro, and commanded him to desist. He instantly sprang on his feet, seized his spear, and threw it at me, before I was even aware of his intention ;

the missile, fortunately, only grazed my wide papooshes. He was now disarmed, and I again presented at him. The negro remained perfectly cool, and merely said, 'Shoot on! I die; and what of that!'

"I now saw that nothing was to be effected by intimidation, laid my gun aside, and, walking up to him, inquired into all the circumstances of the case, which he faithfully related. Convinced of the injustice of my servant, I endeavored to pacify the negro, and assured him that I would punish the former. All my persuasion was, however, in vain; he foamed with rage, and replied, 'that we should both suffer for this act.' Seeing that he was too weak to offer battle to us both, he ran away in an instant, loudly uttering his war-cry of 'Lu, lu, lu, lu!'<sup>\*</sup> This was an ill omen for us, and put us both in no slight degree of fear. Flight was out of the question, we had no chance of thus escaping. I, therefore, set my wits to work to devise a remedy, to avert at least the first outbreak of our enemy's rage. I bound my servant hand and foot with a cord, and taking up the branch of a tree which lay near me, pretended to beat him most unmercifully; he played his part remarkably well, and screamed as if he were being impaled, whenever I made the slightest movement with my hand; for we already descried a crowd of natives at the distance, running towards us, their lances glittering in the evening sun, and the shouts of the women, who followed in the wake of the men, boded us no good; but the nearer they approached the better we played our parts; and my servant continued his screams until he was fairly out of breath. Those of our enemies, who were nearest, called out to me to desist; and when I obeyed, my servant rolled himself about in the sand like a madman. The negro who had been the cause of the whole scene now walked up to me, took my hand, and said, 'Have no fear, you shall not be hurt, because you have acknowledged the injury your servant has done me, and have punished him for it.' An old man now untied the cord which bound the hands and feet of the culprit, and approached me, to be informed of the whole affair. They proved to be Bakkara.<sup>†</sup> I invited the old man and the negro, of whom I have before spoken, into my tent, where I entertained them with coffee, and gave them my pipe to smoke. Harmony was immediately restored, and every one conciliated. They asked me whence I came, and where I was travelling to, and then the conversation turned on other topics. When the night closed in they all gradually retired, with the exception of five men, who remained with me all night as a guard, emptied several pots of merissa together, and kept up the fire, thus consuming the whole of the wood which had been the *belli teterina causa*. When they took their leave of me in the morning they presented me with a young gazelle, as provision for my further journey."

We regret that our space does not admit of further extracts; but it would be difficult to exhaust the interest of "Travels in Kordofan." We conclude by a cordial recommendation of the work.

<sup>\*</sup> *Lu, lu, lu!* This cry has a triple signification. It expresses joy, grief, and danger, and serves also as an encouragement in battle. The intonation of these sounds determines the difference of their import. It may be readily recognized when it has been frequently heard, but cannot be described.

<sup>†</sup> Bakkara are a race of Arabs who occupy themselves with breeding cattle.

## I'LL LOVE NO MORE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

I'LL love no more, said I, in sullen mood;  
The world is wholly selfish, false, and vain;  
The generous heart but courts ingratitude,  
And friendship woos but insult and disdain:  
Far from a cold and worthless world I'll haste,  
Why should my best affections unrequited waste?

I fled the busy throng, and turned my feet  
Where towering trees in sunny dells rejoice,  
But all things seemed, amid my lone retreat,  
To mourn my stern resolve, and chide my choice;  
All urged me, so methought, to turn again,  
And with a hopeful trust to love my fellow-men.

Above my head the branches fondly wreathed,  
The social birds flew lonely to and fro,  
The flowrets in each other's bosom breathed—  
Nothing was joyous in its joy or woe;  
Loving and loved, unvexed by wrath and strife,  
Each felt, or seemed to feel, that love alone is life.

Even with the meanest and most hurtful things,  
The sweetest flowers would fondly intertwine;  
Around the thistle see the woodbine clings,  
And 'neath the nightshade blooms the eglantine:  
None was too worthless to be loved, and none  
Too proud or falsely pure his brother to disown.

Shame on thee, sour mistrusting heart, I cried;  
Back to thy fellows and to faith again;  
In truth and love unweariedly confide,  
And let thy charity thy strength sustain:  
Wouldst thou with foul distrust defile hope's  
spring,  
Amid a loving world the sole unloving thing!  
*Chambers' Journal.*

THE largest collection of gigantic animal remains ever discovered in the United States is now in the central glass cases at the Patent Office, in Washington.—They are the property of T. U. Bryan, of Missouri, who, in the summer of 1843, at great expense, and with incredible perseverance and labor, had them sought for and disinterred from an alluvial deposit in Benton county, in that state, in consequence of indications of their presence, accidentally observed by a farmer in digging a well.

The National Intelligencer suggests that they must have remained thus inhumed centuries upon centuries, if not thousands of years; for it is not conjecture by any means too extravagant to say that they are altogether antediluvian in their characteristics.

They are now deposited in the Patent Office, awaiting the action of Congress, which Mr. Bryan has invited, in a petition, to purchase them for the government, as aboriginal memorials worthy of national preservation.—They consist of bones and teeth of the great American elephant, the mastodon, megalonix, and fossil horse.

Some of the animals to which these bones belonged, judging by analogy, must have been from 20 to 30 feet high, and large and long in proportion. These fossil remains, all in perfect preservation, have been pronounced by scientific members of the Asylum of Natural History, New York, who have carefully examined them, not only the largest collection, but the most perfect specimens of the kind ever discovered in this country.—*N. Y. American.*

From the Westminster Review.

*Communication with India, China, &c. Observations on the proposed Improvements in the Overland Route, via Egypt; with Remarks on the Ship Canal, the Boulac Canal, and the Suez Railroad.*  
By JOHN ALEXANDER GALLOWAY, Esq., C. E.,  
Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.  
Weale, London.

THE question of an improved transit to India through Egypt for passengers and letters, has for several years engaged the attention of commercial and scientific men in this country and the East, and has of late acquired even a continental interest. In 1834 a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire "into the means of promoting communication with India by steam," reported that "measures should be immediately taken for the regular establishment of such communication;" and in 1837 another Select Committee was appointed by the House to inquire "into the best means of establishing a communication by steam with India by way of the Red Sea." This committee, consisting amongst others of the late respected Lord William Bentinck, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir James Graham, and Lord Sandon, conclude their short report by stating "that they were strongly impressed with a sense of the advantages," political, commercial, and personal, "which would arise from a more extended system of communication." The main recommendation urged on the government by the committee, "that a direct and regular communication should be made by steam packets from Suez to Bengal," has since been most happily and effectually carried out, and we earnestly hope that the important project of a railroad between Cairo and Suez, which was first publicly detailed before that committee by Mr. Galloway, and is essential to the completion of a system of secure, regular, and efficient communication, will be also soon practically set on foot and thoroughly established.

The long interval which has elapsed since the publication of that report has not only been marked by political agitations which necessarily produced in Egypt a suspension of internal government undertakings, but also by the gradual adoption of improved arrangements for the communication between England and India, demanded by the exigencies of our increased empire, and our expanding commerce. Each successive year has produced some addition to the facility and security of the system of communication, and the overland route only requires the establishment of the Suez and Cairo railroad for its completion. Passengers will then cross the Desert in three hours, in comfort and safety, and the monthly mails from India will, by the acceleration, arrive in England in time to be answered by the outgoing post.

The advantages to England which will result from its establishment, "political, commercial, and personal," (to use the appropriate expression of the committee of the House of Commons,) are so

strong and so obvious that they have now excited the open and undisguised hostility of foreign powers, hitherto working against it only by intrigue and cabal in the divan of the Pacha. The French and Austrian papers which represent the government views as well as the popular feeling, have recently developed, in a most distinct and unreserved manner, the jealous spirit with which they regard this "English undertaking;" and we hope that the fact will open the eyes of our own government to the importance of an object which they have most unaccountably neglected, although on the continent they have generally had the credit of this as one of the secret aims of our Eastern policy.

In the "Times" of the 30th of September last there appeared an article extracted from the "German Universal Gazette," in which the railroad was denounced in terms equally angry, absurd, and inconsistent. The writer says that "to execute such a costly undertaking at the Pacha's own expense would be impossible with the miserable financial state of the country," and asks "why millions should be spent and thousands of fellahs withdrawn from the cultivation of the soil to save the British ten hours of time and a few shillings of transport charges which the poor Bedouin is earning at present with his faithful dromedary?" Affecting picture! Now in the first place, if by millions is meant pounds sterling and not dollars, there is ample evidence before us that it would not cost any such sum, but could be executed for considerably less than half a million sterling; and if the same plea "of the miserable financial state of the country" will not allow of such an undertaking as the railroad, how will it allow of the undertaking which is earnestly recommended two sentences afterwards, viz., the formation of a great canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean? a work which will require millions of pounds sterling and a quarter of a century to accomplish. Besides, the writer in the "German Universal Gazette" might have known that the Pacha has proposed to employ in the construction of the railroad his large army, which would thus be engaged in an employment of utility it is seldom the lot of armies to undertake, and thereby achieve a real, lasting, and useful conquest in the arts of peace.

Again, the writer says, "immense difficulties would accrue to keep such a railroad in order, and to guard it sufficiently," because "the nitric vapors of the desert, the movable sands, and the Bedouins deprived of their earnings, would severally contribute to destroy the railroad." As for the nitric vapor, it is a pure fiction of the writer's imagination—no such thing exists in *rerum naturâ*; and secondly, the Desert between Cairo and Suez has no movable sands, as is too frequently and erroneously imagined by Europeans not acquainted with the country, but which are well known not to exist by thousands who have crossed



the desert in common carriages *en route*, to and from India, for the last seven years. This part of the desert is thus described in the maps of Egypt made from the survey of British engineer officers. "The road throughout this part of the desert is in general *hard gravel and pebbles fit for artillery and carriages.*" *The movable sand is in the Isthmus, the very place where it is proposed by the German writer to cut the canal.* This is a conclusive proof of the author's ignorance and inconsistency, which can be carried no further; and as to the Bedouins, their position would be improved instead of injured by the establishment of the railroad, because their services could be more profitably employed, and therefore more liberally compensated. So much for Austria; but unhappily the hostile spirit displayed in the "German Gazette" is equally evident in the French press. Both the "Journal des Debats" and the "Constitutionnel," the organs of the two parties of M. Guizot and M. Thiers, concur in urging the expediency of making the canal across the Isthmus instead of the railroad. This unanimity is wonderful, and an Englishman may naturally think it ominous, and fraught with some sinister design.

Yet concurring as both papers do in their opposition to the railroads, they differ completely in their own projects, for the "Debats" recommends the "great cut" between Suez and Tineh, (near the ancient Pelusium,) across the Isthmus, while the "Constitutionnel" recommends the canal between Suez and Cairo. We really think the French ought to agree as to what is to be substituted for the railroad, before they denounce it, merely because it contributes to the advantage of England; and we cannot resist the inference that these different projects of canals are merely started as a diversion to the railroad, and are not proposed with any serious belief of their practicability. They are put forward to serve a diplomatic and political purpose, without any real care for the commercial advantages of the continent, as pretended, but out of a spirit of opposition and jealousy to England. We shall now dispose of each of these projects, and from the able pamphlet of Mr. Galloway, mentioned at the head of this article, extract what we consider to be a decisive reply to all that has been advanced in favor of both these canal schemes.

First. The Ship Canal. This canal is proposed to be cut between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, across the Isthmus, and over ground, *part* of which was the site of the ancient canal referred to by the classic writers.

The project has unquestionably been advocated even by some recent English writers, as for instance, Captain Veitch\* and Mr. Clarkson,† who,

\* "Inquiry into the Means of establishing a Ship Navigation between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea." By James Veitch, Captain R.E., F.R.S. Richards, Cornhill. 1843.

† "The Suez Navigation Canal." By Edward Clarkson, Esq. Reprinted from the "Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review."

dazzled by the magnificence of the project, have not sufficiently considered, nor indeed had the means of knowing, the difficulties which beset the undertaking, almost insurmountable in an engineering point of view, and quite so in a financial one. The first grand difficulty is that of forming entrances to the canal at both seas, which, to be rendered available, will involve the necessity of most extensive and costly works. This difficulty is fully admitted by the French themselves, who attempt, however, to evade it by asserting that works of equal magnitude have been accomplished in France, referring to Cherbourg and Cette; but any such comparisons are ludicrous, as will appear by the following extract from Mr. Galloway's pamphlet, and the report of an engineer, who, at his request, visited the proposed site of the canal so recently as March last.

"Some have certainly treated this great engineering work as a most easy and practicable affair, although there is no similar work to be compared to it anywhere in the world. Those used to engineering works will best appreciate the value of such opinions given upon a projected ship canal, extending from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean Sea, capable of passing vessels of from 1,500 to 2,000 tons burthen, when vessels of such a tonnage cannot reach the mouth of the proposed cut within four miles in the former sea, and eight in the latter. On the Mediterranean Sea coast a capacious artificial harbor must be made, as well as a channel, for many miles seaward, there being no shelter nearer than *Beyrout*, which is a very inadequate one, and at two hundred miles distance; or *Alexandria*, which is one hundred and fifty miles.

"It is the unanimous opinion of high naval authorities that for sailing vessels of a large class, with even an adequate harbor to enter from the Mediterranean, it would be a most difficult and dangerous navigation during the greatest portion of the year, as it could only be made in moderate weather, and as the whole surrounding coast must be considered an exceedingly dangerous *lee shore*. In a letter recently received from Captain Glasscock, R. N., of the 'Tyne' frigate, who was then cruising between Alexandria and Beyrout, this opinion is fully confirmed by him. With regard to the cost of such a work, with the very imperfect information that exists on the subject, it is very difficult to estimate approximately; but, on a careful consideration of all the circumstances, I do not think the work could be executed, with the approaches and harbor at both seas, under five or six millions of money. Another point for consideration is the time it would require to execute it, and the source from which the funds to form this are to be supplied. I think there are few engineers who would, even supported by the British Treasury, undertake this greatest of great works in a foreign country, with all its disadvantages for execution, under ten years, and probably double that time. These conclusions are supported by the recent survey of an engineer, who reported as follows:—

"I started from Suez on the 10th of March, 1844, and six miles from that place fell in with the remains of what is called the ancient canal, which extends about nine miles, but beyond that nothing whatever is visible. I directed my course to

Sheik Anedik, occasionally diverging from right to left, and so on to the Bir El Arras and the Bir El Dowedar, all of which appear on the map; and when within sight of the bay of Tineh I could not approach it, owing to the land being very swampy. Having achieved all I sought for—viz., an examination of the different lines projected, I retraced my steps into the El Arish road, and skirted the Desert up to Salich, and near to Belbeis, where I turned off across the country, and joined Moses' Canal at Zag-Zig, thence proceeded into the Damietta branch of the Nile round the head of the Delta, and down the Rosetta branch to Atté. The direct line proposed by Captain Veitch is impracticable, inasmuch as it presents overwhelming difficulties of sand mountains, besides very high and low levels. The second line proposed would also be attended with similar obstructions; and the third, that of uniting the Lake of Menzelah with the Bitter Lakes and the Mediterranean, is equally impracticable, inasmuch as they are mere marshes. Indeed, after paying due attention to the possibility of finding a suitable line for a canal, I confess I gave up the project as a hopeless one. Starting from Suez, where there would be considerable work to form into deep water an approach from the shore, and viewing the immense work to form an artificial port and channel into deep water seaward at Tineh, or any part in its neighborhood, as well as the variable levels and marshy lands for several miles before reaching it, I have come to the conclusion of its being an impracticable affair; one in which millions may be spent in the attempt to effect it, while in the end it must be abandoned. What may have existed in the time of the ancients I know not, but my own eyes convince me if any canal of importance was ever used, the land must have undergone a material change, and what was available then is by this change rendered impracticable now. I am therefore disposed to look upon the Report of the French Commission with vast suspicion, and more particularly when I see their fellow-countrymen resident in Egypt following up the same ideas on most erroneous data.

"Last year Soliman Pacha and Galice Bey\* visited the remains of the ancient canal near Suez, and pronounced the feasibility of establishing the whole line, without going over the ground, and forgetting that it only formed one twentieth part of the line, and that the least difficult. It is really amusing to read some of the remarks contained in the recently published pamphlets, and it is fortunate for the authors that the scene of their exploits is so far off to save them the pain of being severely animadverted upon. I have been over the Caledonian Canal, and I am well acquainted with its construction, and the difficulties Mr. Telford had with it, which, if I recollect right, cost the country above a million sterling. Judging from that parallel case, this work would cost *treble* as much—a sum which would be independent of the additional cost of the artificial harbor in the Mediterranean, which ought to hold many sail, and of the channel, which must be run from the canal at least six miles out. The work has also to be formed in a desert, and therefore all the supplies must be sent from Cairo. If any parties are really serious about this project, their best plan would be, as a preliminary, to form the *Suez railroad*, so that they could convey the supplies and

material, of which there is none along the whole coast, or in the district of the proposed canal; and I am not aware that any stone fit for such a work can be obtained, except from Upper Egypt, which of course must be conveyed down the Nile, and then across the desert. In a word, the difficulties are so great, that I could fill a volume in narrating them."

Secondly. The Boulac Canal. This is the favorite scheme of the "Constitutionnel," and it stands alone in its advocacy of the project, which has had no other support in any influential quarter, and is put forth, we firmly believe, merely to answer a temporary political purpose. Mr. Galloway thus satisfactorily and summarily disposes of this chimerical scheme:—

"This work would be dependent for its continual supply of water on the Nile, which could only be drawn upon during the high Nile, viz., eight months of the twelve. The great length of this canal, nearly one hundred miles, is a serious objection, and the various levels would require many locks and most expensive engineering works. For one third of the year it would have a very limited supply of water,\* and would occupy in time quite as long as the present journey across the desert. It does appear quite unnecessary to increase the extent of land for cultivation to such a district, when there are thousands of acres of fine rich land, well irrigated, not cultivated for want of husbandmen. As far as regards the facility of intercourse, this scheme is not so good as the former; in fact, it would give no advantage of *cost or time* over the present system."

We now come to the only remaining project, the *railroad*, which would be highly beneficial to England in every sense—"political," "commercial," and "personal;" easy of execution, and profitable in a pecuniary point of view. We feel that we cannot better put our readers in possession of the merits of this interesting question than by referring them to the judicious and conclusive observations of Mr. Galloway in his pamphlet:—

"The present transit, from Cairo to Suez, for passengers and baggage, occupies an average of twenty-four hours. The annoyances and inconveniences of this journey are mainly attributable to the length of time it occupies; and how little can be done to ameliorate them must be obvious, when it is considered that *the whole distance of eighty-four miles is an open desert*, and every article of food, even to water, has to be conveyed from Cairo.† The road is at present bad and irregular, but it would cost many thousands of pounds to improve it, and even if improved, it *would not cause an acceleration of more than a mile or two in the hour*. The animals employed in the transport, viz., the camel, the horse, and the donkey, have been used for ages, and their powers and habits are well known, and have long been used to their utmost extent. The high temperature of the climate must always prevent rapid travelling by animal transport. These circumstances most clearly demonstrate the great difficulty of making

\* It is a question whether the canal could be worked at all during low Nile.

† In the stations along the road there is not even a well of fresh water.

\* Both French military officers in the service of the Pacha.

any material improvement as to *speed* in this mode of conveyance. Again, the *cost* to passengers is very great, as the transit company are necessarily obliged to keep a very extensive and expensive establishment of servants and cattle all the year round, while their services are only required twice a month; this is, therefore, the cause of the very high charge, and which cannot be lessened. The most serious effect of the delay in crossing the desert is the time required for the *mails*, which, in its consequences, is most injurious. The inward mail from India, *via* France, last year, only arrived on four occasions in time for replies to be sent out by the then outward mail. Thus, in eight instances, if the mails had been accelerated through Egypt twenty hours, which is quite practicable by *railway*, the great inconvenience of a month's delay in the correspondence with India, &c., would have been prevented. The incalculable advantages of such an immediate reply by the outgoing mail to the correspondents of the East Indies and China will be acceded to by all, and must be admitted by the advocates of the various projects for improvements and acceleration.

"Our estimates show that with the present passenger traffic, reduced to one half in cost to each person, the conveyance of goods in bulk as at present, the travellers to Mecca and various other parts, the conveyance of mails, with a train travelling each way every day, or in that proportion, that with the above items it will produce an adequate revenue upon the investment, and pay the expenses of working."

"There can be no doubt, as soon as this road should be completed and in full operation, that the intercourse of travellers will be considerably increased, and the produce of the East will be then conveyed to Cairo, at a charge of about 2s. per ton, which now cost from 20s. to 30s.; for ere long a large portion consumed in the East of Europe would be conveyed through Egypt by the *railroad*. This might for the moment interfere with some established mercantile concerns; but it must eventually benefit the commercial interests generally, as it will enable quicker returns to be made, and afford sales at lower rates, thus increasing the consumption of articles, and extending the advantages of trade and civilization to a larger number of our fellow-creatures."

Such are the commercial advantages, and such the profitable results which would inevitably ensue from the establishment of this railroad, and the Pacha of Egypt is fully alive to their existence. He has shown a strong desire to adopt the undertaking, and his advanced age makes every month's delay in carrying it out a matter of serious consideration. We earnestly call on the government effectually to give him that support and countenance\* which they appear so properly and so distinctly to have promised months ago, and thus secure this invaluable mode of communication with our eastern empire. Our manufacturers are anxiously looking to India and China for new markets, to compensate the loss of those which the jealous and exclusive policy of the continent is gradually closing against them. Our merchants and capitalists see in the populous and unbounded plains

of Asia, that sphere for a profitable investment of their capital which the restricted field for its employment denies them at home. Our statesmen know that the preëminent influence of England in European councils is mainly due to the great and growing extent of our possessions in the East. Whatever tends to facilitate and secure on a permanent footing the communication between England and India is therefore of paramount importance to all classes interested in the commercial and political greatness of this country,—and seldom has it been the good fortune of a government to enjoy so fine an opportunity of effecting an invaluable national object by measures so obviously beneficial and so easily attainable.

"These labors peace to happy Britain brings,  
These are imperial works, and worthy kings!"

#### A PAINTER'S SKETCH.

In search of brighter clime or sky  
Still let the restless wanderer roam.  
No fairer meets the painter's eye  
Than mantles o'er our English home.  
Green are our woods, and sweeter streams  
Ne'er onward rolled in brighter beams.

More varied scenes what land can boast,  
From castled craig to mountain vale?  
Field, forest, sea-encircled coast,  
The pencil charm: the pictured tale  
Of sun and shade, of shifting skies,  
No fairer clime than ours supplies.

Dear is the woodland cot, where trees,  
Low bending o'er the rushy brook,  
Fling their wild branches to the breeze,  
Around the hereditary nook;  
While chequered sunbeams trembling throw,  
Above the thatch, a golden glow.

If to thine eye be dearer still  
The riven craig or crumbling wall,  
The leaping foam from mountain rill,  
Or deepest glen or loftiest fall,  
Or hoary castle, dim and grey,  
That mournful mocks the eye of day;

Turn to the wilds in northern land,  
Whose circling mountains shroud the sky—  
From snowy wreath and icy band,  
Mysterious grandeur frowns on high—  
Ben Nevis hoarsely shouts aloud,  
And Lomond answers from its cloud.

Fill from the farthest spring of Thames,  
And pledge Old England's wide domain;  
Fill to the high and honored names  
Which Genius hallows—not in vain—  
Since bounding hearts in worship burn,  
Before each consecrated urn.

W. H. CROME.

\* See Pamphlet, p. 13.



From the Nautical Magazine.

## EDWARDS' PRESERVED POTATO.

THAT our favorable opinion has long since been given on Messrs. Edwards' preparation of that excellent vegetable the potato, is well known to the readers of the *Nautical*, and as these gentlemen are anxious to speak for themselves on its merits, it is but giving them fair play to allow them to do so. We therefore annex a string of recommendations,\* which, well considered, prove its value, and should remove all prejudice, and open the hearts of all caterers of officers' and other messes.

The patentees of the Preserved Potato solicit particular attention to the annexed Professors' Certificates, Government Special Reports, &c., showing the important advantages of the potato in a preserved state, for ship's or military stores, for general domestic use, or for exportation to climates and situations, where that most desirable and nutritious vegetable—the potato—is not obtainable, or only of an inferior growth or deteriorated state. The Patent Preserved Potato possesses the inestimable property of keeping uninjured in any climate for any period; proving an immense advantage over potatoes in the natural state; which, on being stowed in bulk, incipient vegetation almost immediately ensues; causing a rapid loss in weight, and quickly rendering this valuable root positively unwholesome and unfit for food.

The Preserved Potato is prepared from the finest potatoes, selected at that particular season when they possess most largely the farinaceous or nutritive principle, which it retains, unimpaired by time or climate, and all the flavor and wholesome properties of the vegetable when in its best state; this is authenticated by the certificates of Professors Brande, Daniell, Dr. Paris, &c.; and more particularly by the chemical analysis by Dr. Ure, Professor of Chemistry, &c.

*"I hereby certify that Messrs. Edwards' Patent Preserved Potato, contains by Chemical Analysis the whole nutritious principles of that root in a pure concentrated state; that it contains*

60 parts in the hundred, at least, of starch; nearly

30 of a soluble fibrine of demulcent antiscorbutic quality;

5 of a vegetable albumine of the nature somewhat of the white of egg, and

5 of a lubricating gum.

*The fibrine and albumine render it more light of digestion, and the gum more demulcent to the stomach than wheat flour, with which, also, it may be regarded as nearly equally nutritious, and more so than peas, beans, sago, or arrow root.*

ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S.

July 30th, 1842."

Under the conviction of an extensive general demand, the patentees offer it at a price, (delivered in London,) that as the cooked vegetable does not exceed one penny per pound.

The Patent Preserved Potato is packed in 1 cwt. metal cases, (3 feet 2 inches solid,) containing in its concentrated state, the equivalent of 5 cwt. of vegetable.

N. B.—For cash on delivery.

D. & H. EDWARDS' & Co., Patentees,  
1, Bishopgate street, corner of Leadenhall street, London.

\* Sixteen pages of the Nautical Magazine are filled with them. We select enough to explain the matter to the readers of the Living Age.

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Samples and particulars to be had at the Patentee's offices, of the principal provision merchants, the agents at the out-ports of the United Kingdom, also in the East and West Indies, colonies, &c., &c.

From Professor Daniell, F.R.S., King's College.

GENTLEMEN.—I have carefully examined the several specimens of your Patent Preserved Potato, which you left with me, and have also read and considered the specification of your patent, and have not the least hesitation in certifying, that it is a wholesome and agreeable preparation of the nutritious parts of the root, not distinguishable in flavor from fresh and well boiled mealy potatoes. I found no difference between the old and new samples.

If the directions of your specification are carefully followed, I have no doubt that the preparation will preserve its flavor and nutritious properties, in dry packages, for any length of time. When cooked as you direct, I find that the grains swell very much, and when of the usual consistence of well mashed potatoes, that they have increased in weight from one pound to four and a half pounds.

J. F. DANIELL.

Messrs. Edwards & Co.

From Dr. Ure, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry.

Messrs. Edwards' process for concentrating the nutritious powers of potatoes, and preserving their qualities unimpaired for any length of time, and in any climate, is, in my opinion, the best hitherto devised for that purpose, and chemically considered, the best possible.

I find that one pound of their patent potato, when cooked with about three pounds of water, affords a dish equal to a mash of fresh mealy potatoes. When milk is used instead of water, then a much richer dish is obtained than can be formed from the best ordinary potatoes boiled, because it is free from the water contained in fresh potatoes, amounting to fully three-fourths of the weight. By adding eggs, sugar, and spices, to the milky mash, a delicious pudding may be made. Edwards' Patent Potato will be found an invaluable preparation, not only in sea voyages and tropical countries, but at home in the after part of the season, because it continues uniformly wholesome and agreeable, whereas by this time our potatoes have become unsound from frost, growth, &c. It also possesses all the antiscorbutic properties of the fresh potato.

ANDREW URE, M.D.

From Professor Brande, F.R.S., Royal Institution.

I have examined Messrs. Edwards and Company's Patent Preserved Potato, and am of opinion, that it is a convenient and unexceptionable article, and consists only of the pure vegetable, without any foreign admixture or coloring matter; that with common precaution it may be kept for any length of time, without liability to decay or change; and that its comparative nutritive powers are to those of the fresh potato as about four to one—one pound of the Preserved Potato being the equivalent of about four pounds of the best fresh potatoes.

WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE.

**INJURY TO BUILDINGS FROM SMOKE.**—In a course of lectures on architecture, recently delivered in Manchester by Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., he very properly remarked on the injurious effect produced on public buildings by the deposition of soot, and expressed his surprise that in a town like Manchester, where the inhabitants had shown taste and spirit in the erection of many beautiful structures, numerous vast chimneys were still allowed to vomit forth enormous volumes of smoke to defile that which would otherwise be highly ornamental. The men of Manchester (continued Mr. Godwin) were rarely backward in that wise liberality—the true economy—which shrinks from no amount of immediate outlay if followed by a proportionate advantage; and he, therefore, especially wondered that this abominable nuisance should be permitted there, as it had been clearly proved that large savings were effected by burning the smoke, while a great nuisance was avoided, which produced many serious evils, not the least annoying of which was the destruction of all architectural beauty. Mr. Godwin urged the establishment of baths for the poor, as he had done for these twelve months past: observing, that purifying the body was one great step towards purifying the mind.—*Art-Union*.

**WASHINGTON ALLSTON.**—The name of this artist is not unknown to the British public. He resided many years in England, and was an associate or honorary member of the Royal Academy. His death, at Cambridge, near Boston, occurred within the past year, and he left, in an unfinished but far advanced state, a large historical picture of "Belshazzar's Feast," upon which he had been engaged, with some intermissions, for upwards of twenty years, and which is now on exhibition by his friends in Boston. The scene is laid in the banquetting-hall of the King's palace, the King being seated on his throne, with his Queen on his left hand, and the prophet Daniel before him in the act of interpreting the handwriting on the wall. On the right-hand side of the picture are assembled the soothsayers, who, foiled in their attempt to interpret the writing, are looking at Daniel with marked expressions of hatred, jealousy, and contempt. Between Daniel and the soothsayers are several figures, representing the Jews who were taken captive and held in bondage by the king. In the middle ground is the banquet-table, and in the galleries and distance groups of figures exhibiting the confusion and amazement incident to such a scene. The figure of the prophet is a most sublime conception; and that of the king, though unfinished, displaying the terror, anguish, and dismay which one so situated would naturally feel. The queen is another fine figure, in which anxiety and sorrow are depicted in the most powerful manner. The light on the principal figures proceeds from the supernatural blaze which surrounds the writing on the wall. Altogether it is esteemed, in composition, expression, light and shade, and in depth and harmony of color, one of the finest efforts of modern art. Many years ago it was so nearly completed that a friend of the artist, who saw it, supposed it was finished; but about this time Martin's engraving of the same subject appeared, and Mr. Allston, conceiving that there was a similarity in portions of the two pictures, immediately set to work painting out parts and

substituting new matter. While in the midst of these alterations he was compelled to give up the room which he occupied as a studio, and rolled up his picture, in which condition it remained until within the last few years, when he renewed his labors. He was painting upon the head of one of the soothsayers a few hours before his death. He has left several unfinished works, and many sketches upon canvass of subjects which he contemplated finishing. As he always aimed at the highest style of the art, and was an accomplished scholar, a laborious student, and passionately devoted to his profession, these sketches and unfinished pictures, if engraved, would undoubtedly be acceptable to the public. They are mostly on canvass with a red ground, drawn in with white chalk in the most careful manner. Among them is a sketch comprising some fifty figures, upon a canvass four feet by five, of a scene supposed to be "the Fairies" in "Midsummer Night's Dream," drawn in ink. Another is "a Sibyl;" and another, "The Stoning of St. Stephen;" together with several other subjects of a historical character.—*Art-Union*.

**COPYING AN ENGRAVING.**—The *Art-Union* for January will contain a print produced under singular circumstances. Our readers will, perhaps, remember that, several months ago, we announced a remarkable discovery, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line-engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that the steel plate so produced should be warranted to yield from 10,000 to 20,000 impressions. We stated, also, that it was stated to us, that the producer would undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which the copy.

We have resolved to test this (alleged) invention; and have placed in the hands of the party referred to a foreign print (the plate never having been in England,) and selected a subject which may be seen in many shop windows at this moment—so that any person may compare the copy with the original. A proof has been laid before us in an unfinished state,—not, therefore, altogether satisfactory, but still, we think, so wonderful a production that we feel justified in anticipating its complete success—at least in so far as to warrant a promise to give one of them with each number of the *Art-Union* for January. Our subscribers will then be as well able as ourselves to judge of it. We shall say how many we have printed, and communicate all we know on the subject.

At present we can only say that within seven days after we placed a proof of the print in the hands of the party referred to, he placed in our hands the copy of it, on the steel; that the original engraving was the work of at least a year; and that the copy is already so marvellously accurate that we are much disposed to have faith in his pledge that, when finished, we shall not be able to distinguish the original proof from a proof of the copy, of which he undertakes to furnish between 10,000 and 15,000 impressions, if we need them.

From the N. Y. Express.

## NEWSPAPERS AND NEW YORK.

THE following letter, from an unknown hand, is so delicately expressed, and brings to mind so many reminiscences that we cheerfully give it a place in our columns. It brings to our recollection the fact, that we are now the oldest editor, whose name has steadily appeared in the imprint of any newspaper in the city. We have often been reminded by our readers of their old acquaintance with us, through the columns of our paper. On a recent visit to Ohio, we met a gentleman in that state who had taken our paper from the first day of its publication, viz., 17th February, 1817, and had carefully bound it up. When we united with that worthy and excellent man, Theodore Dwight, (and who we are happy to say is still living, and in the enjoyment of tolerable health,) in the New York Daily Advertiser, John Lang and John Turner, of the New York Gazette, were the oldest editors; the next in order was Zachariah Lewis, editor of the Commercial Advertiser; Amos Butler, of the Mercantile Advertiser; Coleman & Burnham, of the Evening Post; Alden Spooner, of the Columbian, and Henry Wheaton, of the National Advocate.

These were the only daily papers then printed in this city. Mr. Lang is no more, and the Gazette is discontinued. Mr. Turner has retired. Mr. Lewis has deceased; Messrs. Stone & Hall were his successors—the latter is still the able and efficient editor of the Commercial. Both Coleman and Burnham are dead, and the Post, which was established by Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, Oliver Wolcott, and others, as a high toned federal journal, is now ably conducted as a democratic paper, by Mr. Bryant. Mr. Butler has retired, but his paper has been discontinued. Col. Spooner is still in the traces, and in the enjoyment of all his talents and industry, in conducting the Long Island Star, at Brooklyn. He will die with the harness on his back. Mr. Wheaton is now minister to Berlin. On the retirement of Mr. Dwight, in 1836, the writer of this united with his present partners, James and Erastus Brooks—dropped the word *Advertiser* and inserted that of the *Express*. With the alteration of this word, the paper has been published from 1817 to this time—a period of twenty-eight years; and it is some gratification to say, that, from first to last, during yellow fevers, choleras, and all the changes of times, and the expenditure of millions of dollars, every sheet of paper, and every hour's labor, has been paid for with fidelity.

When the first number of this paper was published, our city had a population of less than 160,000, and Brooklyn was a village. Now the number of inhabitants in New York and its neighborhood is from 400 to 450,000. The Canal, or Big Ditch as it was called, was only talked of,—above Grand street was the country,—not a railroad of any importance threaded the land.

Our friend has not pointed to us the spot of his residence, but if he should ever favor us with its locality, we shall take pleasure in seeing the "hearth that has not been desecrated by either hard or soft coal." When we look round the city and see what it was when we landed here from good old Connecticut, forty years ago, we can hardly believe it to be the same place. Pearl street below Wall—Wall, Pine, Stone, and the lower part of William street, was the West end of the town; there all the fashionable and the good society resided; and there is hardly a solitary building then standing that now remains. The whole country above Canal street was ponds, meadows and hills. The City Hall was not then built. Above Franklin, but one street crossed the city from Broadway to the North River. The custom house was at the Bowling Green. The merchants met in the old Tontine, corner of Wall and Water streets. The Oswego market stood in Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane. The Fulton Market was not then built. Fly Market stood at the foot of Maiden lane. The Federal Hall, where all the courts were held, was in Wall street. What is now the Washington Parade Ground was then Potter's Field, and thousands of bodies lie mouldering under its surface. We might go on, enumerating thousands of changes,—but enough.

TO THE EDITOR.

New York, Dec. 23, 1844.

DEAR SIR:—After a daily communication, through the columns of a newspaper, for five and twenty years, allow me at this season of congratulations and good wishes, to wish you a very merry Christmas, and happy New Year. For the above period, during which I have passed from early childhood to man's estate, a paper, bearing your name in its imprint, has been the almost daily companion of my breakfast table; and if by chance it failed to come, the omission of the coffee urn would scarcely have been deemed a greater deprivation. I am a dear lover of "auld lang syne," and your paper is so identified with my earliest recollections of this joyous season, that I could not resist the impulse I felt of sitting down this evening to tell you so.

It has been sometimes to us a herald of joy—sometimes of sorrow. It bore to us once intelligence of the marriage of a loved brother in a distant city; and "ere the month was old" news of the death of his young and lovely wife. On a bright morning in June we read of the homeward bound voyage of a long absent uncle, and while daily expecting his arrival, news came to us in the columns of the Daily Advertiser, that his vessel had been wrecked, and nearly all on board, and he, among the number, had perished. Every number has been carefully preserved, and they now form a file, in bound volumes, of nearly my own height.

What vast changes have taken place within the period they embrace! Twenty-five years ago this city was but a child, compared with its present vigorous manhood; and the same remark would apply to the state, and to the whole country. The "far west" of that day was scarcely beyond the



limits of our own Empire State. What vast improvements have been made in everything conducive to man's comfort and convenience. Who at that time could have conceived of the lightning-like rapidity with which distances can now be accomplished, or that lightning itself could be made subservient to man as a means of transmitting intelligence,—as you are aware was done by Professor Morse during the past summer.—Our noble Croton Aqueduct, too,—what an undertaking! what an accomplishment! to which the past or the present can show no parallel. But, above all else, and better than all else, how has the blessed Gospel been wafted as it were upon the wings of every breeze, until the dwellers in all lands can hear and read in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

A pleasant custom it is of home-gatherings, among our New England neighbors at Thanksgiving, and with us of New York, at Christmas time. On Wednesday, four generations of us, numbering in all 28, will sit down together to our Christmas dinner. One has come from the Crescent city, four from what used to be called the "city of brotherly love" three from the city of many notions, and very good notions too, some of them, and two from the shores of Lake Erie. The rest are dwellers hereabouts. I am the only one of seven sons and daughters left in the family mansion,—which happened in this wise. Marrying at what our papa and mamma on one side thought rather an inexperienced age, they were fearful of trusting us "out," and so kept us at home; but so notable a housekeeper has my little wife become under good teaching, that for some three or four years past, she has relieved her teacher of all the cares of a household.

A word or two about our old mansion. Long within my remembrance it was well up town; now, "down town" is far above it. When it was erected, my father was considered as giving strong evidence of insanity, in building so substantial a dwelling "so far out of the world," as Fulton had been supposed to exhibit a few years previous, in imagining that a boat could be propelled by steam. The site was selected for its rural beauty. Where our left hand neighbor's dwelling now stands, was a magnificent old oak. From the second story windows, a fine view was had of the boats upon the North River. Near by, for a considerable portion of the year, was quite a respectable sized pond, inhabited by a colony of frogs, and where good skating used to prevail about this season of the year to a considerable extent. But where the centre of that pond was, are now our good neighbor S.'s capacious cellars, and where in the summer time the frogs used to favor us with evening concerts, may now be heard the sweet voices of his fair daughters. To those who recollect New York twenty or thirty years ago, our house is one of the old landmarks. When it was modernized a few years ago, one room was left untouched, sacred to recollections and associations of other days: it is our breakfast room always, our family sanctum when we have no visitors, and where I now write.—Its hearth-stone has never been profaned by coal.—Hickory wood, upon massive brass andirons and an antique fender in front to protect the carpet, throws out its genial heat on a winter's morning. The furniture of the room is in perfect keeping. In one corner is an ancient clock that you would fancy a twin brother of Master Humphrey's, and its voice admonishes me that I must bring this scrawl to a close.

Now, my dear sir, after asking you to excuse this somewhat familiar epistle, (in which I fear you will take little interest,) I will conclude by wishing that you may live to see many happy returns of this "merry Christmas time," and to publish a good many more well filled sheets.

With the highest respect,

Your friend and humble servant,  
HENDRICK.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

#### OLD BROWN DOG.

THERE is an old brown dog,  
That roams about our streets,  
But no one knows from whence he came  
Or where he sleeps or eats.  
His name—his race—and business here,  
Are hidden in a fog,  
There seems to me a mystery  
About that brown old dog.

He often haunts the post office,  
His letter never comes—  
He sometimes visits Louderback's,  
But buys no sugar-plums—  
He curls himself beside the door  
Which leads to the Gazette,  
But never asks the latest news  
Nor seems disposed to bet.

He dogs no master round,  
Like most of his degree,  
But through the longest winter day  
In one lone spot he'll be.  
And there with head between his paws,  
He lies mid snow or rain,  
As if some dog-ma wild and vague  
Perplexed his troubled brain.

And oftentimes I stop  
And gaze, and try to trace,  
The mournful thoughts that seem to flit  
Across his wrinkled face.  
Perhaps he dreams of days  
When filled was pleasure's cup,  
Of days of sunshine, mirth and joy  
When he was but a pup.

The voice he once obeyed  
May long have died away,  
But still he waits to hear its call  
From weary day to day.  
He dreams of ancient times,  
Nor can he quite suppress  
A sigh—when visions real arise  
Of bones—now marrowless.

Enough—I do not wish  
To pry in his affairs,  
But on his breast he seems to bear  
A weight of heavy cares.  
His name—his race—and business here  
Are hidden in a fog,  
There seems to be a mystery  
About that brown old dog. TAG.

From the Art Union.

# ON THE MULTIPLICATION OF WORKS OF ART IN METAL BY VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

EARLY in the year 1838 Mr. Thomas Spencer, an eminent picture-frame-maker in Liverpool, and an intelligent cultivator of science for its own sake, was led to observe points of similarity, almost amounting to identity, between chemical and electrical forces: his inquiries on the subject led him to institute a long series of ingenious experiment, in the course of which he found that under certain circumstances of galvanic action a solution of sulphate of copper could be dissolved, and that the copper thus separated from the acid might be atomically deposited on another copper plate, where it would form a new layer of copper, exhibiting a perfect facsimile of the original plate in the most minute particulars. This discovery received the name of the electrotype, and it was hailed as a most valuable means of multiplying medals, copperplates, and raised ornaments. Some months after Spencer's publication of his discovery, Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, obtained the same results at which the English inventor had previously arrived, and forthwith claimed for himself the exclusive merit of the discovery. When the British Association for the Promotion of Science met in Glasgow, Spencer and Jacobi appeared before the Chemical Section, where their rival claims were discussed with great earnestness and attention. The prejudices of the scientific body were in favor of Jacobi: he was an eminent professor, having known rank and position in the scientific world; he belonged to the same order as the majority of his judges, and they naturally felt some interest in the maintenance of his fame. On the other hand, men of science felt that there was something derogatory to their order in the fact that an important discovery, making revelations which escaped the cognizance and even the suspicions of professional chemists, should be assigned to a simple tradesman of Liverpool, whose name was now heard of for the first time beyond the precincts of his limited locality. Nor was this prejudice confined to the professional philosophers. We were present at the meeting, and took some interest in the matter. We know that the feelings generally were against Spencer until he produced such overwhelming evidence that Jacobi himself was left without the power of reply. The decision of the Chemical Section was, that both gentlemen had independently arrived at the same result, but that the priority of invention was undoubtedly Spencer's. We have been induced to give these details because the prejudice to which we have already referred led some of the periodicals to deal rather loosely with the matter in their reports of the meeting; and because, having had an opportunity of testing Mr. Spencer's statements, we obtained indisputable evidence of their accuracy and their truth.\*

The advantage of the electrotype over ordinary copies made by casting is the perfection of the results. There are a viscosity and a want of perfect fluidity in melted metals which prevent the cast from being a faithful copy of the original, and which render it necessary that the hand of the

chaser should be employed to complete the surface, remove superfluities, and supply defects. The material used in casting, viz., sand, must necessarily produce a rough and imperfect copy, and it is furthermore liable to accidents of distortion, which would spoil the effect of the entire design. On the other hand, the electrotypes are perfect: the finest lines, the most minute dots, are as faithfully copied as the boldest projections. We have found reproduced in the electrotype the scratch of a needle which could not be seen in the original without the aid of a microscope; hence, if we have a perfect model or mould, the electrical process will ensure a perfect copy or cast. On the other hand, the electrical process is slower and more expensive than that of ordinary casting, and consequently must always maintain its sway for all coarse productions.

The electrotypist always operates on some compound of a metal held in solution by a fluid. To chemists belong the formation of these solutions, and it would not be possible to enter into any investigation of the various compounds that have been brought into use, without involving ourselves in discussions foreign to the objects of this paper, and extending it to a very inconvenient length. At the same time, however, we must record our opinion that the field of chemical inquiry connected with the electro-metallurgic art is far from being exhausted, and that there are few unexplored domains of chemical science more likely to reward a diligent and judicious pursuer of experimental inquiry.

When a metallic salt, or any other metallic compound, is held in solution, the metal may be regarded as resolved into its original and primitive atoms, the minuteness of which evades the human ken even with "all appliances and means to boot." The perfection of the copy obtained arises from the metal being deposited in the mould or on the model atom by atom. This is effected by passing an electrical current through the solution, and so regulating its force as to procure for the deposit those qualities of hardness, softness, or flexibility which are required according to the purpose for which the electrotype is designed. It is not necessary to enter into any details of the various processes of manipulation; Spencer's little work, published by Griffin of Glasgow, contains instructions for electro-copying, with a simple and cheap apparatus, which will enable any of our readers, for a few shillings, to go through the whole process themselves.

Indeed, the application of voltaic electricity to the multiplication of impressions of coins and medals narrowly escaped becoming as much the rage of fashion as shoe-making, papyro-plastics, and working in Berlin wool, all of which have within our memory gone far to convert fair ladies into working artisans. We have seen very extensive collections of duplicates of the most beautiful coins and medals formed by electrotype amateurs; and we believe that to the facilities thus afforded for obtaining accurate copies, Art is mainly indebted for the revival of the taste for elaborately chased metals. It is not to be imagined, from this statement, that the die-sinker's occupation is gone; the ordinary processes of coining are so much more rapid and economical than those of electro-copying, that they are not ever likely to be superseded for ordinary purposes. Neither do we think that medal-chasers will have reason to complain of the extension of the electrotypic copying process, because,

\* In the "Mechanics' Magazine" for March last, a gentleman, named Jordan, claimed the priority of invention of the electrotype; we have not had an opportunity of investigating the evidence he adduced.



though their work will be lessened so far as regards the production of many specimens of the same medal, it will be more than proportionally increased by the rising demand for a variety of chased medals. As yet, indeed, this branch of art has made but little progress in England; far less than its capabilities of producing the most exquisite forms and combinations of form would have led us to expect. Still a few specimens have been produced, not unworthy the graver of Benvenuto Cellini; and we have good grounds for hope that our English medallions will soon rank among the highest examples of this branch of the fine arts. Messrs. Elkington and Co., who have taken the undisputed lead in the metallurgic arts, are now introducing articles deposited entirely in gold and silver. Most of the articles as yet produced are copies from the antique. We believe that this will give a most healthy impulse to the progress of the higher arts of design in England. The possession of a cup or vase of exquisite taste and beauty will naturally lead to the desire of possessing companion ornaments of a similar kind, and thus there will be created a demand for inventions, requiring first-rate talent for their production. No manufacturer could be compensated for the expense of such designs by the ordinary processes of manufacture. A design which can be multiplied into fifty or one hundred copies, each as perfect as the original, will justify the manufacturer in paying the designer ten times as much for the original as would be paid for a pattern from which only one or two casts could be taken.\*

The absolute fidelity of the electrotyped copy amounting, in fact, to perfect identity, early led to the application of the art to the multiplication of engraved copperplates for the production of prints. The first experiments appeared so perfect that all classes of engravers were filled with alarm; we have ourselves seen the artist who had actually engraved a copperplate unable to distinguish his own original from the electrotyped copy. But it was found that, from some cause or other, the plates produced by voltaic agency were defective in cohesion, and did not resist the rubbing which is essential to the printing of the plate. It may be that the deposition of the metal atom by atom prevents the plate from attaining the cohesiveness which is given by the ordinary process of rolling and hammering; but we still believe that means may be found to overcome this difficulty, especially as the substitution of the electro-

type for the stereotype plate has been found perfectly successful. Of some later applications of voltaic electricity to the printing both of books and pictures we shall probably treat at some future opportunity. Our attention must at present be directed to a department of the application of the science more immediately connected with the higher branches of art.

We have already noticed that in voltaic electricity the metal is deposited atomically, or in portions so minute as to be inappreciable by any known formulæ of human measurement. Hence such a process is obviously of the greatest value in covering over any soft and easily corrodible metal, with a thin film of some other metal better able to resist the corrosive action of the atmosphere. Electro-gilding and electro-plating are even more valuable aids to art than electrotyping; and electro-gilding has the further recommendation of delivering workmen from a most unwholesome process, which was scarcely ever pursued without the most deleterious consequences. In the old form of gilding, an amalgam of mercury and gold, about the consistence of paste, was applied to the metallic surface required to be gilt, and the mercury was then sublimed or evaporated by the application of heat. Various contrivances, but all more or less ineffectual, were used to prevent the inhalation of the mercurial fumes by the workmen; but, in spite of all precautions, the evaporated mercury tainted the atmosphere, and produced frightful diseases in the unhappy victims. There were other disadvantages attending the process of mercurial gilding; the soft amalgam being brushed on in a semifluid state, the more prominent, which of course are the parts most exposed to be worn away by attrition, were the least covered with gold, while the indentations received an unnecessary quantity, which, in many instances, overlaid and hid the finer parts of the work.

In the process of electro-gilding every portion of the article receives an equal portion of gold; the finest lines and the most delicate workmanship are as perfectly covered as any other portion of the surface; and if there be any inequality it will be found that the gilding is thickest on the prominent parts, because they are the first to attract the action of the electrical current. The color of the gold laid on is far more perfect in the electrical than in the mercurial process, and, the application of heat not being necessary, the electrical process can be applied to several metals and other substances which could not stand the mercurial process. Iron and steel can now be gilt; indeed, some steel bracelets covered with gold by voltaic electricity have been produced, which, for finish and sharpness, are to all appearance equal to any, and superior to several, formed entirely of the precious metals.\* A very important question still remains to be decided—the comparative permanence of the gilding effected by the two processes; a great deal must of course depend upon the quantity of gold used, but, supposing that the same quantity is applied in both instances, there is every probability that the electrical process would be found preferable, because it more uniformly spreads the gold over the inferior metal.

\* Although we have abstained in these articles from noticing any manipulatory processes, yet that adopted by Messrs. Elkington and Co. is so very ingenious and so valuable to the formation of national taste by facilitating the multiplication of works of art, that we must notice it briefly. A mould is taken from the original design in an elastic composition of caoutchouc, glue, &c.; and this mould has not only the advantage of minute accuracy of copy, but is capable of removal from place to place without danger of being broken. The elastic mould is then filled with wax melting at a low temperature, combined with a powerful de-oxydizing agent, usually phosphorus. The wax mould is removed from the elastic mould when cold, and on it, by the voltaic agency, is deposited a coating of copper of any thickness that may be required. The wax is then melted out, and the copper shell remains an exact copy of the original design. The copper may be made a mould in its turn, and when a shell of gold or silver is deposited in it, the copper may be melted away, leaving the design executed in the precious metal, perfectly accurate in every feature. It is obvious that great nicety is required in the manipulation of these several processes, and this is probably the reason of the slow progress of the art.

\* Messrs. Elkington and Co. have deposited silver and other metals so hard that it was necessary to soften them, by heat, before they could be burnished. Much must, of course, depend on the intensity of the electrical current and the quantity of the precious metal used.



There is, however, a danger of manufacturers resting satisfied with spreading too thin a layer of gold over the inferior metal, and the very perfection of the covering which the electrical process affords is not unlikely to lead to this error. We have tried several specimens of gilt steel by immersing them in acid, and found in most instances that the steel became corroded. This, however, was not the case where the gilding was sufficiently thick. We mention this circumstance the more emphatically, because we have seen some advertisements in which it was stated that the deleterious influence of copper vessels would be prevented by covering them over with a thin electrical deposit of gold, silver, or platinum. We doubt the efficiency of such protection, unless the electrical deposit be far thicker than any we have yet seen employed; and, even when the thickness has been increased, we should still have some misgivings, as the failure of the electrotyped copper-plates seems to show some deficiency of atomic cohesion in the deposits obtained by voltaic electricity.

Electro-plating with silver is in every respect superior to the old method of silvering. No solid article could be made by the old process of plating, because the ornaments were required to be made separate with a hammer or with a die, and were then soldered on to the article; but the soldering used was necessarily soft, and consequently liable to give way on accidental exposure to heat. Those housekeepers who have been in the habit of using plated candlesticks can easily supply numberless illustrations of this defect from their own experience. But, in electro-plating, the artisan is not limited in the choice of the metal which he has to use as a substratum, neither is he compelled by the nature of his process to use soft solder when it is necessary to fasten parts together. He can have his pattern cast in the solid, and on the pattern thus complete may deposit his gold or silver; and hence on plated goods he can re-produce with very good accuracy the most delicate designs of the graver or chaser. Although we have seen many creditable specimens of electroplated goods, none have come under our notice which sufficiently illustrates the perfection of which we have reason to believe that the process is capable. Now that casting in bronze and iron has been brought to such high perfection in Berlin and Paris, we should hope that English artists would bestow some attention on the preparation of chased or sculptured models, the multiplication of which would spread their fame, while the means discovered for the preservation of the articles would ensure its perpetuity.

The use of phosphorus as a conducting substance has greatly extended the application of electro-metallurgy. If a preparation of phosphorus, in a liquid state, be applied to fruit, flowers, insects, or any natural objects, these may be coated over with metal, without being injured in their natural forms or proportions. We possess some exquisite specimens of this novelty in art; the manipulation employed is not very difficult, and we earnestly recommend those who are about to visit distant lands to furnish themselves with the apparatus, as it will enable them to send or bring home entomological and botanical specimens in more perfect preservation than has hitherto been attainable. We have what was a branch of hazel on which copper was deposited by voltaic electricity, and the original vegetable matter burned out; it was then

gilt by the electrical process, and, notwithstanding the double operation, every rib and vein of the leaves is as perfect as in the original plant.\*

Artistically considered, the processes under our contemplation are perhaps most important when viewed in relation to friezes, reliefs, and other works of art. Of whatever materials these are formed, they may be electro-silvered or electro-gilt, so as to receive real durability and apparent solidity, though formed of materials so plastic as to yield themselves to every thought of the modeller. This faculty of gilding and plating has obstructed the progress of another application of electricity to art, which has already produced some beautiful specimens. We have seen some electro-statues, electro-bronzes, and electro-busts, but we have not received such particulars of the manipulation employed as would enable us to form any estimate of the probability of the electrotypic processes superseding those already in use. A very important branch of metallurgy remains to be mentioned, the application of zinc and copper to wrought iron, to prevent oxydation or rust from exposure to the atmosphere or to the action of water. This, however, belongs rather to the useful than the ornamental arts; and there are besides some electro-chemical difficulties connected with the subject which could not be discussed without entering into a wider range of scientific inquiry than would be acceptable to general readers.

It is a matter well calculated to stimulate reflection, when we find the most sublime and most wondrous discoveries of science almost immediately applied to the purposes of art, and rendered subservient to domestic comfort, convenience, or ornament. Light has been brought under control by the daguerreotype and the calotype; and now the electric fluid, that most fearful agent of storm and tempest, is made to perform the most delicate metallic operations with an accuracy and a precision beyond the reach of the most trained and skilful operative. From what we have said it will be seen that we regard the arts of electro-metallurgy as being still in their infancy. Even within the last few months a patent has been taken out for the manufacture of metallic cloth, that is for covering the fibres of cottons or woollens with metallic film sufficient to render them water-proof and fire-proof. We have not seen any specimens of this process, and have, therefore, had no opportunity of testing its efficacy; but we quote as a matter of scientific curiosity the description given of the process of manufacture:—

“On a surface of copper attach very evenly stout linen, cotton, or woollen cloth, and connect it with the negative pole of a galvanic battery; immerse it in a solution of copper or other metal, connecting a piece of the same metal as that in solution with the positive pole: decomposition takes place, and, endeavoring to reach the copper plate, the metal insinuates itself into all the pores of the cloth, forming a perfect metallic sheet.”

It seems not unlikely that this process might be advantageously extended to the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, and to the heraldic

\* Some beautiful specimens of botanical and entomological specimens, preserved in metallic coverings, are exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution. The process is equally applicable to busts, statues, &c., and the Messrs. Elkington have produced a very convenient apparatus containing all the preparations necessary.

decorations of banners and flags. Perhaps some cheaper forms of the process might be employed in the manufacture of tents and rickcloths, and other coverings which may on occasions be used for protection of dwellings. Here, however, we must dismiss the subject, but we shall probably resume it when the applications of electricity have received the further developments which we have every reason to anticipate.

#### THE RINT.

"The Assyrian came down  
Like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming  
In purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears  
Was like stars on the sea,  
Where the blue wave rolls nightly  
On the deep Gallilee."—Byron.

The patriot came down  
Like a wolf on the fold,  
And all that he asked  
Was their silver and gold;  
And he pocketed all  
That he got, as his fee,  
From the shores of the Liffy  
To rocky Tralee.

Though Pat looked as naked  
And bleak as his soil,  
Yet there stood "His Riverence"  
To sack up the spoil;  
And from parish to parish  
The box went its rounds—  
"If we give you our prayers  
You must give us your pounds.

"You may say till doomsday,  
That you're hungry and bare,  
That you live in the mire,  
But can't live upon air.  
By fat Father Mathew,  
And Doctor MacHale,  
And St. Patrick to boot,  
You shall all have *Repale*.

"When it comes, you no longer  
Shall lie in the ditch:  
Every beggar among you  
At once shall be rich.  
The hedger and ditcher  
Shall have an estate,  
And drive his four horses,  
And dine off his plate.

"What! You won't! and your champion  
In want of a meal!  
With his coat out at elbows,  
His shoes down at heel;  
With his heart all as black  
As his speeches in print.  
Boys, I know what you'll do—  
You'll just *double* the rint.

"Now down with your cash,  
Never think of the jail,  
For Erin's true patriots  
The Virgin is bail.  
She'll rain down bank-notes  
Till the bailiff is blind.  
Still you're slack! then I'll tell you  
A piece of my mind.

"Would you like to be sent,  
In the shape of a ghost,  
To be poked by demons  
And brown'd like a toast;  
Or be hung in the blaze,  
With a hook in your back,  
Till you melt all away  
Like a cake of bee's-wax!

"Would you like to be pitchforked  
Down headlong to Limbo,  
With the Pope standing by,  
With his two arms akimbo;  
And the lashes and slashes  
All showering like hail,  
And the roar in your eardrums  
Forever—'Repale'!

"No matter who starves,  
Pay the rint on the spot;  
Pounds, shillings, and pence,  
I'll take all that you've got.  
When Erin's green flag  
Waves in victory's van,  
It shall all be paid back!  
So 'here's three cheers for Dan!'"  
*Britannia.*

From the Examiner.

#### PROJECTED RAILWAYS IN WESTMORELAND.

IN ANSWER TO MR. WORDSWORTH'S LATE SONNET.

THE hour may come, nay, must in these our days,  
When the harsh steam-car with the cataract's  
about

Shall mingle its swift roll, and motley rout  
Of multitudes these mountain echoes raise:  
And Thou, the Patriarch of these pleasant ways,  
Canst hardly grudge that crowded streets send  
out

In Sabbath glee the sons of care and doubt,  
To read these scenes by light of thine own lays.  
Disordered laughter and encounters rude  
The poet's finer sense perchance may pain;  
Yet many a glade and nook of solitude  
For quiet walk and thought will still remain,  
Where he the poor intruders may elude,  
Nor lose one golden dream for all their homely  
gain!  
R. M. M.

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.—Died on the 16th November, at Littleton, in the parish of West Lavington, aged sixty-five, David Saunders, the fifteenth child of the late David Saunders, the subject of Mrs. Hannah More's beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." In early life he entered the army, and served in the 25th light dragoons; he rose to the rank of sergeant-major, but was invalided, and retired on a pension twenty-nine years ago. About six or seven years since, he embraced the Christian doctrines which his honored father had, in his life and conversation, so highly adorned: since which time his chief pleasure has been in reading the Bible and other religious books. Towards his last days he said that he hoped a passage in a book written by the late Rev. Rowland Hill, was the means of his conversion to God. His end was happy and peaceful; and he departed this life in the full assurance of meeting with his reverend father in a better world.

From the United Service Magazine.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE—BEYROUT—CRIME  
AND DEATH.

We, English, certainly have strange propensities, and among the other singularities which, by universal consent, distinguish the character of John Bull from that generally observed in the biped race, is a restlessness of disposition, a longing after the sight of other lands and other people. Nor is this propensity confined to one rank or class of the liege subjects of the crown of Great Britain, who are typified by this common synonyme of the male ox. The peasant, if his purse were well enough lined to admit of a removal, would willingly seek his fortune in a quarter remote from that which gave him birth; the citizen, though he may want courage to cross the sea, must have his annual excursion to some watering-place, though perhaps the smoky atmosphere of London has no more to do with his fancied want of health, than the man in the moon, and he is perfectly miserable all the time he is absent from his counter; the aristocrat must needs leave the realm, because he finds it convenient for a while to put his estates out to nurse, or because fashion so wills it. But under any circumstances, the said Mr. Bull must have his growl. When at home, he dwells with delight on the enjoyments and luxuries he has met with in foreign lands; when abroad, he loudly descants on the comforts of his own fireside: "*nil unquam fuit tam impar sibi.*" Thus you find an Englishman in climes where the frost would nip your toes off; you meet him in regions where the sun would scorch your nose off. And all the while he is puzzled to say what brought him there. If you ascend the heights of Mont Blanc, Mount Aëna, or Mount Vesuvius, to witness a glorious sunrise, the first face which the golden rays of Phœbus disclose to your astonished eyes, is that, perchance, of some beauty who has anticipated you in your early movement, and whom in England the lightest breath of air would have afflicted with a cold which she would not have recovered from during the whole season. Yet this same fair one has perhaps already penetrated in disguise the sanctum of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople, and been allowed access to the bevy of beauties immured within the walls of the Pacha's harem at Grand Cairo!

But to what are we to attribute the lasting resolution of one of Britain's high-born dames to live and die in a strange land, where, though she found not loneliness in the strict acceptation of the word, there was no reciprocity of civilized ideas! Must eccentricity or moody madness be said to be the cause, or must we impute it to "that last infirmity of noble minds," ambition! This lady was no other than the Lady Hester Stanhope; connected by the ties of consanguinity, with families the most elevated in rank, and the most brilliant in talent, and assigned by common report as the destined bride of that renowned chieftain, whose melancholy fate is told by the mournful epitaph inscribed on the neglected tomb reared to his memory on Corunna's height.

We had now left our Ionian possessions, and found ourselves on the coast of Syria, anchored off the town of Beyrout, the ancient Berytus; a town pregnant with interest, both on account of the events which have taken place within it connected with Scripture history, as well as for many other circumstances. It was here that Herod the Great

tried his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were strangled at Abaste. Either on this or some similar occasion, his imperial protector, Augustus, uttered the bitter sarcasm, that he had rather be one of Herod's swine, than one of his sons. King Agrippa also, before whom St. Paul pleaded his cause, built here a splendid theatre; and in the distance, at the back of the town, are the Anti-Lebanon mountains with their "cedar groves." And what, moreover, invests the town of Beyrout with a singular interest in the estimation of all lovers of ancient chivalrous deeds, is the connexion it bears to the history of the patron saint of old England, St. George. Within a mile's distance of the town, along a pathway lined with mulberry and prickly-pear trees, is seen the spot on which, if tradition is to be credited on a point which is involved in some obscurity, the deadly conflict took place between our tutelary guardian and the formidable dragon. The scene of this memorable exploit is marked by the remains of an old square tower some ten or twelve feet high, from a cleft in which water has apparently issued, and left a kind of saponaceous crust, which is verily said to have served the doughty hero, after the fatigue of his exertions in the struggle against the monster of an enemy, for the same purpose to which he would undoubtedly have applied a square or two of the best old brown Windsor soap, had the engagement taken place subsequent to the discovery of this luxury in the process of ablution.

But the greatest singularity which this neighborhood presents is undoubtedly the Lady Hester Stanhope, who has resided for the last eight or ten years, in the hilly region near Seydr, the ancient Sidon, at about a ten hours' journey from Beyrout. Even in her early years her ladyship was celebrated for her eccentricities, as well as for her superiority of intellect, and her admirable skill in horsemanship. And though she has since travelled far and wide, these traits in her character still retain their original force. The situation selected for her present residence, which was erected under her own immediate superintendence, is beautifully picturesque; nature and art here seem to have vied in giving each to each a double charm. It presents an appearance somewhat similar to that of a villa in the Isle of Wight; while its interior arrangements, on which no pains have been spared, combine the luxuries with which our imaginations are wont to invest an Eastern palace, and the comforts of a moderately sized English mansion. It is situated in the centre of a garden, or rather shrubbery, laid out with admirable taste, with here and there an alcove in it, under whose agreeable shade the guest may retire from the burning heat of the sun, and seated on an ottoman enjoy the never-failing pleasure of coffee and a pipe, whose fragrant smoke comes to his mouth cooled by having had its long silk-covered tube of jasmine or cherry-wood, besprinkled with rose-water. Of late, however, her ladyship has been very shy of receiving European visitors, and it was only by a ruse that the trio of officers from the frigate, who paid their devoirs to her, succeeded in their object, in spite of a positive refusal on the part of her ladyship to admit them into her domain. For, a few hours only before their own departure from Beyrout, they despatched a messenger to Lady Hester, with an intimation that they proposed to themselves the honor of waiting on her; and then, without staying for the return of the courier, who was the bearer of a reply in the negative, and



to whom they had given the most particular instructions as to the route he was to follow, they themselves set forth; and, by following a different track, wittingly missed the harbinger of such unwelcome news, and so took the eccentric dame by surprise. It is but justice, however, to add, that though her ladyship's privacy was thus disturbed, and her express desire thwarted, she took in no dudgeon this brazen effrontery, but made the unexpected intruders all the amende honorable for the fatigues they had undergone, by giving them a hearty welcome.

The report made by the trio on their return, of what they had seen, and what they had done, was a singular one. They found her ladyship sometimes dressed à la Mameluque, at others, à la Turque, at others, à la what you please; though the component parts of her attire were more generally those adopted by the male sex. She never dines at table with her guests, though she will join them after the repast, when pipes and coffee are introduced, and amuse them with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, many of which she tells with great glee, respecting Mr. Pitt, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith, and the fiddle-faddle ambassador, as she is pleased to call a certain ci-devant representative of Great Britain at a foreign court.

Her manner of conversing is energetic and hasty; she scarcely ever arrives at the conclusion of one tale without breaking into some other, having a very remote, or perhaps no connexion with the last one. She is held in vast repute by the natives dwelling around her, and, like another Zenobia, exercises no little power and authority over them, which she has shown herself fully able and willing to vindicate when convicted offenders have been brought under her notice. Her profession of a belief in a Supreme Being is marked with such inconsistency, and her ideas of everything connected with Christianity, so derogatory to Scripture truths, that it is but charity to infer that, however lamentably her intellect on other points may be warped, when touching on this matter, she is perfectly bewildered.

The stud of her ladyship was now much less numerous than it once was; and she delighted to expatiate on the various excellences of its members, explaining them in such clear and technical terms, as to convince her guests that she possessed no mean skill in the arcana of horsemanship; and might possibly, were the truth known, have put to the blush, many a Newmarket trainer, if, indeed, these gentry have enough of what is universally termed conscience in their composition, to be susceptible of such a feeling. Her ladyship's time is much more occupied than one would imagine it could be, in a place where it might be supposed difficult to find a series of agreeable employments. She is continually receiving despatches from the chieftains in the interior, who yield such deference to her judgment, that they are ever applying to her for advice, and to these flattering marks of inferred superiority, she never omits to forward a reply. She attends in person to the planting of every tree, shrub, and flower, which ornaments her domain; she cuts out paper patterns for the additional furniture which she intends to place in the apartments of her residence, and for the fresco devices with which she decorates their walls. Fortunately, in this respect, there are so many differently colored earths found in her own immediate neighborhood, that, with very little pains bestowed in the mixing them up together, she is

enabled to produce such mellow tints, as to impart an additional charm to her designs, which are modelled from the copies she made during her sojourn in classic lands, and which the most fastidious Roman senator of the Augustan age could have found no fault with, had he seen them in his own luxurious villa, on the shores of Baia's Bay.

The only European retained in the household of Lady Hester, was Miss W—, a lady whose tastes were so far from being altogether congenial with those of her companion, that she has long since loathed the "Eastern climes afar," and sighed for a return to "England's good green wood."

The chief of our party had been conducted to his sleeping-apartment by an Arab domestic; he had turned the key of his door, and was inhaling the delicious perfume which pervaded his chamber, arising from the plants which spread their foliage over the trellis-work of the window; he was inwardly congratulating himself on his unexpected good fortune at finding in this, as it were, enchanted dormitory, everything he could wish for, ready prepared for his use; when he suddenly fancied it must be the sound of a gentle tap at his room-door which struck his ear; yet, though everything else around him was wrapped in silence, he could hardly conceive, even if the sound were real, that it was intended to reach his hearing. How long he might have remained in this perplexity is matter of doubt; but a repetition of the same sound soon convinced him that it was something more than the effect of imagination. On the tiptoe of expectation, he therefore boldly, yet cautiously, opened the door, and discovered Miss W— standing in the entrance. She passed hurriedly onward into the apartment, closing the door gently after her; while the wick of the earthen lamp, which she carried, seemed by its feeble light to throw a deadly paleness and bewilderment over her countenance. She remained for a moment motionless; then bursting into a flood of tears, entreated the astounded officer not to attribute this, her strange visit, to any improper motives: "Though I am fearful," she added with a downcast look, as if she felt in its full force her critical position, "it will be no easy task to convince you of the innocence of this, my conduct, now that I have thus, with many a struggle, brought myself to break in upon your privacy. But if I may venture to beg of you to get this packet of letters conveyed to my friends in England, my obligations will be infinite. For, such is the unaccountable aversion Lady Hester has lately conceived against everything connected with our native land, that she will not allow of my correspondence." It is needless to add that this request was immediately complied with, when, with a world of thanks, and looks beaming with delight, she withdrew from the chamber. Nor let censure here utter even so much as a muttering whisper; it was necessity which compelled the suppliant to seize on so rare an opportunity, and the heart of the most prudish dame must be harder than flint, which would harp at her conduct.

Time rolled on after the occurrence of these events on the coast of Syria, when, in order to refit the ship, which from a protracted absence from any place where naval stores were to be met with, stood more than usually in need of a refitment, we retraced our steps to Malta, where I looked forward to the enjoyment of a change of scene, and the pleasure of hearing how matters were going on in the civilized world. But before these anticipations could be realized an untoward event

eluded the joy which such thoughts had naturally inspired. On our arrival, we found three or four ships in the harbor, and before our moorings had been taken up, the unusual signal for the chaplain of the frigate was made by the officer senior in command. In obedience to this unexpected summons, when I mounted his quarter-deck, he gave me to understand that the sentence of a court-martial had that morning been passed on a man and boy, and, moreover, the circumstances of the case admitted no hope of the culprits being visited with anything less than a capital punishment. As therefore I was the only chaplain then present in the squadron, the painful duty of preparing them for eternity must devolve on myself. Though I was thunderstruck at this recital, yet I shrank not from the unpleasant task. Since the mercy of Heaven was to be entreated for, there was a satisfaction, melancholy indeed, yet heart-inspiring, in the reflection, that unworthy as I was, I was nevertheless selected to urge the wretched beings to sue for it!

Proceeding on this sad errand, I was conducted to the cockpit of the ship, where the two offenders lay in chains; the man in one corner of this gloomy chamber, the boy in the distant one, precluded from all communication with his partner in guilt by a stout screen of wood. The former was in look, misery personified. In person he was somewhat tall and athletic, and to judge from appearances some six-and-twenty years had passed over his head. His long raven-black hair hung over his shoulders, and his dark Italian eye, for Italy was the land of his birth, retained that penetrating glance which creates an indescribable interest when a smile is playing over it, but which, when pervaded by a frown, awakes alarm and suspicion. The boy, who was an Irish lad, lay in a state of stupor, from which it was difficult to arouse him. At this my first interview, I addressed them each separately, in such terms as I conceived most suitable to their condition; though from the state of my own feelings it was by no means easy to give free utterance to my words. But as the Italian announced himself a member of the Roman Catholic faith, a priest of the same persuasion was allowed to visit him from the shore, and administer what relief he could.

Everything that could be done for the unhappy boy was done for him. In the evening before the morn which was to be the last for them both, the marine sentry in charge of the Italian, as I was passing him on my way to the upper deck, requested that I would speak a few words to his prisoner, as he had expressed an earnest wish to see me.

The first words addressed to me by the criminal on this occasion, were to the following effect:—"Though we differ in religion, sir," said he, "yet I would not have this an obstacle to my professing my obligation to you, and thanking you for your many inquiries after my welfare. I have done what little I could with my pastor, yet I cannot help consoling myself that your prayers in my behalf may be of avail, notwithstanding our creeds are at variance. My parents, sir," continued he, "were the industrious tenants of a small farm in the district of the Tyrol, and endeavored to bring me up in such a manner that I might in future follow the good example set me by themselves. But my wayward disposition led me to turn a deaf ear to all their warnings, and I secretly quitted the home of my childhood without

giving them any tidings as to where I purposed to direct my wandering steps. From that sad moment up to this, they have been left in total ignorance of my fate.

Here he paused, though other words seemed to be faltering on his lips. His looks, which, during the narrative, had been comparatively calm and serene, now became wild and pale; he appeared as if struggling with some agonizing thought. At length, having recovered himself, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

"My present crime is bad enough, but another and a deeper stain of guilt clings to my troubled mind; I have, however, now so far subdued myself as to reveal it to you. After I had abandoned the house of my fathers, I became the owner of a gondola at Venice, and was engaged in the service of a young Venetian nobleman. Night after night I wafted him in my black bark to the entrance-door of one of the dilapidated palaces which serve to denote the fallen grandeur of this once queen of cities. Night after night, as we returned together through the narrow canals, whose surfaces are entirely shrouded by the lofty buildings with which their waters are confined, he uttered not a word; a sigh, a deep-drawn sigh only would now and then escape him, to convince me that though his tongue was mute, his thoughts were busily and bitterly occupied. His motive for thus constantly resorting to the same spot scarcely excited my curiosity, till a chance circumstance disclosed the secret. It was the love of play, his absorbing passion, that ever as the night returned led him hither; where were assembled all the most devoted gamblers of the city; and his ruinous losses were the cause of his silence and his heavy sighs. A short time after I had made this discovery, as he stepped on board one evening on his way home, I fancied his gait was more free than usual; and the gentle hum of a favorite air which reached my ears, as he sat reclined under the awning of the gondola, convinced me that the heart of my fellow-passenger was lighter than it had ever been since we first threaded together the windings of the dark canals.

"For several nights following the youthful nobleman evinced similar signs of joy; and, at length, even so far divested himself of his hitherto silent demeanor, as to acquaint me with the successful issue of the several last nights' play, and the delight he felt at this change in the course of fortune's wheel. To judge from his deportment, the same results favored him for a considerable period. One evening, after I had landed him at the vestibule of his usual haunt, according to my general wont, I stretched myself under the gondola's covering, expecting to repose myself quietly there till my slumbers should be broken by the well-known call of my employer. But sleep seemed banished from my eyelids, and all my endeavors to obtain it were utterly fruitless. While harassed with this restlessness of body, and turning myself first on this side, then on the other, some demon entered into my mind, suggesting the idea of providing myself with a stiletto, and thus possessing myself of the winnings of my master. At the first impulse I was appalled at the thought; but the same fiendish spirit which had originated the idea, by some inexplicable spell, soon won my consent. A stiletto was procured, and the next night, after his embarkation, though the youth, haply with some foreboding of approaching evil, exhibited less gaiety than usual

and, what he had hitherto done, urged me to hasten on my way, the dire deed was perpetrated! Under pretence of arranging some part of the boat, I approached him, and the next moment the point of the weapon was in his heart, his pockets rifled, and the lifeless corpse gently thrown into the water! Judge of my merited disappointment when I discovered the contents of his purse to be only a poor doubloon! His other booty he had secreted about his person, and it sank with the body, overlooked in the gloom of midnight and the fearful hurry of my search! Such was the paltry guerdon that rewarded the impious act of the murderer's hand!

"By dint of speed and a thorough knowledge of the intervening district, I escaped to Trieste, where an English merchant ship, on the eve of departure for Malta, and greatly deficient in her complement, admitted me among her crew, on the faith of a certificate which I contrived to get forged in my favor. Thence, some two years since, I volunteered into the ship where you now see me overwhelmed with disgrace, and where at last justice has overtaken me."

Here the unhappy wretch again paused; but the hurried sobs, the heaving of his breast, the tear starting from his eye in spite apparently of every effort to restrain it, and the quivering of his lip, betokened that he was desirous of adding yet a few words more to his tale of guilt.

"I know, sir," he continued, after this heart-rending pause, "that the knowledge of my fate will bring a deadly sorrow to my aged parents; yet it would be a solace to me to think that they might by possibility become acquainted with my untimely end; and I am willing to persuade myself that if, by any remote chance, you should ever have it in your power to break to them the melancholy tidings, you will kindly bear in mind that such is my last request."

The next morning at an early hour, the drum beat to quarters, the marines, armed, lined the deck, whips were attached to each main yard-arm, the culprits were brought up from below, the rope fastened round their necks, and in a few seconds their bodies were seen hanging, one at each extremity of the yard, and their souls had fled forever!

It is a trite remark, that the realities of life often surpass in strangeness the wildest tales of romance. Some few years after these events, I chanced to be staying at Verona the greater part of a day, waiting the starting of the public vehicle which was to convey me to Inspruck. To while away the irksomeness of the delay, accident led me into one of the coffee-houses of this fair city. In the corner of its common room sat two persons engaged in conversation. The elder of the two, who was then speaking, was a noble specimen of what may be called, an Italian yeoman; and the earnest tone of sorrow in which he was addressing his companion, induced me to seat myself at the adjoining small table. But though the position I had taken up was close to the elbow of the speaker, so completely was he absorbed in his narrative, that he appeared to be totally unconscious of my presence. The topic of his discourse was of so singular a strain that I could not avoid suspecting the old man now before me must be the parent of the miscreant whose end I had witnessed; and the surprise which struck me when, on inquiry, such proved to be the fact, may be better imagined than any pen of mine could de-

scribe. When the mystery was at length fully revealed, the old man laid his gray head on his hands, and the writhings of his body but too plainly proved what were the harrowing workings of his mind. At length, rising hurriedly, he would fain have thanked me for the sad tale which I had considered it my duty, though in the execution of this duty I was pained to the quick, to impart to him; his lips quivered as he cast a look of gratitude on me, for as yet he had no power of utterance. Then recovering somewhat his self-command, he said in an undertone, "I will go home now, and try to die in peace;" and after these words, adding, "Signore \* \* \* \* Addio," he left the coffee-house, supported by the arm of his astonished companion.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

### CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Mark xi. 9, 10.

BY THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A. M.

FROM Olivet's sequestered seats  
What sounds of transport spread!  
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,  
To Zion's holy head!  
Behold him there in lowliest guise!  
The Saviour of mankind!  
Triumphal shouts before him rise,  
And shouts reply behind!  
And "strike" they cry, "your loudest string:  
He comes! Hosanna to our King!"  
Nor those alone, the present train,  
Their present King ador'd;  
An earlier and a later train  
Extolled the selfsame Lord.  
Obedient to his Father's will,  
He came, he liv'd, he died;  
And gratulating voices still  
Before and after cried,  
"All hail the Prince of David's line!  
Hosanna to the Man Divine!"  
He came to earth: from eldest years,  
A long and bright array  
Of prophet bards and patriarch seers  
Proclaimed the glorious day:  
The light of heaven in every breast,  
Its fire on every lip,  
In tuneful chorus on they press'd  
A goodly fellowship:  
And still their pealing anthem rang,  
"Hosanna to the Son of Man!"  
He came to earth: through life he pass'd  
A man of grief: and, lo,  
A noble army following fast  
His track of pain and woe:  
All deck'd with palms, and strangely bright,  
That suffering host appears;  
And stainless are their robes of white,  
Though steeped in blood and tears;  
And sweet their martyr anthem flows,  
"Hosanna to the Man of Woes!"  
From ages past descends the lay  
To ages yet to be,  
Till far its echoes roll away  
Into eternity.  
But while saints and angels high,  
Thy final triumph share  
Amid thy followers, Lord, shall I,  
Though last and meanest there,  
Receive a place, and feebly raise  
A faint Hosanna to thy praise!



[We have, in a former number of the Living Age, shown the great interest which a selection from the *Lowell Offering* has excited in England. That selection (Mind among the Spindles) has been reprinted in Boston by Messrs. Jordan, Wiley & Co. The following extract from it is copied from Hunt's London Journal.]

## SUSAN MILLER.

"MOTHER, it is all over now," said Susan Miller, as she descended from the chamber where her father had just died of *delirium tremens*. Mrs. Miller had for several hours walked the house, with that ceaseless step which tells of fearful mental agony; and when she had heard from her husband's room some louder shriek or groan, she had knelt by the chair or bed which was nearest, and prayed that the troubled spirit might pass away. But a faintness came over her, when a long interval of stillness told that her prayer was answered; and she leaned upon the railing of the stairway for support, as she looked up to see the first one who should come to her from the bed of death. Susan was the first to think of her mother: and when she saw her sink, pale, breathless, and stupefied upon a chair, she sat down in silence, and supported her head upon her own bosom. Then for the first time was she aroused to the consciousness that she was to be looked upon as a stay and support; and she resolved to bring from the hidden recesses of her heart, a strength, courage, and firmness, which should make her to her heart-broken mother, and younger brothers and sisters, what he had not been for many years, who was now a stiffened corpse. At length she ventured to whisper words of solace and sympathy, and succeeded in infusing into her mother's mind a feeling of resignation to the stroke they had received. She persuaded her to retire to her bed and seek that slumber which had been for several days denied them; and then she endeavored to calm the terror-stricken little ones, who were screaming because their father was no more. The neighbors came in and proffered every assistance; but when Susan retired that night to her own chamber, she felt that she must look to Him for aid, who alone could sustain through the tasks that awaited her. The remains of the husband and father were at length removed from the home which he had once rendered happy, but upon which he had afterwards brought poverty and distress, and laid in that narrow house which he never more might leave, till the last trumpet should call him forth; and when the family were left to that deep silence and gloom which always succeed a death and burial, they began to think of the trials which were yet to come. Mrs. Miller had been for several years aware that ruin was coming upon them. She had at first warned, reasoned, and expostulated; but she was naturally of a gentle and almost timid disposition; and when she found that she awakened passions which were daily growing more violent and ungovernable, she resolved to await in silence a crisis which sooner or later would change their destiny. Whether she was to follow her degenerate husband to his grave, or accompany him to some low hovel, she knew not; she shrunk from the future, but faithfully discharged all present duties, and endeavored, by a strict economy, to retain at least an appearance of comfort in her household. To Susan, her eldest child, she had confided all her fears and

sorrows; and they had watched, toiled, and sympathized together. But when the blow came at last, when he who had caused all their sorrow and anxiety was taken away by a dreadful and disgraceful death, the long-enduring wife and mother was almost paralyzed by the shock. But Susan was young; she had health, strength, and spirits to bear her up, and upon her devolved the care of the family, and the plan for its future support. Her resolution was soon formed; and without saying a word to any individual, she went to Deacon Rand, who was her father's principal creditor. It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of May, when Susan left the house in which her life had hitherto been spent, determined to know, before she returned to it, whether she might ever again look upon it as her home. It was nearly a mile to the deacon's, and not a single house upon the way. The two lines of turf in the road, upon which the bright green grass was springing, showed that it was but seldom travelled; and the birds warbled in the trees, as though they feared no disturbance. The fragrance of the lowly flowers, the budding shrubs, and the blossoming fruit-trees, filled the air; and she stood for a moment to listen to the streamlet which she crossed upon a rude bridge of stones. She remembered how she had loved to look at it in summer, as it murmured along among the low willows and alder-bushes; and how she had watched it in the early spring, when its swollen waters forced their way through the drifts of snow which had frozen over it, and wrought for itself an arched roof, from which the little icicles depended in diamond points and rows of beaded pearls. She looked also at the meadow, where the grass was already so long and green; and she sighed to think that she must leave all that was so dear to her, and go where a ramble among fields, meadows, and orchards, would be henceforth a pleasure denied to her.

When she arrived at the spacious farm-house, which was the residence of the deacon, she was rejoiced to find him at home and alone. He laid aside his newspaper as she entered, and, kindly taking her hand, inquired after her own health and that of her friends. "And now, deacon," said she, when she had answered all his questions, "I wish to know whether you intend to turn us all out of doors, as you have a perfect right to do—or suffer us still to remain, with a slight hope that we may some time pay you the debt for which our farm is mortgaged." "You have asked me a very plain question," was the deacon's reply, "and one which I can easily answer. You see that I have here a house, large enough and good enough for the president himself, and plenty of everything in it and around it; and how in the name of common sense, and charity and religion, could I turn a widow and fatherless children out of their house and home! Folks have called me mean, and stingy, and close-fisted; and though in my dealings with a rich man I take good care that he shall not overreach me, yet I never stood for a cent with a poor man in my life. But you spoke about some time paying me; pray, how do you hope to do it?" "I am going to Lowell," said Susan, quietly, "to work in the factory; the girls have high wages there now, and in a year or two Lydia and Eliza can come too: and if we all have our health, and mother and James get along well with the farm and the little ones, I hope, I do think, that we can pay it all up in the course of seven or eight years." "That is a long time for

you to go and work so hard, and shut yourself up so close, at your time of life," said the deacon, "and on many other accounts I do not approve of it." "I know how prejudiced the people here are against factory girls," said Susan, "but I should like to know what real good reason you have for disapproving of my resolution. You cannot think there is anything really wrong in my determination to labor, as steadily and as profitably as I can, for myself and the family." "Why, the way that I look at things is this," replied the deacon; "whatever is not right, is certainly wrong; and I do not think it right for a young girl like you, to put herself in the way of all sorts of temptation. You have no idea of the wickedness and corruption which exist in that town of Lowell. Why, they say that more than half of the girls have been in the house of correction, or the county gaol, or some other vile place; and that the other half are not much better; and I should not think you would wish to go and work, and eat, and sleep with such a low, mean, ignorant, wicked set of creatures." "I know such things are said of them, deacon, but I do not think they are true. I have never seen but one factory girl, and that was my cousin Esther, who visited us last summer. I do not believe there is a better girl in the world than she is; and I cannot think she would be so contented and cheerful among such a set of wretches as some folks think factory girls must be. There may be wicked girls there; but among so many, there must be some who are good; and when I go there, I shall try to keep out of the way of bad company, and I do not doubt that cousin Esther can introduce me to girls who are as good as any with whom I have associated. If she cannot, I will have no companion but her, and spend the little leisure I shall have in solitude, for I am determined to go." "But supposing, Susan, that all the girls there were as good, and sensible, and pleasant as yourself—yet there are many other things to be considered. You have not thought how hard it will seem to be boxed up fourteen hours in a day, among a parcel of clattering looms, or whirling spindles, whose constant din is of itself enough to drive a girl out of her wits; and then you will have no fresh air to breathe, and as likely as not come home in a year or two with a consumption, and wishing you had staid where you would have had less money and better health. I have also heard that the boarding women do not give the girls food which is fit to eat, nor half enough of the mean stuff they do allow them; and it is contrary to all reason to suppose that folks can work, and have their health, without victuals to eat."

"I have thought of all these things, deacon, but they do not move me. I know the noise of the mills must be unpleasant at first, but I shall get used to that; and as to my health, I know that I have as good a constitution to begin with as any girl could wish, and no predisposition to consumption, nor any of those difficulties which a factory life might otherwise bring upon me. I do not expect all the comforts which are common to country farmers; but I am not afraid of starving, for cousin Esther said, that she had an excellent boarding place, and plenty to eat and drink, and that which was good enough for anybody. But if they do not give us good meat, I will eat vegetables alone, and when we have bad butter, I will eat my bread without it." "Well," said the deacon, "if your health is preserved, you may

lose some of your limbs. I have heard a great many stories about girls who had their hands torn off by the machinery, or mangled so that they could never use them again; and a hand is not a thing to be despised, or easily dispensed with. And then, how should you like to be ordered about, and be scolded at, by a cross overseer?" "I know there is danger," replied Susan, "among so much machinery, but those who meet with accidents are but a very small number in proportion to the whole; and if I am careful, I need not fear any injury. I do not believe the stories we hear about bad overseers, for such men would not be placed over so many girls; and if I have a cross one, I will give him no reason to find fault; and if he finds fault without reason, I will leave him, and work for some one else. You know that I must do something, and I have made up my mind what it shall be." "You are a good child, Susan," and the deacon looked very kind when he told her so, "and you are a courageous, noble-minded girl. I am not afraid that you will learn to steal, and lie, and swear, and neglect your Bible and the meeting-house; but lest anything unpleasant should happen, I will make you this offer; I will let your mother live upon the farm, and pay me what little she can, till your brother James is old enough to take it at the halves; and if you will come here, and help my wife about the house and dairy, I will give you 4s. 6d. a week, and you shall be treated as a daughter—perhaps you may one day be one." The deacon looked rather sly at her, and Susan blushed; for Henry Rand, the deacon's youngest son, had been her playmate in childhood, her friend at school, and her constant attendant at all the parties and evening-meetings. Her young friends all spoke of him as her lover, and even the old people had talked of it as a very fitting match, as Susan, besides good sense, good humor, and some beauty, had the health, strength, and activity which are always reckoned among the qualifications for a farmer's wife. Susan knew of this; but, of late, domestic trouble had kept her at home, and she knew not what his present feelings were. Still she felt that they must not influence her plans and resolutions. Delicacy forbade that she should come and be an inmate of his father's house, and her very affection for him had prompted the desire that she should be as independent as possible of all favors from him, or his father; and also the earnest desire that they might one day clear themselves of debt. So she thanked the deacon for his offer, but declined accepting it, and arose to take leave. "I shall think a great deal about you, when you are gone," said the deacon, "and will pray for you, too. I never used to think about the sailors, till my wife's brother visited us, who had led for many years a seafaring life; and now I always pray for those who are exposed to the dangers of the great deep. And I will also pray for the poor factory girls, who work so hard, and suffer so much." "Pray for me, deacon," replied Susan, in a faltering voice, "that I may have strength to keep a good resolution." She left the house with a sad heart; for the very success of her hopes and wishes had brought more vividly to mind the feeling that she was really to go and leave for many years her friends and home. She was almost glad that she had not seen Henry; and while she was wondering what he would say and think, when told that she was going to Lowell, she heard approaching footsteps, and looking up,



saw him coming towards her. The thought—no, the idea, for it had not time to form into a definite thought—flashed across her mind, that she must now rouse all her firmness, and not let Henry's persuasions shake her resolution to leave them all, and go to the factory. But the very indifference with which he heard of her intention was of itself sufficient to arouse her energy. He appeared surprised, but otherwise wholly unconcerned, though he expressed a hope that she would be happy and prosperous, and that her health would not suffer from the change of occupation. If he had told her that he loved her—if he had entreated her not to leave them, or to go with the promise of returning to be his future companion through life—she could have resisted it; for this she had resolved to do; and the happiness attending an act of self-sacrifice would have been her reward. She had before known sorrow and she had borne it patiently and cheerfully; and she knew that the life which was before her would have been rendered happier by the thought, that there was one who was deeply interested for her happiness, and who sympathized in all her trials.

When she parted from Henry it was with a sense of loneliness, of utter desolation, such as she had never before experienced. She had never before thought that he was dear to her, and that she had wished to carry in her far-off place of abode the reflection that she was dear to him. She felt disappointed and mortified, but she blamed not him, neither did she blame herself; she did not know that any one had been to blame. Her young affections had gone forth as naturally and as involuntarily as the vapors rise to meet the sun. But the sun which had called them forth had now gone down, and they were returning in cold drops to the heart-springs from which they had arisen; and Susan resolved that they should henceforth form a secret fount, whence every other feeling should derive new strength and vigor. She was now more firmly resolved that her future life should be wholly devoted to her kindred, and thought not of herself but as connected with them.

It was with pain that Mrs. Miller heard of Susan's plan; but she did not oppose her. She felt that it must be so, that she must part with her for her own good and the benefit of the family; and Susan hastily made preparations for her departure. She arranged everything in and about the house for her mother's convenience; and the evening before she left she spent in instructing Lydia how to take her place, as far as possible, and told her to be always cheerful with mother, and patient with the younger ones, and to write a long letter every two months, (for she could not afford to hear oftener,) and to be sure and not forget her for a single day. Then she went to her own room; and when she had reexamined her trunk, bandbox, and basket, to see that all was right, and laid her riding-dress over the great arm-chair, she sat down by the window to meditate upon her change of life. She had thought, as she looked upon the spacious, convenient chamber in which she was sitting, how hard it would be to have no place to which she could retire and be alone, how difficult it would be to keep her things in order in the fourth part of a small apartment, and how possible it was that she might have unpleasant room-mates, and how probable that every day would call into exercise all her kindness and forbearance. And then she wondered if it would be possible for her to work so long, and save so much, as to render it

possible that she might one day return to that chamber and call it her own. Sometimes she wished she had not undertaken it—that she had not let the deacon know that she hoped to be able to pay him; she feared that she had taken a burden upon herself which she could not bear, and sighed to think that her lot should be so different from that of most young girls. She thought of the days when she was a little child—when she played with Henry at the brook, or picked berries with him on the hill—when her mother was always happy, and her father always kind; and she wished that the time could roll back, and she could again be a careless little girl. She felt, as we sometimes do, when we shut our eyes and try to sleep, and get back into some pleasant dream, from which we had been too suddenly awakened. But the dream of youth was over, and before her was the sad waking reality of a life of toil, separation, and sorrow. When she left home the next morning, it was the first time she had ever parted from her friends. The day was delightful, and the scenery beautiful; a stage-ride was of itself a novelty to her, and her companions pleasant and sociable; but she felt very sad, and when she retired at night to sleep in an hotel, she burst into tears. Those who see the factory girls in Lowell little think of the sighs and heart-aches which must attend a young girl's entrance upon a life of toil and privation among strangers. To Susan, the first entrance into a factory boarding-house seemed something dreadful. The rooms looked strange and comfortless, and the women cold and heartless; and when she sat down to the supper-table, where, among more than twenty girls, all but one were strangers, she could not eat a mouthful. She went with Esther to their sleeping apartment, and, after arranging her clothes and baggage, she went to bed, but not to sleep.

The next morning she went into the mill; and, at first, the sight of so many bands, and wheels, and springs, in constant motion, was very frightful. She felt afraid to touch the loom, and she was almost sure that she could never learn to weave; the harness puzzled, and the reed perplexed her; the shuttle flew out, and made a new bump upon her head; and the first time she tried to spring the lathe she broke out a quarter of the threads. It seemed as if the girls all stared at her, and the overseers watched every motion, and the day appeared as long as a month had been at home. But at last it was night: and oh, how glad was Susan to be released! She felt weary and wretched, and retired to rest without taking a mouthful of refreshment. There was a dull pain in her head, and a sharp pain in her ankles; every bone was aching, and there was in her ears a strange noise, as of crickets, frogs, and jews-harps, all mingling together, and she felt gloomy and sick at heart. "But it won't seem so always," said she to herself; and with this truly philosophical reflection she turned her head upon a hard pillow, and went to sleep. Susan was right—it did not seem so always. Every succeeding day seemed shorter and pleasanter than the last; and when she was accustomed to the work, and had become interested in it, the hours seemed shorter, and the days, weeks, and months flew more swiftly by than they ever had done before. She was healthy, active, and ambitious, and was soon able to earn even as much as her cousin, who had been a weaver several years. Wages were then much higher than they are now; and Susan had the



pleasure of devoting the avails of her labor to a noble and cherished purpose. There was a definite aim before her, and she never lost sight of the object for which she left her home, and was happy in the prospect of fulfilling that design. And it needed all this hope of success, and all her strength of resolution, to enable her to bear up against the wearing influences of a life of unvarying toil. Though the days seemed shorter than at first, yet there was a tiresome monotony about them. Every morning the bells pealed forth the same clangor, and every night brought the same feeling of fatigue. But Susan felt, as all factory girls feel, that she could bear it for a while. There are few who look upon factory labor as a pursuit for life. It is but a temporary vocation; and most of the girls resolve to quit the mill when some favorite design is accomplished. Money is their object—not for itself, but for what it can perform; and pay-days are the landmarks which cheer all hearts, by assuring them of their progress to the wished for goal.

Susan was always happy when she enclosed the quarterly sum to Deacon Rand, although it was hardly won, and earned by the deprivation of many little comforts, and pretty articles of dress, which her companions could procure. But the thought of home, and the future happy days which she might enjoy in it, was the talisman which ever cheered and strengthened her. She also formed strong friendships among her factory companions, and became attached to her pastor, and their place of worship. After the first two years she had also the pleasure of her sister's society, and in a year or two more another came. She did not wish them to come while very young. She thought it better that their bodies should be strengthened, and their minds educated in their country home; and she also wished, that in their early girlhood they should enjoy the same pleasures which had once made her own life a very happy one.

And she was happy now; happy in the success of her noble exertions, the affection and gratitude of her relatives, the esteem of her acquaintances, and the approbation of conscience. Only once was she really disquieted. It was when her sister wrote that Henry Rand was married to one of their old school-mates. For a moment the color fled from her cheek, and a quick pang went through her heart. It was but for a moment; and then she sat down, and wrote to the newly-married couple a letter, which touched their hearts by its simple fervent wishes for their happiness, and assurances of sincere friendship.

Susan had occasionally visited home, and she longed to go, never to leave it; but she conquered the desire, and remained in Lowell more than a year after the last dollar had been forwarded to Deacon Rand. And then, O how happy was she when she entered her chamber the first evening after her arrival, and viewed its newly-painted wainscoting, and brightly-colored paper-hangings, and the new furniture with which she had decorated it; and she smiled as she thought of the sadness which had filled her heart the evening before she first went to Lowell. She now always thinks of Lowell with pleasure, for Lydia is married here, and she intends to visit her occasionally, and even sometimes thinks of returning for a little while to the mills. Her brother James has married, and resides in one half of the house, which he has recently repaired; and Eliza, though still in the factory, is engaged to a wealthy young farmer.

Susan is with her mother and younger brothers and sisters. People begin to think she will be an old maid, and she thinks herself that it will be so. The old deacon still calls her a good child, and prays every night and morning for the factory girls.

From Tait's Magazine.

#### A BRIDAL.

A BRIDAL! is proclaimed around  
By those distant village bells—  
*Gladness* is in their lively sound!  
As through the air it swells,—  
It bids the bounding pulses feel  
That *Joy* has wing'd that merry peal!

The azure sky, above our head,  
Is bright, as *Pleasure's* hours!  
The sunny path o'er which we tread,  
Is gemm'd by spring's fair flowers—  
Fit spot, whereon to mark a scene,  
Traced in the heart by *Fancy's* dream.

Methinks we view a youthful pair,—  
A graceful bridegroom—gentle bride:—  
His joy-flush'd brow—the blush and tear  
She vainly strives to hide;  
Firmly, and proudly, see him stand,  
Eager to clasp her plighted hand!

He loves her *well*!—Perchance, unchanged  
By absence or by years;  
Unkindness *ne'er* her faith estranged,  
Or fill'd her eye with tears!  
Yet, when did *love*, without alloy,  
Bear *woman's* lip—the cup of joy?

It may be, that *dark sorrow's* shade  
Oft dimm'd betrothment's day,—  
That cankering care too often made  
The maiden's heart its prey.  
Still, *howsoe'er* 't was overcast,  
She does not *now* recall the past!

Although we see her tearful eye  
On friend and parent rest—  
Although we hear the deep-drawn sigh  
Escape her heaving breast,—  
Their *long-tried love* awakes that sigh,  
Yet! sweet she feels it, *his* to *Try*!

Now, listen!—for her gentle voice  
Responds the *final* vow,  
Beside the *Husband* of her choice  
The *Bride* is kneeling now!  
The *mingled* feelings who can tell  
Which through each throbbing pulse must swell!

From *Feeling's* fount, how *many* a stream  
This moment overflows!—  
Love, Hope, and Joy's united beam  
Within her bosom glows!  
And, one more hallowed light is there,  
Subduing all—the light of *Prayer*!

They pass from out the sacred fane:  
Life's future bliss, and care,  
All it will yield—of joy and pain,  
They must *together* share!  
The chalice that her lip shall press,  
Oh, be it ever his to *bless*!

And, may her love *still* be the charm,  
The chast'ning, holy spell,  
From *snare's* a shield—in *grief* a balm,  
The cold world *ne'er* shall quell!  
This bliss, amid life's chequer'd tide,  
Be his, who now leads forth his *Bride*!

## FOREIGN BODIES IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

FOREIGN bodies are occasionally found in the atmosphere, some being merely suspended in a state of mixture, while others exist in a state of solution.

1. *Various Bodies.*—Both in ancient and modern times, we have had *showers of blood, of sulphur, of ashes, of manna, &c.*, as well as *red snow*. The nature of these coloring matters has been found to vary much in different instances, being mostly of vegetable origin. Minute lichens and other cryptogamous plants may, by the agency of winds, be transported from a great distance, and be diffused in myriads through the atmosphere. The *showers of blood*, which have at various periods caused much popular excitement, are now ascribed, as in the case of the red snow of Greenland and the Alps, to the red globules or seeds of the *uredo nivalis*, or to minute red insects. The red excrement of insects has also occasionally given the appearance of drops of blood falling from the air. The *shower of sulphur*, which is recorded as having occurred at Copenhagen in May, 1646, was doubtless the same as the phenomenon of May, 1804; but this last yellow deposit, on analysis, was found to consist of vegetable pollen, resembling the powder of *lycopodium*. A shower of yellow powder was also observed, in 1761, at Bordeaux; but this was immediately recognized as the pollen of some neighboring pine forests, carried up into the air by a violent gale. That small frogs and fishes occasionally descend with rain, is not improbable, as such animals, and even matter a hundred-fold more ponderous, have been raised into the atmosphere by whirlwinds. The color has been occasioned, in other instances, by earthy and metallic matter in a state of very fine powder; and in these cases the descent is usually accompanied by violent electrical phenomena, analogous to those which almost always attend the fall of meteoric stones or *aërolites*. A striking example of the showers of dust, which are recorded as having fallen at different times, in various parts of the globe, is given by Dr. John Davy. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with it, is the extent of surface over which the dust fell, comprising Italy, Malta, Sicily, Sardinia, and, perhaps, even more distant parts. This occurred, as noted by Dr. Davy, in Malta, on the 15th of May, 1830. "In the morning of that day," he says, "a strong sirocco wind prevailed; the atmosphere was hazy, the sky overcast, of a sooty hue; at eight, A. M., the dry thermometer was 69°, the moist 63°. Toward noon the wind moderated, and, at the same time, the obscurity of the atmosphere increased, so that the natives became alarmed and apprehensive of some impending calamity, such as an earthquake or something extraordinary. Between one and two o'clock, it became almost calm, with the same state of atmosphere. About that time, I believe, the falling of dust was first perceived. I happened then to be riding into the country, and was surprised to perceive that the rain-drops, of which there were but a few, left a reddish stain on my linen; and on going into a garden, I found the leaves of the plants generally covered with a reddish dust of extreme fineness. The exact time the dust was falling was not ascertained; it probably did not exceed two or three hours. It ceased soon after four, P. M., about which time the wind changed to westerly, and the haze diminished. When the dust was falling fastest, and the obscurity was greatest, there was sufficient light to

see objects distinctly. The quantity, too, of dust which fell was inconsiderable: what was swept from the deck of the Windsor Castle, a ship-of-line of seventy-four guns, then lying at anchor in the great harbor of Valetta, was supposed sufficient to fill two buckets.

2. *Aërolites.*—*Aërolites* have frequently descended from the atmosphere from the remotest antiquity. It is only within the last half century that they have been carefully observed in Europe and in our own country; but the Chinese and Japanese have paid particular attention to these phenomena, having a descriptive catalogue of the *falls of stones*, extending as far back as the seventh century before the Christian era. The origin of these stones, in the present state of our knowledge, is inexplicable. Some, considering *aërolites* to be the productions of our own planet, imagine them to have been fragments of rocks projected from volcanoes to great height, and which fall back again after having performed several revolutions around the globe. Others suppose them (the possibility of which has been demonstrated by calculation) to be ejected from the volcanoes of the moon, to such a distance as to come within the sphere of the earth's attraction. It is maintained, by a third class, that they are generated by the combination and condensation of their component parts, previously diffused in the atmosphere in the gaseous form. Others allege that they are detached bodies, moving through the boundless regions of space by virtue of the planetary actions, and that they come in contact with our planet only when its attraction preponderates over their centrifugal force. It is now generally admitted that *aërolites*, while in the higher regions of the atmosphere, are often in a state of intense ignition. Traversing the air with amazing velocity, they assume the form of brilliant meteors; and as they approach the earth, they burst with a terrible detonation, followed by a shower of stones. Some of these balls descend with all the disastrous effects of thunder and lightning: destroying animals, breaking through the roofs of houses, and shattering vessels at sea. Evident marks of fusion are generally exhibited by these stones; and as many of them have been picked up while still warm, there could exist no doubt of their being *bonâ fide aërolites*. They are all distinguished by one remarkable similarity. They contain invariably iron, cobalt or nickel, or two, or all three of these metals, in union with various earthy substances. *Aërolites* have been found of every dimension, varying from the weight of a few grains to that of several hundred pounds. The isolated masses of iron of this latter magnitude, which have been seen in various parts of the world, are now generally allowed to be of meteoric origin.

3. *Fogs.*—Fogs are those matters, whatever their nature may be, which have been known to spread as a haze over large tracts of the earth's surface. These great fogs, or mists, have some connection with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and also with pestilential diseases. By Noah Webster it has been shown, from historical records, that they have existed at many epidemic periods, ever since the darkness that attended the plague of Egypt, in Pharaoh's time. During the progress of the Black Death, in the fourteenth century, for example, a thick, stinking mist accompanied the march of this plague. "A dense and awful fog," says one writer, "was seen in

the heavens, rising in the east, and descending upon Italy." More recently, as in the years 1782 and 1783, a haze of a pale blue color spread over the whole of Europe. At the same time, there occurred terrible earthquakes in Calabria and in Iceland; and simultaneously there prevailed, throughout Europe, an epidemic catarrh, or influenza, affecting not only mankind, but likewise other animals. "It will be found invariably true," says Webster, "in every period of the world, that the violence and extent of the plague have been nearly proportioned to the number and violence of the following phenomena—earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, meteors, tempests and inundations." These dry fogs have also been ascribed, but with little show of reason, to the passage of the earth through the tail of the comet.

4. *Malaria*.—Of the substances *suspended* and those *dissolved* in the atmosphere, the haze just described may be regarded as intermediate. Among the matters occasionally diffused through the atmosphere, and which appear to be in a state of solution, reference may be made to *Malaria*. This noxious exhalation arises in localities partially covered with water, and having a luxuriant vegetation, such as fens and marshes. It is evolved in its greatest abundance and virulence, in warm countries; but it also appears in cold and temperate climates, at seasons of the year when the sun is most powerful. Under the latter circumstances, it produces generally the ordinary fever and ague; but on approaching the tropics, and within those limits, it manifests itself under the form of the fatal remittent fever—the well-known scourge of hot climates. With respect to the nature of these exhalations our knowledge is very imperfect; but that the comparative unhealthiness of low, swampy situations depends upon an admixture of terrestrial emanations with the common atmospheric elements, is obvious, notwithstanding these agents have thus far escaped the researches of the chemical analyst.—*By S. Forry, M. D.*—*[Copied from Hunt's London Journal.]*

#### THE BODY LABORER AND THE MIND LABORER.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman, that, with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besouled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battle wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.*

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the Bread of Life.

Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring towards inward harmony—revealing this by act and by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low! Highest of all, when his outward and inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Guidance, Freedom, Immortality! These two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such anywhere now be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

And again; it is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal, (however we name our stealing,) which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor man is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky crib, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelopes him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated! Alas, was this, too, a breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does.—*Carlyle.*

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" What knowest thou, O man, of what thou seest so darkly! That little light, so indistinct to thy sight, may be rejoiced over by the angels in heaven. The single step in the *right path* may lead to an enduring and eternal weight of glory. Our Lord said to his disciples, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."] "

THE SPHYNX.—Near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity, and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten, because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful



ful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that, in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent forever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching, and watching the works of the new, busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.—*Eöthen*.

#### COUNTRESS OF BLESSINGTON.

MARGUERITE POWER, by marriage Marguerite Gardner Countess of Blessington, was born in Ireland, of gentle parentage, sometime towards the very latter end of the last century. After Mr. Macaulay's lashing of Mr. John Wilson Croker for proving from a parish register that Madame D'Arblay had told a fib in print about her age, we are not disposed to question the number of years which Lady Blessington in pleasant whisperings with her friends admits to have seen. She has however, we may safely say, already found a place in what a fashionable lady called, in sheer ignorance of the subject, that odious book, Mr. Hallam's *Middle Ages*; but she need care little about years carrying with them pleasant recollections, when she can gather consolation by turning from her glass to the glowing canvass of a Lawrence, and see reflected in enduring colors, beyond the reach of everything but accident alone, those "eyes of dewy light," which awoke the slumbering spell of a poet like Lord Byron. If "what Lawrence painted so well" is not enough to subdue the cruel force of years, she can turn to her portrait in the present Royal Academy Exhibition, and see how youthful she looks in Count D'Orsay's eyes and Count D'Orsay's canvass, while her portrait in the "Pictorial Times" may awake another poet to triumph in the field of passionate panegyric.

The first English lady who wrote English novels was Aphra Forbes, who flourished in the reign of King Charles II. Pope commemorates her in a celebrated couplet, and Southerne took his story of Oronooko from her novel. A long period elapsed before another English woman undertook the composition of a simple story in English prose. Sarah Fielding, Henry Fielding's sister, was the next in point of time, and her story of David Simple still deserves to live, though a Peter Simple has outdone his elder brother David. Then came the youthful Fanny Burney with her interesting "Evelina," making a stir and

ferment, which Fanny, living as she did so long after its first reputation had gone by, was led in her old age to believe that this alone of all she remembered in her girlhood was nothing but a dream. Miss Burney was followed by Clara Reeve, by Mrs. Radcliffe, and by Mrs. Inchbald. Then came Jane Porter and Maria Edgeworth, when the genius of Sir Walter Scott made this way of writing at once popular and *catching*. The desire was mistaken for the skill, and the fever for writing a novel in three volumes spread like the plague through all degrees and gradations of society. To have written and appeared in print was the best proof of a polite and careful education.

Lady Blessington has distinguished herself in the world of letters by prose-sketches and miscellaneous poems, by stories in three volumes, and by her editorial undertakings. Many things have contributed to raise her to her present position of polite letters beyond the general merits of her works. The charm of title, her indisputable taste in the fine arts, and, above all, her beauty, have been all along so many assisting excellences to support her literary reputation. Very mediocre talent has often thrust itself into notice with only one half the additional recommendations which Lady Blessington can bring to her support. Without ever having written a line, Lady Blessington would, in all probability, have been as widely known as she is now well known; though beauty and rank are two such powerful auxiliaries in aid of any new literary undertaking, that the poorest production of the Minerva press would with their aid be ballooned into notice. It is the grave that brings every reputation down to its proper level.

We have no wish to underrate the many excellences which English admiration finds so readily in the works of Lady Blessington. Sketches of society, of English life and English manners, are so universally welcome to the bulk of ordinary readers, that when they come to us recommended by unusual excellences and the concurring qualities of rank and fashion, they command a sale and acquire a reputation far beyond the common run of similar publications. When a lady condescends to write, whose equipage arrests the attention of the thousands that throng daily the fashionable localities of London, she is all the time, as her carriage rolls on from street to street, creating a new class of readers. Struck with the appearance of her equipage, they are anxious to ascertain how its owner looks, thinks, acts, and writes; the circulating libraries gain new subscribers, and Lady Blessington extends in this way the reputation of her genius.

In 1823 the literary talents of Lady Blessington found her further favor in the eyes of Lord Byron; but the whole of her literary reputation with the public has been acquired since that time, and her printed works already extend over more than twenty volumes. We confess ourselves very ill-fitted to criticise at length the printed productions of Lady Blessington. "The Victims of Society" and "The Repealers" have found particular favor in the eyes of those whose range of reading is still confined to the shelves of a circulating library. Her "Strathern" shares public favor in the "Sunday Times" with the police-reports of that clever paper: while her "Idler in Italy" and her "Conversations with Lord Byron" have made their way to the sympathies of the more general reader.

There is a stanza in Pope with which it is our wish to conclude this character:—

In beauty and wit,  
No mortal as yet  
To question your empire has dared;  
But men of discerning  
Have thought that in learning  
To yield to a lady was hard.

Critics avault! and find in what Pope said of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the reason of your unwillingness to admit (unhesitatingly) the commanding excellences of Marguerite Lady Blessington.—*Hunt's London Journal*.

From the United Service Magazine.

#### A PURSUIT INTO THE UNITED STATES AFTER BRITISH DESERTERS CHARGED WITH FELONY.

COMMUNICATED BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S.,  
14TH REGT.

"He is a freeman, whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes."

KINGSTON, for three years the capital of United Canada, seated on the shores of Lake Ontario, and with the United States' territory in sight opposite to it, is too conveniently situated for desertion. This crime has always been prevalent here. In summer a deserter, stealing a skiff, makes for French Creek, twenty-four miles distant, or for Cape Vincent, also in Jefferson County, State of New York. In winter, "the ice bridge," usually forming in January, connects the opposite shores, facilitates the transport of United States' beef and potatoes to the Kingston market, and also the escape of the *mauvais sujets*.

British deserters cannot be touched at present in the United States' territory, unless they have also committed crimes embraced in the tenth article of the Treaty of Washington, of 1842, which is as follows:—

"It is agreed that the United States and Her British Majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them, or their ministers, officers, or authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice all persons, who, being charged with the crime of murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged papers, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found, within the territories of the other; provided that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime or offence had there been committed; and the respective judges, and other magistrates, of the two governments shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made under oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such judges, or other magistrates, respectively to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if on such hearing the evidence be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge, it shall be the duty of the examining judge or magistrate to certify the same to the proper executive authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive. The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the party who makes the requisition and receives the fugitive."

It was in the month of October that a corporal and a private of the light company of a regiment stationed in Kingston, having connected themselves with two loose women, basely determined to abandon their colors; and, having taken this resolution, they were resolved not to go away altogether empty-handed. The corporal, who was the chief instigator of the desertion, first borrowed a watch from a comrade, pretending that he had money to receive from an uncle in the States, and, in order to appear respectable in the eyes of the agent in Kingston, who was to pay him over the remittance, he ought to have a watch in his fob. Next the deserters got, through the usual channel of the captain of their company, a pass to attend the theatre in the evening, and the corporal at the same time borrowed his captain's fowling-piece which the latter had sometimes before lent to good men, for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl near the barracks, and thereby affording them amusement, whilst it gave variety to their mess. The corporal also borrowed dollars from several parties on various pretences, and a boat from a brewer, to cross to an opposite point of land, where wild-fowl could be more readily got, and where, also, was stationed a company of the regiment to which he belonged.

In the course of the afternoon the corporal and private were seen together with the boat and gun, and in the evening they returned to their barrack-rooms, and left the barracks, as if for the theatre. The pass for the theatre was a mere pretence to gain time; they went to the house where their paramours lived, and, enticing the owner of it to go out in the direction of the theatre, they returned, broke open a box, took from it eight half-dollars, and also a bonnet, petticoat, &c., belonging to another young woman living there, and stealing off in the boat which they had borrowed for the afternoon's shooting, they steered, about eight o'clock, P. M., for French Creek. Their absence being discovered when they did not return from the play, the signal-guns for deserters were fired to apprise the look-out parties, but without effect,—they reached their destination in safety.

French Creek is an inlet running deep into the land, and on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Opposite to the Creek are some of "the Thousand Isles," of every size and shape, and crowned and fringed with beautiful foliage. The St. Lawrence runs clear and deep past the village of French Creek, situated on the east side of the mouth of the indentation, and consisting of two or three streets of houses, with three churches, and a population of a few hundred inhabitants. There are some good people at the Creek, though its reputation in Canada is none of the best, being considered a harbor for smugglers, sympathizers, and deserters, and altogether a dangerous place to visit, particularly in pursuit of fugitives from justice.

As it was very necessary to check desertion, which had thus begun before the most favorable time for it, viz., when the ice set on the lake, and as the fugitives had committed both a larceny and a burglary, to the extent of eighty dollars, it was thought desirable to try if they could not be recovered under the provisions of Article X. Accordingly, the captain of the company to which the fugitives belonged, volunteered to pursue them into the States, and to do his utmost to recover them. The commanding officer gave his sanction to this arrangement.

Directed by the captain, a sergeant of the company and two of the Kingston police, bearing warrants from a justice of the peace, following in a steam-boat, speedily apprehended the fugitives in the house of another deserter, a tailor, in French Creek, and secured them whilst in bed with the women; and the watch and gun were recovered, but not the money, or clothes, or the boat.

A justice of the peace at the Creek took charge of the prisoners till a communication could be made with the district attorney at Watertown, twenty-four miles distant, regarding their surrender. The Creek justice, as there was no gaol in the place, confided them, in the mean time, to the care of his constable, a drunkard, who, going to his dinner, left them in his house. They naturally walked from his house, with their bundles, into the bush, and so made off, "leaving not a rag behind."

After this carelessness, or wilful connivance at the escape of the fugitives, the captain questioning rather sharply the justice on the matter, he sent for his constable, who, on being asked how he let his charge out of his sight, "guessed that he was hungry and must eat," and when he came back they were gone.

The captain, seeing that no satisfaction could be got at the Creek, determined to proceed to Watertown with the chief constable of police and the sergeant. They had nearly got aground in a snow-storm in coming across the lake, and the snow still continued to fall, and the roads were in that pleasant state, half-frozen and full of mud-holes, which it was impossible to avoid on account of their covering of snow. Previous to the departure of the party this letter was received by the Creek justice from the district attorney at Watertown.

"DEAR SIR,—The treaty between the United States and Great Britain does not provide for the surrender of fugitives from justice, guilty of grand larceny; the prisoners could not be surrendered, therefore, by the executive, and there is no legal mode of giving up the custody of such vagabonds. You and the person from Canada who comes with the warrant would both be liable for false imprisonment, if you caused them to be taken. I should be glad if it was in the power of our authorities to assist the Canadian officers in arresting those wretches who escape from that side, as I am informed they are very kind in assisting our officers to arrest runaways there. If these men have the property with them here, it seems to me the better course would be to arrest and punish them here.

"Signed by the District Attorney."

The journey to Watertown, in a two-horse wagon, was an excessively tedious one; the country was white with snow, among which appeared at intervals the log and frame-houses of the farmers, portions of the ancient forest and snake-fences everywhere. The road was so cut up that all that could be mastered generally in the way of speed was three or four miles an hour; and the snow fell nearly the whole time. In talking about deserters never enjoying happiness, even if they make good their escape and acquire property, the driver turned round and pithily remarked, "Because they aint to hum," that is, they have separated themselves forever from home and friends.

At Depeauville and Brownville, through which

the party passed, there were long and earnest arguments among the people assembled at the bar, as to the comparative merits of some new candidates for the offices of senator, sheriff, &c., and dollar-bills were freely bet.

Watertown, containing many handsome buildings, and also cloth and cotton-factories, tanneries, leather-factories, &c., and inhabited by twelve thousand inhabitants, is situated on the banks of a stream, with a swift and full current, and excellent "water privileges," called the Black River, from its rocky bed and banks, and dark-colored water. It rushes impetuously towards Sacket's Harbor, distant twelve miles.

The factories attract many deserters, who there find employment. They do not see much money-wages, but are found, and get an order for necessities on particular stores: also, they get nightly an allowance of whisky, and some the party saw there were miserably drunk every night. There were about fifty deserters in and about Watertown. Some of these men had doubtless been tempted to desert, and were furnished with clothes to do so, in order that their labor might be available in a country where manual labor is so dear and so difficult to be procured. But deserters soon find to their cost that their labor is little esteemed, many respectable people refuse to employ them on any terms, and those who do treat them with deserved scorn and contempt.

The district attorney referred the captain to a commissioner of the supreme court, who again took the party to a justice of the peace, who issued warrants to apprehend the four fugitives, the men and women, on a charge of felony. The captain and chief constable then made a search, in company with a local constable, in Watertown, but could not find those for whom they looked. It was resolved to return toward the Creek, leaving warrants by the way, and on the morrow searching from the Creek to Soper's Swamp westward, where many score laborers were employed clearing and reclaiming waste land.

A letter was obtained from the district attorney to the justice at the Creek, which ran as follows:

DEAR SIR,—My opinion as to the course of proceedings in the case of the fugitives from justice from Canada, is, that you take the affidavit of Captain —, of the commission of the offence in Canada, describing the offence technically and carefully, and have them arrested and examined upon that process, and, if satisfied of their guilt, committed for future award of the authorities. When done, certify the proceedings to the President on the demand, and then you will know what course to pursue; when arrested, write me, and I will advise you further, if you desire it.

"Yours truly. (Signed)

The District Attorney."

The party again retrograded towards the Creek, and left warrants with constables at Brownville and Depeauville.

At Perch River that admirable arrangement for the benefit of the neighborhood was seen in the inn, where a halt was made for refreshment, viz., the district school library, consisting of well-bound and well-selected books, in presses, and in charge of the landlord, for circulation in the neighborhood.

On arrival at the Creek nothing had been heard of the fugitives there. The drunken constable pretended to have gone after a man and two



women who were said to have gone down the St. Lawrence among "the Thousand Isles;" but it was found out afterwards that he had not gone a foot, and his story was invented, probably to put the party on the wrong scent.

Bill Johnstone, celebrated in the war of 1812-13-14, and in the rebellion of 1837 and 1838, for his feats of daring, dwelt at the Creek, with a son of his, who is a trader there. Bill was originally a Canadian farmer at Bath; but a considerable amount of his property having been confiscated, as he says, improperly, for alleged smuggling, he left Canada, went to the States, and vowed revenge against the British. He has been famous for possessing swift boats, and he occasioned much alarm by landing at various points unexpectedly during war-time; and, among other feats he once carried off for the states' government the Canadian mail,—but for this he got no reward, so he was not favorably disposed towards the states' government either.

During the last rebellion he worked chiefly on his own account, commanded a division of the expedition which invaded Canada at Prescott, and which was there met and repulsed by the Hon. Colonel Dundas, Colonel Young, and Captain Sandom, R. N. Lastly, after the Caroline steamer was sent over the Falls of Niagara, (by the gallant Captain Drewe, R. N., acting under the direction of Sir Allan Macnab,) for assisting the rebels and sympathizers at Navy Island, Johnstone commanded the party which boarded and burnt, near French Creek, by way of retaliation, the British steamer Sir Robert Peel. With all his peculiarities, it is generally allowed that Bill is very charitable and a good father.

It was now thought that Bill Johnstone might be of use in apprehending the deserters; and though the captain was advised by a local authority that he was a dangerous man to have anything to do with, he first made friends with a fine young fellow, a younger son of Johnstone, "the Chief of the Thousand Isles," went with him to see "the old man's" boats, and a splendid craft was Bill's favorite galley, twenty-two feet keel, pulling six or eight oars, and, when required, schooner-rigged; and afterwards, when the chief returned from Powder Island, (which with others of "the Thousand," called Ball, Shot, &c., belong to him,) the captain was presented to him in due form, but before this his son said, "I heard the recommend which you got of the old man. I won't forget that soon." The young man was naturally much excited, and an attempt to soothe him was made by saying that his father was considered in Canada a very bold and determined man.

The veritable Bill Johnstone (not the fictitious one who was lately lynched in the West) now stood before the captain, at the corner of his son's house, which, by the way, contained Bill's very handsome daughter, the Queen of the Thousand Isles, who used intrepidly to row with supplies for her parent, whilst "dodging" the man-of-war's boats. Bill is now about sixty years of age, but is hale, and straight, and ruddy; his nose is sharp, as are his features generally, and his eyes are keen and piercing, his lips compressed and receding, his height about five feet ten inches. He wore a broad-brimmed black hat, black stock and vest, frock and trousers of drab duffle. His discourse with the captain was principally about boats; he offered to sell his galley for sixty dollars, "not a

cent less;" as the winter was beginning he could have no use for boats for several months, and then, when required, his favorite builder, Bottell, six miles beyond Cape Vincent, could supply him with another. He offered to row or sail against any boat on either side of the St. Lawrence, said "his galley would n't leak a gill, and was altogether first-rate."

At the commencement of the late troubles Bill Johnstone's services could have been made available by the British authorities for the sum of 1500*l.*, the amount of his claim against our government for his losses by the confiscation of his property. After the rebellion was over, a person travelling with him said,

"Well, what has been gained by this rebellion?"

"Do you call the expenditure of four millions of British cash nothing? That is what our side has gained."

The captain now directed his attention to hiring a boat from Johnstone, to go in pursuit of the fugitives, said to be amongst the islands, when he received this gratifying note from Watertown.

"SIR,—I have caused the people of whom you are in search to be arrested here, and they are now in gaol awaiting their examination, which is to be held on Monday next at one o'clock.

"I am, &c.,

"(Signed) A Justice of the Peace."

The landlord's wagon was immediately recommissioned, and the party set off again for Watertown, travelling over the same twenty-four miles of rugged road for the third time. As they left the inn, a voice was overheard to say, "I wish the earth may open and swallow them up, and that they may sink to the lowest pit of hell, as well as their infernal government, which tyrannizes over the people!" This pious ejaculation was uttered by the same deserter who had harbored those now in durance at Watertown when they arrived at the Creek, and he was now disgusted at their capture. Another deserter from a fusilier regiment was moving about in a loose Taglioni coat, a sort of bandit cap, and his face covered with moustache and beard. The captain had previously asked one of these men what was the general cause of desertion; he was answered, "A man gets into trouble, (say through drink;) the word of a non-commissioned officer is taken sooner than a private's, (as it ought to be if the private is a bad character;) the man is hunted from post to pillar; he gets the horrors, and then deserts." One commanding officer was mentioned as having subjected his non-commissioned officers and men to the ordeal of a parade at tattoo, whilst in the West Indies, to see if all was right, and thus causing the greatest annoyance among the subordinate ranks.

The party again reached Watertown; the captain and chief constable communicated with the magistrate, and then went to see the prisoners. They were washing their faces and combing their hair in a gallery of the gaol, and looked rather surprised and confused on seeing their officer again confronting them "in the land of liberty." On asking the corporal why he had played such an ugly trick, he said he had not intended to desert before the afternoon of the day he went off; and the other expressed his surprise at his arrest, as he said he had only done one thing, (deserted;) but the captain asked him if stealing a boat was not another crime—to this he made no reply. The

corporal was dressed in a short green coat, with brass buttons, which had been part of the wardrobe of the regimental theatre; both wore their regimental dark trousers, with the red stripe taken out, and the private had a fustian jacket and a comforter. At another time the corporal stated to the serjeant, (who accompanied the captain, and whose conduct throughout was excellent,) that he did not like the thoughts of serving twenty-five years for sixpence a day; and the private said, "I don't like the humbug of the four chinks," that is, being subject to be tried by court-martial if marked in the defaulters' book drunk four times within a year; but which is a most judicious check on the chief failing of British soldiers—drunkenness. With regard to the corporal's excuse, it amounted to nothing, he having, previous to desertion, become exceedingly careless as a non-commissioned officer, from the bad company he kept, and though much indulgence had been shown him, he repaid it with ingratitude.

The two women were not in gaol, for the states are by some called a paradise for women: even those females charged with grave offences are not often incarcerated, but are merely left outside under the surveillance of a constable. So it was with the women now charged along with the soldiers with felony; they lived in a constable's house in town, and once a day visited their paramours at the gaol.

The captain here records, with feelings of lively gratitude, the great civility and kindness he experienced from a countryman, almost the only one he saw in a respectable sphere of life at Watertown—Mr. Henry Court, a London citizen, setting at naught the risk which he ran of personal insult, and even injury, for espousing the cause of those who were desirous to see justice, not cruelty, done on felons, and whose escape from all punishment would probably open a door to an influx of crime across the border. Mr. Court, acting under the influence of the noble maxim of "doing what is right, and never minding the clamor," nobly stood by the captain, gave useful counsel, and also freely offered the use of his purse.

There was a strong party at Watertown speedily enlisted on the side of the prisoners. These sympathizers did not consist of the most respectable part of the community, but their number gave them such consequence, that they overawed those local officers whose elections depend on the popular voice. It was thus perfectly evident that justices of the peace, at any rate, should be named by the President or the Governor of the State, and not by the parties of whose conduct they may have to take cognizance. It is also hardly necessary to say that the captain, placed in a difficult position, (among strangers, and seeking only to recover felons, whom any community would, it might be supposed, be naturally desirous to get rid of,) did not experience any hospitality whatever from any of the gentry of Watertown. They were probably afraid of their own sympathizers; only Lieut. W. C. Browne, of the United States army, staying at Watertown with his excellent lady, for the recovery of his health, after some arduous service in the field in Florida, did, in a most frank and soldier-like manner, extend to him the hand of friendship, earnestly desired him success, and hospitably entertained him.\*

\* Generally speaking, the best feeling prevails between the officers of the British and United States' services, and on all fitting occasions they are desirous to reciprocate civilities.

There is this to be said, however, that a mistaken notion prevailed among the community regarding the severity of our punishments. The captain was asked if it was not true that the fugitives, if taken to Canada, would be punished, as deserters, with imprisonment, flogging, and banishment for life (!); and that though possibly guilty of felony, yet the severe military courts, and not civil tribunal, would deal with them. The captain explained that the warrants carried by the chief constable showed that the civil court only would deal with them for the felony, and all that was desired was to prove to our soldiers in Canada, that they could be brought back from the States, if, in addition to desertion, they also were guilty of felony. As to the punishment that might be awarded to those men in Canada, it would be a much shorter term of imprisonment than would be awarded to them if sent to the state's prison for larceny and burglary.

Among others of the public buildings, factories, &c., which the captain took the opportunity of visiting, during his detention at Watertown, was an excellent establishment called the Black River Institute, where persons of both sexes receive a good education on easy terms. They are generally young persons, though all ages may be found receiving instruction, from seven to forty years of age, and once a father and son were being taught at the same time; the former after failure as a merchant, having a wish to read for the church. The rector was very civil, and showed the stranger all the halls of study, the apparatus for expounding the science of natural philosophy, the collection of minerals, the young men and boys at their studies, and the young ladies under instruction in reading, writing, music, drawing, algebra (!), &c., &c.

In one room it was remarked that the two sexes were receiving lessons in the same hall, on light, refraction, and reflection, by a Scotch professor, Mr. Ramsay; and the rector said to the captain, "You are probably surprised to see young men and young women, some of them sixteen years of age, receiving instruction together, as you know we are very particular about these matters in the States. There was a great prejudice against it at first here also, but it is now found to be attended with no bad results. On the contrary, the presence of the young ladies has a humanizing effect on the young men. You observe they enter by different doors, and sit apart, and their attention ought to be directed to the black board only, and not to one another."

The visitor complimented the worthy rector on the general excellence of the system pursued at the Black River Institute; at the same time he was constrained to point out that the health of the pupils did not seem to be sufficiently attended to; particularly in the matter of ventilation, the advantage of pure, cool, and moist air was altogether overlooked. Every hall of study was heated with that hellish invention, a close stove, and without a tin of water on it for evaporation. There was no ventilation, and the lungs inhaled for hours (as is usual in the Northern States in winter) a burnt air, which, and not the peculiarity of the climate, I am convinced, lays the foundation of most of the cases of consumption in the States.

After the Institute, several of the factories were visited—the cloth factory, where strong and good broadcloth was being fabricated with excellent machinery—the leather factory and tannery, where raw hides were in steep below, and harness-

making going on above—an iron foundry, where stoves were extensively made; also every sort of iron implement, castings for machinery—a pump factory, &c. All depended on the full and rapid current of the invaluable Black River, falling in a great sheet at one place over a high dam, at another, rushing and boiling over an inclined plane of shelving limestone rock.

Near a rocky point, projecting over the river, is the mouth of a cave penetrating deep into the ground, and running under the town; the end of this cave had never been reached. This is the cave alluded to in Captain Marryat's most interesting narrative of Monsieur Violet, where Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, told a Dutchman he had discovered a bar of gold, as big as his leg, and three or four feet long, and asked the Dutchman's assistance and money to move it.

Not far from the cave a woman had jumped off a rock, and drowned herself, from the following cause. Her husband was a collector of taxes for the district, and his two securities were bound to the government for fifty thousand dollars. He pretended to have been robbed of a large sum which he had collected, and for which his securities would have become liable, and they understood that he was preparing to decamp for Texas. Accordingly they invited him to a conference outside of the town, regarding his alleged loss, and in the course of conversation they drew him towards a pond in a field, when suddenly seizing him, they hurled him under water, then drew him up by the neck, and demanded where the money was. He swore he did not know. "Tell us right away, or we'll drown and bury you on the spot!" No! he knew nothing of it. Down he went again, and after the operation had been repeated three times, and he was nearly suffocated, he was at last terrified into telling the lynchers that it was sewed up in his wife's petticoat. The confederates immediately ran off to his house, found the money where he had indicated, and his wife, in the extremity of her vexation, ran out of the house, and threw herself into the boiling tide of the Black River.

It is now time to proceed to the justice's room, to attend the examination of the prisoners charged with felony. The apartment is a small one, a large and hot stove is in the midst, three benches are on one side, on which sit many of the old deserters (now working in the various factories) and other sympathizers of the prisoners. All these bore a villanous look of scorn and hatred of the prosecutor, and taunts and threats were muttered as thus—"We don't care a bloody curse for any officer out of Canada! and if these men are surrendered, we won't let them go without bloodshed." But the captain's cause being a good one, it behoved him unflinchingly to do his duty.

The prisoners are introduced in charge of two rough-looking constables, and are seated to confront the prosecutor, the chief constable, and the serjeant; the latter the principal witness against them, to prove their identity, &c. No less than three counsel have been provided for the prisoners by their sympathizing friends, and there being a notion that this would be the case, the prosecutor had been advised to provide himself also with counsel, which he did in the person of a very intelligent lawyer, Mr. Moore, junior. The justice now turned round from writing at his table, and calling the court to order, he commenced proceedings.

The warrant having been read, charging the

prisoners with burglariously and feloniously entering a dwelling-house at Kingston, Canada, in the night time, and stealing therefrom and carrying away money and clothes; and they the prisoners being now fugitives from justice in Jefferson County, State of New York, &c., &c.; the counsel for the claim and demand of surrender preferred the claim of the Canadian Government in the premises, and offered in evidence and to prove the genuineness of two warrants issued by one of her majesty's magistrates in Canada West, authorizing and commanding the arrest of the above-named prisoners for the alleged offences of burglary, larceny, &c.; and a witness (the serjeant) was introduced and sworn to prove the identity of the prisoners, and that they were the persons charged in the said warrant issued by her majesty's magistrate as aforesaid, as felons.

Whereupon the counsel for the prisoners called the attention of the justice to the terms and language of the tenth article of the treaty of 9th August, 1842, and took the ground, that, conceding that all the foregoing matters were duly proved, together with the guilt of the said prisoners, that the offence of burglary or larceny (except larceny as included in the limited and technical term "robbery") did not come within the letter and terms of the said tenth article of said treaty, and therefore that they are not offences for which the treaty-making governments are bound to surrender and deliver up each other's fugitives from justice. That the only part of the said article which could with any plausibility be claimed as imposing such obligation of surrender for larceny or burglary, is that embraced in the term "robbery," used in the said article, and that the term "robbery," as there used, should be read and construed in its strict, limited, technical, and legal meaning (putting the person robbed in fear.) That the term "robbery" should be construed as strictly, and by the same rules, as the words murder, piracy, arson, and forgery, used in the same article.

The counsel for the demand of the agents of the claimants insisted that larceny, whether strictly and technically robbery or not, was an offence for which the respective governments were bound to surrender each other's fugitives. That the term "robbery," as used in the said article, should be read and construed in its most general and liberal sense, and as in the ordinary acceptance of the word, so as to embrace larceny, whether committed by putting the person robbed in personal fear or not. That the term "robbery," in the connexion with which it is used, should receive such a liberal and general construction as would remedy the great evils, and secure and advance all the benefits the treaty was made and designed to remedy, secure, and advance. That the most common and prevailing evil to be remedied was the perpetration of larcenies in one country, and fleeing with the plunder into another; and under the construction contended for by the counsel for the prisoners this could be done with impunity, for any amount of plunder, however large, provided legal, technical "robbery" was not committed. That under such a construction, if a man picked another's pocket of a pocket-handkerchief, so as to constitute technical robbery, the thief could be claimed, and would be surrendered as a fugitive if he should flee to the United States; but if he should steal any amount, however large, (say one hundred thousand dollars, by breaking into a bank,)



under such circumstances as not to make it *technical robbery*, and should flee to the States, he would escape with impunity. That such a construction could not have been the intention of the high contracting parties.

The justice decided that larceny under the circumstances charged in the said warrant against the prisoners, was not "technical robbery," and therefore did not come within the terms and letter of the said tenth article, that nothing but strict "technical robbery," as defined and limited in the books on criminal law, is embraced within the terms of the said article, and thereupon, after taking the advice of counsel, not engaged in the matter, declined to certify the facts of the case to the executive, (the governor of the state of New York,) in pursuance of the said article of the said treaty, although he was urged by the counsel for the claimants to do so, to obtain the opinion of the executive, and to detain the prisoners in the mean time, but the said justice declined to take any further proceedings under the claim and demand of the authorities of her majesty's United Provinces of Canada, to have the said prisoners delivered up as fugitives from justice.

On application of the prosecutor the further examination of the prisoners was postponed for a few days, to procure the attendance of witnesses from Kingston, and in the mean time, seeing that the local magistrate would not make any reference to the state authorities, *though the case was an unusual one*, the captain determined to do so himself by means of the chief constable bearing the warrants, to whom he furnished means to proceed secretly to Albany by the next stage to explain the whole matter to the governor of the state of New York, and to obtain, if practicable, from his excellency an order for the delivery and surrender of the fugitives from justice. An American gentleman most kindly gave letters to the governor of the state, and to the attorney-general at Albany, explanatory of the case, of which also the prosecutor drew up a narrative. He himself was obliged to remain at Watertown to watch the prisoners, and to be present at their next examination.

The second examination of the prisoners, chiefly on the charge of stealing the fowling-piece, continued from about ten o'clock in the morning until half-past six in the evening, with the recess of an hour for dinner, the prisoners having claimed the right by their counsel to be examined separately on the charge, and which was granted them. The witnesses were the captain and his serjeant, and nothing could exceed the minuteness of their examination and cross-examination by the prisoners' counsel. The captain was asked every particular regarding indulgences to British soldiers, the nature of passes granted to them, the number of stories in the ordnance-quarters occupied by the captain, how access was got to the different rooms, how he secured the house on going to bed, &c., &c. A great many of the interrogatories seemed to have been put merely from a wish to find out the domestic economy and "manners and customs" of a British officer.

At the close of the examination, the justice decided that sufficient evidence of the prisoners' guilt had been made out to put them on their trial, and thereupon the prisoners (being entitled so to do) took three days more to decide whether they would be tried by a court of special sessions, (a court made by three justices of the peace,) and

with or without a jury, at the election of the prisoners, or at the general sessions which would be held in six weeks.

Whilst the captain was thus detained at Watertown, he acquired what information could be casually picked up on the spot. A pretended sympathizer in the wrongs (!) of Canada said to him one day, "There is no hope of a war this year, I'm afraid." "No hope! you mean no fear of a war." "No;" said the sympathizer; "no hope; not that I would go on and fight—I am too old for that now—but I would push on the young fellows, and follow after to pick up the plunder." Another said to a friend of the captain's, "With two hundred men, I could take Quebec in a month." "How?" was asked. "Well; I would put a piquet-fence round it, and starve the garrison out." "And what would the garrison be doing all this time?" "Oh! we would shoot them down one by one." Shortly after, he said, "Our division will be organized soon, and I'll make a captain of you, if you will join us." "What good would that do me?" "Why this—plunder; every British officer has a gold watch in his pocket!"

About this time, there was a repeal meeting in Watertown, got up by certain parties, who hoped to secure the coöperation of the Irish to carry some election in which they were interested; but the meeting was a failure, about forty people only attended it. The principal speaker was a local authority, "learned in the law." This orator breathed animosity to England, and addressed himself to the passions, and not to the reason, of his audience. He went back to the times of the Romans and their invasion of Britain; from them the Irish had derived the germs of civilization, and Ireland flourished "till the hated Saxons came;" then "a brutal soldiery" were let loose upon the country, and he read harrowing details, though they were several centuries old, of the horrors inflicted by the Anglo-Saxon soldiers on Ireland; how three children, compelled by hunger, were seen at one place roasting and eating the entrails of their own mother; how the poor were seen to take down and feed upon the bodies of criminals who had been hanged; how they repaired to the beach in storms, and, driven by hunger, they enticed ships to destruction, and fed on the bodies of the drowned mariners. "These were some of the evils inflicted on Ireland by England," said the orator, "in former times, and now she makes Ireland pay for the English church. America owes to Ireland, among other great men, Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. I now pray that Ireland may soon be delivered from the baneful influence of British bayonets!"

It was really quite unseemly to hear a man of well-known talent discourse in the wild manner in which this orator did; but it availed little, for the amount raised at Watertown, to further the cause of repeal, was a mite indeed. Most of those who were applied to for subscriptions cautiously said, "We see no account of the sums formerly collected—we know nothing of the receipts or of the disbursements—we won't, therefore, part with our money on an uncertainty."

Whilst the prosecutor tarried at the American hotel, a wedding took place in the house; a respectable farmer came in from some distance, and married the cook: the bridegroom was about fifty, the bride was thirty years of age; the landlord and many of his boarders assisted at the

ceremony, which was performed in the evening; those of the boarders who had not been present at the wedding, were invited afterwards by the bridegroom to partake of wine and cake; after all were charged, he gave this sentiment, "Friendship to all, love to a few, and hatred to none." So systematically were matters managed, that next morning the bridegroom was sitting at the stove in the bar at seven o'clock, and breakfasted at half-past seven, as usual, at the public table, at which, of course, his wife, the cook, did not appear; and in the afternoon, the happy pair left for their home. The farmer took the numerous jokes which were bandied about on this occasion with very good humor, and when asked about his wife, he said, "She's as pretty as a picture, and as straight as a candle."

As manual labor is very expensive in "the land of liberty," the ingenuity of the citizens is taxed to invent machines to save it. Mr. Fairbanks, a very intelligent and active man of business in Watertown, showed the captain, one day, a one-horse tread-mill for sawing firewood; a cord of eight feet long and four high was sawn up in pieces fit for a stove in twelve minutes, by means of a fly-wheel and circular saw; it usually takes a man a day, at two or three shillings, to saw a cord and a half. By a change in the machinery, the same horse-power thrashed corn.

At the Presbyterian church, on Sunday, a very energetic preacher delivered a discourse, full of sound reasoning, to point the grievous nature of sin, and how it has filled graves since the beginning of time. At the Episcopal church, before a well-dressed audience, in the afternoon, the clergyman's sermon was on evangelical succession, and tracing a line of bishops up to the apostles, and totally distinct from the Church of Rome. In the evening, there was an excellent lecture (in which everything of the least objectionable nature was omitted) on female moral reform: the motto, as the speaker called it, for his lecture, was selected from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, "I speak as to wise men, judge ye." "When Sabbath schools were first established," said he, "the idea was supposed by a great many to be perfectly visionary, and so also it was with foreign missions and temperance, but mark how all have prospered! When M'Dowell proposed his moral reform for those who transgress the Seventh Commandment, he was reviled, but the end of his endeavors may be as satisfactory as those of the institutions just alluded to."

The lecture was divided into three heads:—1. What the Moral Reform Society proposed to do; 2. With what instruments to work; and, 3. How to secure the desired end. "Though all the licentious cannot be reformed, yet the society should not cease its efforts because it cannot reform all. The licentious will be opposed to the proceedings of the society, but that ought not to daunt its advocates. The gospel is the first remedy proposed. Reform will be produced by exposing the degradation and misery attending the violation of the Seventh Commandment. Parents must check its violation; men ought to suffer as well as women; licentious men ought not to rise to power—fine and imprisonment ought to be the portion of the seducer."

The chief aim of the lecturer was to impress on mothers the necessity of attending strictly to the conversation and reading of their daughters, if they wished them to turn out respectably.

"Thus," said he, "I knew two young ladies, who lived with their mother, in the Genesee valley; they dwelt in comfort, and even elegance; but on the table of their sitting-room, instead of books on religion, morality, and useful knowledge, there were seen romances, novels, and the works of Byron. It happened that the young ladies had occasion to visit a relative in the western country, and, in descending the Ohio in a steamer, a stranger of fashionable exterior, dressed in broad-cloth, with a gold safety-chain swinging from his neck, insinuated himself into their acquaintance, and the most romantic and best-looking of the two sisters soon returned his pretended affection for her. He gave out that he was a travelling partner of an extensive house in Philadelphia; he landed where the ladies intended to remain, and without much difficulty he persuaded the romantic young lady, desirous of realizing an adventure of her own, to marry him; he tarried a week with her, got possession of all her money and valuables, then, pretending urgent business elsewhere, he basely deserted her. Abandoned and ruined, she contemplated suicide, and was only saved from the fatal step by the arrival of her distracted and imprudent mother."

Return we now to the prisoners. As they had decided to be tried by a court of special sessions, one was convened for the purpose, and a jury, at the instance of the counsel for the prisoners, was summoned, and attended to try the said prisoners. In the mean time, the chief constable arrived at Watertown, with a witness from Kingston, whither he had gone direct from Albany, (by way of Oswego,) and he reported the absence from Albany of both the governor and attorney-general of the state, but said he had seen some of the state authorities, who gave him to understand, that although, in their opinion, the governor could not give up the said prisoners, under the Ashburton and Webster treaty, yet he would, on a requisition from a high authority in Canada, to him, as a matter of national courtesy or comity, surrender the said prisoners as fugitives from justice.

With a view still further to gain time, and to enable the prosecutor to visit Kingston, to procure from a high authority the said requisition, and then pass to Albany, and obtain the requisite order from the governor of the state of New York, the prosecutor, by his counsel, moved the court of special sessions for an adjournment of the trial of the prisoners, as he was not then prepared to proceed with it; but the court, although it conceded the application was reasonable, decided that, under the statute law constituting such courts of special sessions, they (the said justices) had no power to adjourn the trial, and decided that it must be proceeded with forthwith. This, in the opinion of the complainant's counsel, was quite a mistake on the part of the court. Finding, then, that nothing was left but a trial, and that immediately, and being well convinced, from what had previously transpired, that the jury *partook of the sympathy* that a number of deserters, and the foreigners generally, in the place, had succeeded in getting up, and that it might be better not to try the prisoners, for this additional reason, that if the said prisoners were tried and convicted, or acquitted, under the state laws, that the governor would refuse to surrender the prisoners for an offence for which they had already been tried; and as the complainant was still anxious to obtain from the governor an order, for their surren-

der, it was considered, under all the circumstances, the most prudent and safe policy not to proceed to their trial, and they were accordingly discharged from their arrest and detention.

The prisoners, on leaving the court, which they did with much indecent applause on the part of the audience in court, and insulting expressions towards the complainant, hurried off and ran down the main street, fearful of another warrant being taken out against them, and it now only remained for the complainant to make a rapid march back to Kingston, which he did next day, in company with the chief constable, serjeant, and the owner of the watch, who had been sent over in case his evidence should be required.

Before the captain left Watertown, after breakfast, he had an opportunity of seeing the manner of voting by ballot in the States; it was the election for senators, sheriff, &c., and was altogether a field day.

The evening before, he had attended a meeting of the whigs—synonymous with conservatives in the States—to arrange their proceedings for the morrow, and there were some amusing speeches delivered, in which the loco-focos, or radicals, were severely handled.

In one of the lower rooms of the American hotel, a table was placed opposite a doorway, the door itself was taken off its hinges; across the doorway was nailed a board; the voters came along the passage, "brought up" at the board, handed over it their folded ticket (containing the name of the candidate they voted for) to a man who stood up beside the door inside, and he slipped the ticket through a slit in a box, like a large tea-caddy, with a handle at top, and which stood on the table. At the table sat two clerks, who registered in books the names of those who came forward to vote, whilst a fourth functionary sat at the table with a "tooth-picking air," and apparently observing all those who came forward to vote, and was ready to detect and check any irregularity.

There was no noise or altercation while the business of balloting was going on; well-dressed and indifferently-attired voters came forward, and all conducted themselves with decorum. Many of the tickets were printed on colored paper, and stamped with the eagle or other devices outside, so as to show openly which side in politics the voters took, thereby rendering the ballot a mockery. After all had voted, the scrutineers opened the box, examined and counted the tickets, and declared the result.

It was snowing when the captain and his party, of three, left Watertown, and the road to Cape Vincent was exceedingly bad, being rough and half frozen. The open stage wagon usually took, at this time, the whole day to accomplish the twenty-four miles, so it was thought best to make "the forced march," partly on foot, and occasionally riding the two horses brought by the chief constable from the Cape, on "the ride and tie" system. The private, a "rale Irish boy," afforded some amusement by his remarks on the road. "Is this the United States?" he inquired, as he dragged his left leg out of a mud hole. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "Sorrow a fut I'll ever put into them agin, then; they tould me the roads were all upon rails." "Don't you see the rails of the snake fences?" "Oh, bad luck to the fences, and them as made them!" quoth he.

The village of Cape Vincent was reached with some difficulty; here the voting was not so orderly, and there was one attempt to get up a fight. After some warm refreshment, a boat conveyed the "expedition" to Long Island, a mile and a half. It was now night, but the snow enabled the travellers to see to trudge along the track which led for seven miles through clearings and forest land. At midnight a ferry-house was "made," a skiff was borrowed, and a stout pull of five miles landed the party at the Kingston Barracks.

The above case and proceedings at Watertown, which had entailed expense, trouble, and anxiety, having been submitted to a high authority, application was made for the surrender of the fugitives to his Excellency the Governor of the State of New York. There ought not to have been any difficulty in the matter from the first; if the Watertown authorities had referred the case to the Governor of the State, and had left it for his decision, there would have been no cause of complaint; but this course was not popular, therefore it was not adopted; or if they had acted, at once, on the reciprocity system, without reference, it would have been but just and fair, for lately several individuals having broken the laws in the States—horse and cattle stealers having fled to Kingston—but on the pursuers communicating with the magistrates, the police immediately assisted in the apprehension of the fugitives, and helped to put them into the steamer which conveyed them back for trial. However, the sympathizers at Watertown screened and helped (and the authorities gave into the popular clamor) the British felon-deserters, and thereby encouraged a tide of crime to set across the frontier; but of this line of conduct they will have cause some day to repent, as an influx of felons will surely not contribute to the comfort and happiness of any community.

The publication of the foregoing narrative is induced, not from any bad feeling towards the Americans generally, but by the expectation, which is at present entertained by many military men of our service and of the American, that arrangements will be made for effectually preventing desertion both from the British and the United States' colors.

#### MORN.

##### A PERSIAN LYRIC.

How beautiful is morn!

When from her downy pillows peeping  
At the world beneath her sleeping,  
Her ruddy blush reflected lingers  
On the tissue veils of gold,  
The gorgeous work of Peri's fingers,  
That gracefully her form enfold  
From the laverock's daring sight,  
As merrily he wings his flight,  
The laureate of morn!

How beautiful is morn!

When in her garb of roseate hue,  
Richly gemm'd with glittering dew,  
She sees the field of light advances,  
While laughing nymphs around her play,  
Welcoming with glad songs and dances,  
The all-resplendent orb of day.  
At his approach they fade from sight,  
Enveloped in a silvery light,  
The peerless robe of morn!

*Hunt's London Journal.*



From the Times.

*The Despatches of Cortes.* Translated by GEORGE FOLSOM, Esq. New York, and Stationer's Court.

*Memoirs of Bernal Diaz del Castillo.* Translated by JOHN INGRAM LOCKHART, Esq. Hatchard and Co.

NEXT to the *Expedition of Cyrus* and the *Commentaries of Caesar*, we have met with no works of a kindred nature, which will be read with more intense interest, than the volumes before us. The history of military achievements is never successfully recorded but by those who have either witnessed or shared them; and of all military events, the conquest of Mexico has perhaps received least justice at the hands of subsequent historians. In saying this, we mean no disparagement to the able and eloquent work of Robertson, to which the English reader has hitherto been indebted for all that he knows about the subject; but that history, however admirable as a general outline, is far from imparting the realities contained in the despatches of Cortes and the record of Bernal Diaz, whose works are now, for the first time, rendered accessible to the British public. It has been the object of the translators to maintain, as far as possible, the simplicity of their respective authors; and, judging from the style of their translations, they have executed their task to perfection.

With regard to the Despatches of Cortes, which form rather a continuous history than a series of letters, it may be necessary to remind our readers, that of the four letters addressed by him to Charles V., the three last only have been transmitted to posterity. For the first Dr. Robertson tells us that he searched in vain. The latter, however, contain by far the most important account of his exploits, and afford the most convincing proofs of his extraordinary talents and perseverance. The work of his faithful comrade and impartial panegyrist, Bernal Diaz, was written with a view to correct the erroneous statements of Gomara, the chaplain of Cortes, and professes to state nothing but what the writer knew to be true. Of the respect in which his commander was held, he thus speaks:—"There never was a commander in this world who was so strictly obeyed as Cortes, nor will it ever again fall to the lot of any man to be so." Speaking of his great abilities, he says:—"Cortes was a man who never allowed the smallest advantage to escape; and whatever difficulty he might be in, he always managed to get out of it." And then, with a true soldier's pride, claiming credit for his companions, he adds, "but it must also be remembered, that he had the good fortune to command officers and soldiers on whom he could place every reliance under all circumstances, who not only lent a powerful arm in battle, but likewise assisted him with their prudent counsel."

As a specimen of the style in which Cortes ad-

resses the Emperor Charles V., we extract the following passage from his account of the city of Mexico, and the sovereign, Montezuma, whose tragical fate is also recorded in the despatches:—

"In order, most potent Sire, to convey to your Majesty a just conception of the great extent of this noble city of Temixtitlan, and of the many rare and wonderful objects it contains; of the government and dominions of Mutezuma, the sovereign; of the religious rites and customs that prevail, and the order that exists in this as well as other cities appertaining to his realms; it would require the labor of many accomplished writers, and much time for the completion of the task. I shall not be able to relate an hundredth part of what could be told respecting these matters; but I will endeavor to describe, in the best manner in my power, what I have myself seen; and imperfectly as I may succeed in the attempt, I am fully aware that the account will appear so wonderful as to be deemed scarcely worthy of credit, since even we, who have seen these things with our own eyes, are yet so amazed as to be unable to comprehend their reality. But your Majesty may be assured, that, if there is any fault in my relation, either in regard to the present subject, or to any other matters of which I shall give your Majesty an account, it will arise from too great brevity rather than extravagance or prolixity in the details; and it seems to me but just to my prince and sovereign, to declare the truth in the clearest manner, without saying anything that would detract from it, or add to it.

"Before I begin to describe this great city, and the others already mentioned, it may be well for the better understanding of the subject, to say something of the configuration of Mexico in which they are situated, it being the principal seat of Mutezuma's power. This province is, in the form of a circle, surrounded on all sides by lofty and rugged mountains; its level surface comprises an area of about 70 leagues in circumference, including two lakes, that overspread nearly the whole valley, being navigated by boats more than 50 leagues round. One of these lakes contains fresh, and the other, which is the larger of the two, salt water. On one side of the lakes, in the middle of the valley, a range of highlands divides them from one another, with the exception of a narrow strait which lies between the highlands and the lofty sierras. This strait is a bow-shot wide, and connects the two lakes; and by this means a trade is carried on between the cities and other settlements on the lakes, in canoes, without the necessity of travelling by land. As the salt lake rises and falls with its tides like the sea, during the time of high water it pours into the other lake with the rapidity of a powerful stream; and, on the other hand, when the tide has ebbed, the water runs from the fresh into the salt lake.

"This great city of Temixtitlan (Mexico) is situated in this salt lake, and from the mainland to the denser parts of it, by whichever route one chooses to enter, the distance is two leagues. There are four avenues or entrances to the city, all of which are formed by artificial causeways, two spears' length in width. The city is as large as Seville or Cordova: its streets, I speak of the principal ones, are very wide and straight; some of these, and all the inferior ones, are half land and half water, and are navigated by canoes. All the streets at intervals have openings, through which the water flows, crossing from one street to

another; and at these openings, some of which are very wide, there are also very wide bridges, composed of large pieces of timber, of great strength, and well put together; on many of these bridges ten horses can go abreast.

"This city has many public squares, in which are situated the markets and other places for buying and selling. There is one square twice as large as that of the city of Salamanca, surrounded by porticoes, where are daily assembled more than 60,000 souls, engaged in buying and selling; and where are found all kinds of merchandize that the world affords, embracing the necessities of life, as for instance articles of food, as well as jewels of gold and silver, lead, brass, copper, tin, precious stones, bones, shells, snails and feathers. There are also exposed for sale, wrought and unwrought stone, bricks burnt and unburnt, timber hewn and unhewn, of different sorts. There is a street for game, where every variety of birds found in the country is sold, as, fowls, partridges, quails, wild ducks, fly-catchers, widgeons, turtle-doves, pigeons, reedbirds, parrots, sparrows, eagles, hawks, owls, and kestrels; they sell likewise the skins of some birds of prey, with their feathers, head, beak and claws. There are also sold rabbits, hares, deer, and little dogs, which are raised for eating and castrated. There is also an herb street, where may be obtained all sorts of roots and medicinal herbs that the country affords. There are apothecaries' shops, where prepared medicines, liquids, ointments and plasters are sold; barbers' shops, where they wash and shave the head; and restaurateurs, that furnish food and drink at a certain price. There is also a class of men, like those called in Castile porters, for carrying burdens. Wood and coals are seen in abundance, and braziers of earthenware for burning coals; mats of various kinds for beds, others, of a lighter sort, for seats, and for halls and bedrooms.

"Every kind of merchandize is sold in a particular street, or quarter, assigned to it exclusively, and thus the best order is preserved. They sell everything by number or measure, at least so far we have not observed them to sell anything by weight. There is a building in the great square that is used as an audience-house, where ten or twelve persons, who are magistrates, sit and decide all controversies that arise in the market, and order delinquents to be punished. In the same square, there are other persons, who go constantly about among the people, observing what is sold, and the measures used in selling; and they have been seen to break measures that were not true.

"This great city contains a large number of temples, or houses for their idols, very handsome edifices, which are situated in the different districts and the suburbs; in the principal ones, religious persons of each particular sect are constantly residing, for whose use, beside the houses containing the idols, there are other convenient habitations. All these persons dress in black, and never cut or comb their hair from the time they enter the priesthood until they leave it; and all the sons of the principal inhabitants, both nobles and respectable citizens, are placed in the temples, and wear the same dress from the age of seven or eight years until they are taken out to be married, which occurs more frequently with the first-born, who inherit estates, than with the others. The priests are debarred from female society, nor is any woman

permitted to enter the religious houses. They also abstain from eating certain kinds of food, more at some seasons of the year than others. Among these temples there is one which far surpasses all the rest, whose grandeur of architectural details no human tongue is able to describe; for within its precincts, surrounded by a lofty wall, there is room enough for a town of 500 families. Around the interior of this enclosure, there are handsome edifices, containing large halls and corridors, in which the religious persons attached to the temple reside. There are full 40 towers, which are lofty and well built, the largest of which has 50 steps leading to its main body, and is higher than the tower of the principal church at Seville. The stone and wood of which they are constructed, are so well wrought in every part, that nothing could be better done, for the interior of the chapels, containing the idols, consists of curious imagery, wrought in stone, with plaster ceilings, and wood-work carved in relief, and painted with figures of monsters and other objects. All these towers are the burial places of the nobles, and every chapel in them is dedicated to a particular idol, to which they pay their devotions.

"There are three halls in this grand temple, which contain the principal idols; these are of wonderful extent and height, and admirable workmanship, adorned with figures sculptured in stone and wood: leading from the halls, are chapels with very small doors, to which the light is not admitted, nor are any persons except the priests, and not all of them. In these chapels are the images or idols, although, as I have before said, many of them are also found on the outside; the principal ones, in which the people have greatest faith and confidence, I precipitated from their pedestals, and cast them down the steps of the temple, purifying the chapels in which they had stood, as they were all polluted with human blood, shed in the sacrifices. In the place of these I put images of Our Lady and the Saints, which excited not a little feeling in Mutezuma and the inhabitants, who at first remonstrated, declaring that if my proceedings were known throughout the country, the people would rise against me; for they believed that their idols bestowed on them all temporal good, and if they permitted them to be ill-treated, they would be angry and withhold their gifts, and by this means the people would be deprived of the fruits of the earth and perish with famine. I answered, through the interpreters, that they were deceived in expecting any favors from idols, the work of their own hands, formed of unclean things; and that they must learn there was but one God, the universal Lord of all, who had created the heavens and the earth, and all things else, and had made them and us; that he was without beginning and immortal, and they were bound to adore and believe him, and no other creature or thing. I said everything to them I could to divert them from their idolatries, and draw them back to a knowledge of God our Lord. Mutezuma replied, the others assenting to what he said, 'That they had already informed me they were not the aborigines of the country, but that their ancestors had emigrated to it many years ago; and they fully believed that, after so long an absence from their native land, they might have fallen into some errors; that I, having more recently arrived, must know better than themselves what they ought to believe; and that, if I would instruct them in these matters, and make them

understand the true faith, they would follow my directions, as being for the best.' Afterwards Mutezuma, and many of the principal citizens, remained with me, until I had removed the idols, purified the chapels, and placed the images in them, manifesting apparent pleasure; and I forbade them sacrificing human beings to their idols, as they had been accustomed to do, because, besides being abhorrent in the sight of God, your sacred Majesty had prohibited it by law, and commanded to put to death whoever should take the life of another. Thus, from that time, they refrained from the practice, and during the whole period of my abode in that city, they were never seen to kill or sacrifice a human being.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Along one of the causeways that lead into the city, are laid two pipes, constructed of masonry, each of which is two paces in width, and about five feet in height. An abundant supply of excellent water, forming a volume equal in bulk to the human body, is conveyed by one of these pipes, and distributed about the city, where it is used by the inhabitants for drinking and other purposes. The other pipe, in the mean time, is kept empty until the former requires to be cleansed, when the water is let into it, and continues to be used till the cleansing is finished. As the water is necessarily carried over bridges, on account of the salt water crossing its route, reservoirs resembling canals are constructed on the bridges, through which the fresh water is conveyed. These reservoirs are of the breadth of the body of an ox, and of the same length as the bridges. The whole city is thus served with water, which they carry in canoes through all the streets for sale, taking it from the aqueduct in the following manner:—The canoes pass under the bridges on which the reservoirs are placed, when men stationed above fill them with water, for which service they are paid.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In regard to the domestic appointments of Mutezuma, and the wonderful grandeur and state that he maintains, there is so much to be told, that I assure your Highness, I know not where to begin my relation, so as to be able to finish any part of it. For, as I have already stated, what can be more wonderful, than that a barbarous monarch, as he is, should have every object found in his dominions imitated in gold, silver, precious stones, and feathers; the gold and silver being wrought so naturally as not to be surpassed by any smith in the world; the stone work executed with such perfection that it is difficult to conceive what instruments could have been used; and the feather work superior to the finest productions in wax or embroidery. \* \* \* No prince was ever more feared by his subjects, both in his presence and absence. He possessed, out of the city as well as within, numerous villas, each of which had its peculiar sources of amusement, and all were constructed in the best possible manner for the use of a great prince and lord. Within the city, his palaces were so wonderful, that it is hardly possible to describe their beauty and extent; I can only say that in Spain there is nothing equal to them."

The work of Bernal Diaz is even more minute and circumstantial in its descriptions, but our space forbids us to do justice to its merits.

[The following story, which is printed as original in Bentley's Miscellany, is, no doubt, translated from the French.]

#### THE TEMPTED.

THE rain fell heavily against the window-panes; the night was not only dark and gloomy, but a thick, black vapor seemed actually to penetrate into the interior of the mansion, the inhabitants of which were now locked in profound slumber. Not a single light appeared throughout the whole city of Brest, save in the windows of a large, square, dismal-looking building which stood on the left bank of the port. This edifice is the Bagne, or fatal prison, in which the captives, doomed to perpetual labor, are left to waste their useless sighs, or vent their idle execrations.

In an upper room of that portion of this establishment, used as an hospital, a young man, in the undress uniform of a surgeon in the French navy, sat reading. He seemed so absorbed in his studies that he took no notice of the pattering rain, or the fast decay of the lamp, which dimly lighted the book before him. On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True, true; the poor do but *live*, they do but *exist*, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded into a noisome grave. Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment. Cursed is the lot of him unblest by fortune! At twenty-seven years of age, here am I, doomed to a life of poverty, destined to pass my days in this miserable hospital! The author is right." And again De Launay plunged into his studies.

His task was, however, soon broken in upon by the entrance of one of the infirm men, who came to inform him that "number seven had just breathed his last." Without the slightest emotion, save a shade of annoyance, which instantly stole over his countenance at this interruption, the young surgeon rose, and approached the double row of iron beds, each bearing the number of its tenant; for in the infirmary of the Bagne no prisoner bears a name. A single cipher stands for the appellative the convict has disgraced.

De Launay stopped when he came to "number seven." He drew down the sheet, which had been thrown over the face of the corpse, and gazed at it with deep interest. He placed his hand upon the head, and contemplated the form before him for some instants, then, as if struck with a sudden desire to ascertain some anatomical point, he ordered the body to be instantly carried into the dissecting hall. The wretched remains were those of one whose phrenological developments might have proved a study of deep interest. Condemned to hard labor for life, for robbery, and attempt to murder, Pierre Cranon had now been an inmate of the prison for upwards of ten years—ten years of continual study how to escape. No less than sixty times had the unhappy man endeavored to get away, and sixty times had he been detected and punished. For several months previous to his last illness had Cranon been bound to his labor by chains weighing some thirty pounds; every vigilance had been exercised by his guards to prevent the possibility of his flight, and yet the idea of escape haunted his imagination, and became a never-dying, never-yielding monomania. The pain, however, of his increased fetters, at length brought on a sullen de-



spair. His strict confinement within the walls undermined his health, and wore out the last remnant of his miserable days. He pined; he sickened; and, withering, sank.

The attendants reentered with a bier, on which they placed the body, and carried it, as desired, into the dissecting-room. The anatomical hall of the Bagne, but rarely used, was still more horrible in its appearance than such places usually are. Strewed about lay several human limbs, thrown carelessly aside, half-eaten by the rats. Several shreds of human flesh, already putrid, clung to the large marble table used for dissecting, while the foot occasionally slipped as it glided through some filthy pool of half-coagulated blood. Near an open window hung a skeleton, which had already lost some of its parts, and which moved up and down, creaking and almost cracking as the breeze swung it about.

Although accustomed to such scenes, De Launay felt a chill steal through his frame, a nervous sensation hitherto unknown to him, but now brought on by the dreary damp of the horrid amphitheatre, whose terrors seemed to dance in grim array, as the flaming light kept waving in the breeze. The young surgeon quickly produced his instruments, and approached the corpse. The dreadfully attenuated frame, the lacerated ankles, where the iron had actually eaten into the flesh, all lay displayed before him, and he paused for a moment. De Launay, seizing his dissecting-knife, was about to plunge it into the body, when a slight movement of the arm made him start back; in another instant, Cranon opened his eyes, and slowly raising himself, peered anxiously around. The young surgeon stood aghast; profiting by this, the prisoner quietly but quickly started up, and rushed towards the window. In a moment De Launay saw the artifice; he darted on the unfortunate wretch, and attempted to throw him down. The love of life, the hope of liberty for a moment lent their whole force to the miserable captive. A deadly struggle took place, in which youth and vigor gained the mastery, and Cranon lay at the mercy of De Launay, who placed his knee upon his chest.

"Your attempts are useless; you are in my power. A single call will bring the guard. Say, then, what means this fresh, this mad attempt at escape?"

"For the love of God, let me go! Surely my escape cannot hurt you, and the Almighty will reward you for the good deed. Nay, do not spurn the prayers of a miserable old man."

"What! think you I will connive at such a thing?"

"Just Providence! think what I've suffered! ten long years of misery, and now two months of cherished hope thus crushed in a moment. I, who for three days refused all food, in order to become ill, and be admitted into the infirmary; I, who counterfeited death so well that even you were deceived. But no, no; you will not detain me. Good Monsieur De Launay, you have a heart. Oh, give me, then, my freedom."

"Why are you so desirous of obtaining it?"

"Why! Ah! you have never been a prisoner, a prisoner for life, or you would never ask why I desire liberty."

"But how would you gain a livelihood? You are too old, too weak to work. You would starve."

The captive smiled; an almost disdainful sneer

of triumph curled his lip, as he replied, "I am richer than yourself."

"You?"

"Most true."

"You are indeed, then, fortunate." This was said with a degree of bitter irony, which, while it conveyed a doubt of the truth of the assertion, told plainly how highly the young surgeon estimated the gifts of fortune.

"Would you also be rich? I have enough for us both."

"Do you take me for a fool, that you thus endeavor to deceive me?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune."

"Some robbery, in which you would have me join?"

"No, not so; assist my flight, and I will place the money in your hands. I will give you half of all I have got."

"Silence, keep your falsehoods for those who are credulous enough to believe them, and come instantly back to the guard-house;" and De Launay attempted to look careless, though his ears had drunk in each syllable the prisoner had uttered.

"Why will you not believe me?" despairingly asked the captive. "On my soul, I lie not. How can I prove the truth of my assertion?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You know well I cannot have it in my possession. Let me go, and I swear you shall have your share of it."

"Thank you! thank you for nothing! I will instantly sign the receipt in full. So up, and in again!—up!" and he shook the wretched man.

Cranon groaned heavily. He pondered for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone which left no doubt on the mind of the young surgeon that he was speaking the truth, "Listen to me; so help me Providence, I possess the money I speak of. It is no fancy, no well-invented lie; I have a fortune enough to make us both rich. Now, say, if I prove this to be the fact, and consent to give you half, will you allow me to escape?"

"We'll see; go on."

"Not so, till you promise."

"Well, I suppose I may do so safely."

"Swear that you will."

"I swear."

"Well, then, on the beach at St. Michaels, just behind the rock of Irglas, in a pit six feet deep, ten years ago I hid an iron case, containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-notes."

De Launay started. "Where did you get that sum?"

"From a traveller we assassinated near the spot."

"Wretch!"

"Four hundred thousand francs," repeated the convict, with a voice of triumph, "is enough, I hope, for two,—enough to make us both happy. Say, will you have half?"

The young surgeon paused, then added in a tone of doubt, "The tale seems scarcely credible. You have been a prisoner here for upwards of ten years."

"Right; it is fully that time since Martin and I, being closely pursued, buried the treasure in the spot I have told you of. The very day after we were seized at Plestin, and brought here. Martin

died within these walls last year, and left me the sole possessor of this important secret."

Notwithstanding all his endeavors to appear indifferent, De Launay had listened with deep attention to Cranon's recital. When he had ceased to speak, the young man remained perfectly silent for some time, seeming to balance in his own mind the probability of the story he had just heard. Casting his eyes up for a single moment, he found those of the prisoner fixed on him. He blushed, and starting from his reverie, said, with an air of forced levity, which his former attention but too fully belied—

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which even children laugh at now. Try and get up a better, a more probable one."

The convict shuddered. "You do not believe me?"

"I believe you to be a clever rogue, who might perhaps succeed in deceiving one less wary than myself."

Cranon threw himself on his knees. "Monsieur de Launay, for the love of God, believe me! I speak the truth; I can instantly find the spot, if you will only let me go and search for it."

"I will save you that trouble."

"Nay, then, I will give you two-thirds, two full thirds."

"Enough."

"Nay, I will also add the jewels, the trinkets; for there are also valuable jewels in the case."

"Silence! I have listened too long; get up, sir."

Cranon uttered a wild scream of despair, and threw himself on the ground again. The convict now rolled himself over in agonizing misery; he groaned in mental torture. De Launay seemed perplexed; an inward struggle agitated his bosom. Bad passions began to spring up and shake his purpose. On the one hand, his violent desire for riches made him almost hope the tale he had just heard were true, and in this case he would not hesitate to accept the prisoner's proposals; on the other hand, he feared he might be duped, and become a laughing-stock, despised, disgraced, for thus conniving at the escape of a convict. This last reflection overcame his every other feeling. He started up, and attempted, but without success, to drag Cranon towards the entrance. Foiled in this, he darted through the door, which he double-locked upon the prisoner, and rushing to the guard-house, obtained the assistance of a file of soldiers.

As he was unlocking the door, in company with the assistants he had brought, a sudden shot was fired; at the same moment a man, stripped perfectly naked, covered with blood, bounded past him. It was Cranon, who during his momentary absence had jumped out of the window, and been wounded by the sentinel on duty.

The unhappy man staggered a few paces, reeled, and fell a corpse into the arms of De Launay.

Badenwiller, an inconsiderable watering-place in the neighborhood of the Black Forest, is one of the most picturesque spots on the continent of Europe. Nature seems here to have taken a strange delight in amassing her richest charms,

and concentrating her every beauty within a single valley. As its name indicates, Badenwiller boasts mineral baths, famed from the earliest ages.

The bathers who lodged at the "Ville de Carlsruhe," the best hotel in the place, were assembled beneath a little grove of acacias planted in the garden of the inn. Madame Perschof, with her only unmarried daughter, had just joined the group, from which the young bachelors shrunk with terror at the approach of this regular husband-hunting dame, who, having managed to procure partners for her three elder damsels elsewhere, had come hither for the purpose of entrapping another son-in-law. After a short salutation to each of the company, the match-making parent sat down, and having made her spinster child take a place next to her,—for caution is always commendable in prudent mammas at strange watering-places,—the conversation, which had been interrupted for a moment by her arrival, again went on.

"I must confess," said a fat old lady, who occupied three chairs, "I must confess that the conduct of this Miss Morpeth is most strange. I cannot make out her coming here with a sort of a governess, travelling about unprotected in a strange country."

"Oh, that is nothing," interrupted a pseudo-blue-stocking lady. "I know the customs of these islanders well; for my husband subscribes to the British reading-room at Frankfort; and I can assure you that English young ladies always travel alone, or with their lovers."

"How very immoral!" exclaimed Madame Perschof.

"And this Englishman, this Mr. Burns, who follows the young lady about to every place she visits? It is all very well for her to call him an old friend of the family; but I know better than that. I've watched his attentions, and I am sure he is a lover."

"But he is old enough to be her father."

"So much the more likely to be a gallant. She is just the girl an elderly man would admire. I will be bound to say Mr. Burns is rich."

"How very horrible!" cried Madame Perschof.

"I am but a poor lone widow; but, if I had a child like Miss Morpeth—"

"Yes, but you don't understand the character of these English," again chimed in the blue-stocking. "England is a free country; they have their 'habeas corpus,' and their hustings, which decidedly affect their manners."

"That is all very possible, though I don't understand it. But this I do know, the girl is a coquette, and has managed to turn Monsieur de Launay's head, a young man who might aspire to a far more beautiful and accomplished creature." And Madame Perschof looked approvingly at her buckram daughter.

"Hush!" cried the fat lady; "here he comes."

As she spoke, Edward de Launay approached. Apparently preoccupied by unpleasant reflections, he allowed the gesture of Madame Perschof to pass unheeded, although that gesture conveyed a direct invitation to the favored gentleman to take a seat next to her fair daughter; but, taking his place at some distance from the rest of the company, he turned silently away, without deigning to cast another look on the fair Madame Perschof, and thus offended the worthy mamma, who, with

some little acerbity, asked, "How it was that Monsieur de Launay was not on duty, keeping guard over the lovely Fanny Morpeth?"

"Miss Morpeth does not go out to-day: she is far from well."

"Indeed! I think you are wrong. I am almost sure I saw her pass some hours ago."

"I learned this from Miss Morpeth herself, in answer to a solicitation on my part to accompany her on an excursion we had planned last evening."

"Is it so? Then you are not the favored one I thought you. Behold!"

And, with a glance of triumph, Madame Perschof pointed to Miss Morpeth, who just then entered the grove mounted on a donkey. She had evidently returned from a long country ramble. Mr. Burns accompanied her on foot. De Launay started up, while his countenance betrayed surprise and mortification. Miss Morpeth blushed, and, hurrying past, entered the hotel without speaking to any one. Mr. Burns was following her, when De Launay, seizing him by the arm, begged for a few minutes' private conversation. The Englishman instantly assented, and they at once sought the retirement of the neighboring wood. Suddenly De Launay stopped.

"You doubtless know my reason for thus seeking a private interview?"

"Perhaps I do."

"You cannot be ignorant that I love, adore Miss Morpeth; that, to a certain extent, our affection is mutual; at least so I had every reason to believe, till you arrived here. Since that period her manner has changed; she is no longer the same."

"Surely a young lady has a right to consider well, and weigh the consequences, ere she enters into an engagement to marry a perfect stranger."

"I scarcely understand you, nor your right to inquire; but if you seek the information, you shall have it. I am not ashamed of telling you who and what I am."

"I am all attention."

"I am a member of one of the oldest families in Brittany. My father, who commanded a frigate, died at Brest. Left an orphan at fifteen years of age, I became a surgeon in the French navy, a service I only quitted a year and a half ago. As to my fortune," and here his voice trembled as he added, "I possess four hundred thousand francs, of which I can give positive proof."

"All these assertions would doubtless be of great interest, and have their proper weight with the young lady. As far as I am concerned, mere statement is not sufficient."

"Sir, this language, these doubts are insulting."

"Rather call it prudence."

"By what right do you thus dare either to question or disbelieve me? You are a stranger to me yourself; I know not who you are."

"A friend, warmly interested in the young lady's welfare; nothing more."

"In my turn, may not I reëcho your doubts?—may I not declare such an explanation to be wholly unsatisfactory?"

"Sir, you will remember that I never sought this interview. You chose to make me your confidant; it was a post I did not seek. I have told you all I intend to tell you. If this does not suit you, I wish you a good morning."

At this moment Miss Morpeth appeared.

"I come, my dear, I come," said the Englishman; and he instantly joined Fanny, leaving De Launay to his further reflections:—Whether Miss Morpeth was a heartless coquette, who had played with his affections? By what tie she was bound to the laconic Englishman? Had the young surgeon's vanity misconstrued her good nature, and magnified her simple civilities into encouragement? Was the whole a dream? or was she really attached to him? For the life of him, De Launay could not decide in his own mind.

When De Launay saw Miss Morpeth in the evening, he assumed all the coldness, the distance of an injured lover. He even attempted to conceal his jealousy by appearing to flirt with Made-moiselle Perschof, to the no small delight of her proud mamma, who occasionally came to the relief of her blushing daughter by a chance allusion to her uncle the burgomaster, a hint about family portraits, and a mere glance at her child's great accomplishments.

Fanny looked grave, but not angry. Day after day rolled past; her melancholy seemed to increase, an anxious excitement lighted her countenance, and on more than one occasion De Launay saw her rush with peevish impatience to meet the man who was employed to bring the letters to the hotel. At length the wished-for epistle reached her hands. Pale as marble, she received one morning a packet bearing the post-mark "Brest," and with trembling haste she flew to Mr. Burns, to whom it was directed, as if her whole existence depended on the contents of that missive.

De Launay saw this, and again his jealous fears were roused. In misery and anger he rushed from the house, and entering the well-shrubberied garden, threw himself on one of the benches, where, unseen by any one, he might mentally review his misfortunes, jealous lest some prying eye should read his thoughts, and discover the pain he felt at being thus slighted, cast off, in favor of another. Here he had not sat long, when a fairy hand was placed on his shoulder, and the well-known tones of his loved Fanny were heard to utter his name. He started up: it was no vision. There stood the girl he loved, smiling on him with pure affection; then before him was the rapturous gaze of her, who, while she offered him one of her lovely hands as a token of restored affection, held up to his view, with tantalizing archness, the very letter which had caused him so much uneasiness.

They exchanged a single sentence, and were again the fondest, the most affectionate of lovers. A few more words, and, without alluding to its contents, Miss Morpeth handed him the letter, which he eagerly read.

"TO MR. BURNS.

"SIR,

"I have, as directed, made every inquiry relative to the person you mention. He is the only son of the late Captain de Launay, who died in this city in 1820. His Christian name is Edward. He became a naval surgeon—appointed five years ago as assistant in the Bagne—quitted on the 8th of April last year, having, it is said, inherited a large fortune from a distant relation, name unknown. Bears a good character, and said to be skilful. Description copied from the police-office, as per margin.

"Your obedient and humble servants,  
"ROCHFORD & Co."



In an instant the blood rushed into the face of the indignant young man.

"Am I to be made the object of inquiries like these? Never, never! If it is at such a price—if I am to be taken only on the faith of such documents as these, to become the husband of Miss Morpeth, ten thousand times will I rather renounce them than be the pointed object of suspicion."

"Edward! this from you?"

"Alas! it will break my heart; but by Heaven it shall not pass unpunished. I will instantly seek out this officious Englishman."

"Stay, you know not what you do."

"Ay, but too well do I know that he is your lover."

"On my soul, not so."

"Tell me, then, tell me, I conjure you, how is it that he is thus mixed up in your welfare?"

"Nay, I beseech you, inquire not. After to-morrow, I pledge myself to clear up this mystery. Suffice it to say at present, he is a relative, a near and dear relative, whose name must remain concealed for a few days, till the fate of an officer he has wounded be ascertained. Wait but a little, dearest Edward, and there shall be no concealment between us."

The term "dearest Edward" at once softened the young Frenchman. The half explanation, the assurance that Mr. Burns was a relative pleased him; and, though he thought it dignified to keep up a small degree of apparent rancor about the letter, the contents of which, after all, were not disagreeable, De Launay felt perfectly happy. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that in less than ten minutes the said letter, Mr. Burns, Mademoiselle Perschof, and the whole world were forgotten.

To their great surprise, the bell sounded, and summoned them to their evening repast, ere they seemed to have conversed five minutes.

"And must we part, dearest Fanny?—so soon, too. Promise to see me here again at the same hour to-morrow." The happy and now lively girl assented. "Till then, sometimes think on me. But stay—a happy idea—bear some token that will remind you of me in my absence."

"That is unnecessary, Edward."

"Nay, nay, not so; it will please me—here." And he took a small casket from his pocket. "The cameo has long been in our family: accept it as a token that my parent now looks down from heaven on our love."

And he fastened the rich ornament in her scarf. In truth, I must confess I believe he imprinted a chaste kiss on the fair cheek of her he adored, as he entered with her into the saloon in which the evening meal was served.

The greater number of persons were assembled together in a little knot, talking of some discoveries lately made in Africa; while the female portion were expressing their terror at the dangers which every man must incur who travels through an uncivilized country. This little *coterie* Edward instantly joined, and was soon mixed up in their conversation; while Miss Morpeth approached Mr. Burns, who sat at the opposite end of the room, apparently in a deep reverie. As Fanny drew near to him he rose, and advanced to meet her. Scarcely, however, had he taken a single pace towards her, than, starting back with a look of horror, pointing at the same time to the brooch she had just received, he said—

"Where did you get that ornament?"

The poor girl blushed. She had unconsciously betrayed her secret.

"Where did you get that brooch?" repeated Mr. Burns, in a tone of extreme agitation; "where did you purchase it?"

"It was a present."

"From whom?" Fanny was silent. "Doubtlessly from Monsieur de Launay? Ah, it is so, is it? Then are my worst fears confirmed."

"I do not understand you."

"Allow me to look at it."

She handed it to him; he examined it carefully, turned it over several times, then touching a spring at the back, the setting flew open, and discovered some hair placed inside it.

"I thought I could not be deceived; and yet his age almost staggers me. Tell me, Miss Morpeth, did Monsieur de Launay state where he obtained this trinket?"

"It is a family jewel: his mother left it to him."

"He told you so—you are quite sure!"

"Most perfectly so."

For a few moments the Englishman was plunged in thought; then, suddenly recovering himself, he approached the group of talkers, who were still speaking of the dangers which surrounded those who ventured into savage lands. He abruptly chimed in.

"Risk of life is not confined to the distant voyager; I have experienced this myself in Europe."

"In England perhaps," replied De Launay, somewhat displeased at being interrupted.

"You are wrong, sir; it was in France, that country so proud of its high state of civilization. I was nearly assassinated twelve years ago."

"Indeed! How did it happen?"

The chairs of the ladies were drawn close round the narrator.

"Mine is a very simple, straight-forward tale, though it is one I can never forget, or cease to feel, since it has had an effect both upon my health and fortune. Having disembarked at Brest, where we had put in from stress of weather, I determined on proceeding through Brittany on to Paris by post. I was quite alone, and carried a pocket-book containing four hundred thousand francs in bank-bills. In the course of our journey we had to cross the sands of St. Michael."

At the mention of this, De Launay started, and turned deadly pale. He lent his undivided attention, while the Englishman, who had closely watched him, continued—

"When we arrived at this spot the shades of night had already begun to obscure the horizon. The damp sand returned no echo to the footfall of the horses, or the roll of the wheels. The white surf of the receding tide, the murmur of the waves, the wildness of the scene, threw me into a deep reverie. Suddenly we came in view of a rock which stands boldly in the middle of the beach, like an Egyptian pyramid. I lowered the glass, and asked the name; the postilion turned round, and replied, 'The Irglas;' scarcely was the word uttered, when he fell from his horse, struck down by a ruffian, whom I now clearly perceived. I instantly jumped from the carriage. In another instant a blow from an unseen hand laid me senseless, bathed in my blood."

A general murmur went round the auditors. De Launay stood like a statue, immovable, and as pale as death.

"When again recovered, I found myself in a fisherman's hut. He had discovered me apparently without life, and having transported me to his cottage, had taken care of me. The postilion was found quite dead, and the carriage rifled."

"And have you never been able to trace the assassins?" asked several voices.

"As yet all attempts to do so have failed. I think, however, I have at length discovered a clue," and he looked straight at De Launay; "one of the objects stolen was a jewel-case, containing several rich trinkets of peculiar make; amongst others a brooch, the very counterpart of the one I now hold in my hand."

In an instant every one was busily engaged in examining the brooch, of which Mr. Burns still retained possession. One individual alone seemed indifferent to the subject, Edward de Launay, who, evidently fainting, was leaning against the opposite wall.

"Good Heaven! see, what is the matter with Monsieur de Launay! What can this mean!" cried a well-intentioned friend.

"I'll tell you!" sternly replied Burns; "it is—"

"Father, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Fanny, throwing herself into his arms, and interrupting him. "Stop as you value your child!" and she sank insensible on his shoulders.

"Her father! he—her father! great God! then I am lost!" and with one bound Edward rushed frantically from the room.

Miss Morpeth was carried to her chamber. A violent fever, accompanied by spasms, was the immediate consequence, and a surgeon was instantly sent for from the neighboring town. At length she fell into an uneasy slumber, and her father took advantage of the opportunity to enter the next room, where he had a letter to finish. Scarcely had he begun the task when the door opened quietly, and De Launay entered. The first impulse of Burns was anger and indignation; but when he saw the humble, the self-abased attitude of the young surgeon, who approached him as one conscious of his own degraded position, the good-hearted Englishman checked the harsh term, which was already on his tongue, and awaited the address of the intruder.

"My visit is unexpected," murmured Edward, in a low voice.

"It is true; assassins are usually more prudent."

"Were I one I might be so. I came to offer you a full explanation." Mr. Burns was silent, but cast a look of doubt on the young Frenchman.

"Nay, sir, you will have no cause to disbelieve my statement. I confess myself to be, if not exactly criminal, yet quite culpable enough to satisfy the malice of my bitterest enemy. As to any participation in the crime of which you were the victim, these certificates will exempt me, since they prove that I was employed on board a frigate in the South Seas at the time the misfortune happened to you." And he laid some official documents before Mr. Burns, who expressed some suspicion at this testimony in favor of him he had supposed to have been an assassin, and he cautiously demanded—

"Whence, then, this cameo! You appeared evidently overcome by my late recital. Though you did not commit the deed, I fear you were cognizant of it."

"I was aware of it."

"You gave this brooch to my daughter, as a trinket belonging to your family; am I, then, to understand that it was a member of—"

"By no means," interrupted Edward, "my family has always been honorable and honored."

"Unfortunate young man! how, then, have you become an accomplice?"

"By inheritance. Listen, sir; I will hide nothing from you." And he at once stated the whole truth to Mr. Burns. When it was concluded, the Englishman pondered; but ere he had time to speak, De Launay rose, and added, "Your four hundred thousand francs are placed in the funds. Here are the vouchers; I have by this act transferred them to your name; and here, sir, is the case, which contains the rest of the property, for which, in an unlucky hour, I have bartered honor, life, and happiness."

"Sir, this extraordinary explanation, this sudden restitution of property, lost, but for you, forever, has filled me with such conflicting ideas, that I scarcely know whether to reproach you or load you with grateful acknowledgments. I cannot, however, conceal from you that I think you have committed a great fault."

"Say crime; crime is the word. I was too weak. It is true I strove with the tempter for some time after the death of Cranon; but, alas! the evil spirit, Ambition, was too strong, and I fell a victim to it. I obtained the treasure I sought; but it has been at the expense of peace and repose; for, since the moment I became possessed of it, I have not known a happy hour."

For a moment the miserable young man seemed racked with pain; but after an instant's pause he continued—

"But I will not trouble you farther. I have, perhaps, already said too much. I will now retire; most probably we shall never meet again." He took a pace towards the door, then stopped, and in a voice of humble appeal, again addressed the Englishman: "No, sir, you will never see me more; this farewell may be looked upon as the farewell of a dying man. Oh! sir, if I dared to ask it, dared to hope for it—one single word with *her* before we part forever. But no; I see you think me unworthy of this happiness. I go," and he was turning to leave, as Fanny suddenly threw open the door, and appeared before them.

"What do you here? Begone! return to your room, I insist."

"Ah, sir; you deny me this last consolation, this fleeting happiness." He turned to Fanny. "You shed tears. May Heaven bless you! My prayers shall follow you, though I shall never behold you more."

"I have heard all," sobbed Miss Morpeth.

"You then despise me?"

"No, not so!" cried the wretched girl, and, flying to him, she threw herself into his arms. For a moment their mingled sobs could only be heard. Mr. Burns approached to separate them, when Fanny, suddenly disengaging herself, stood erect before him and sternly exclaimed—

"Father, I have sworn to be his."

"Are you distracted?"

"I will keep my vow. I am his forever."

"Sir, as you value your life, give up my daughter," and he approached De Launay.

"Stay!" suddenly cried Fanny, her feelings wrought up to a point of excitement almost beyond endurance, and suddenly throwing herself on her knees between them, she burst into tears. "Stay,

father. I have been your child, your affectionate child. I have loved, I have venerated you; but from this moment Edward is my husband. Cast him off, if you will; I will follow him; I will share his exile, and endeavor to console him for your unkindness. In misery, in illness, in poverty, I am his forever. Renounce me, if you will; nothing shall change my purpose;" and she sprang up, and encircled De Launay with her arms.

Frantic almost to madness, her father rushed towards her, and attempted to tear her away; then turning to the young Frenchman, he raised his hand as if about to strike him.

"Stay, sir; I can permit no violence. Fear not that I am about to rob you of this angel. No, sir; you ought to have known me better. Remove your daughter quietly, but quickly. Cannot you see I am dying?"

The lovely girl uttered a piercing cry, and clung still closer to him. He looked up; he smiled; he attempted to draw her closer to his breast as his head fell on her marble shoulder.

De Launay was no more!

#### THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Oh! who, in these days of stocks, railroads, debentures,

First-rate investments, and promising ventures,  
Will pity a lover, and tell him some plan  
To make money, and woo thee, my sweet Mary Anne!

Though sometimes I swear that my love I'll confess,  
One glance at my purse serves my vows to repress,  
For I own that I feel as if under a ban;  
I'm a regular pauper, my sweet Mary Anne!

If I ever make salt to my broth by the bar,  
And her sweet little self will but say, "Ask  
mamma,"

In spite of Old Nick and that vagabond, Dan,  
Hurrah for the union—with dear Mary Anne!

Don't talk of Achilles, Leander, or Romeo,  
Or else into fits I'm quite certain you'll throw me  
—oh!

Ten times their flames were a flash in the pan  
To the love that I feel for my sweet Mary Anne.

Colds, scolds, and blue devils, e'en duns I'd defy;  
Let balls, races, dinners, unheeded pass by;  
No despot I'd envy, Chinese or Affghan,  
Could I win but a smile from my sweet Mary Anne!

No! the best of all husbands I swear that I'd make,  
(Faith, I'd swear black was white if thy love were  
the stake,)

And enraptured live on through this life's narrow  
span  
In thy arms, my own love! my own sweet Mary  
Anne!

But in raptures, you'd say, love will soon disappear,  
And, boylike, fly elsewhere, ere life's in the sere;  
He shall strip off his wings, and spring up into man;  
Let him take but my likeness, my sweet Mary  
Anne!

Must I still, when next season we meet, act a part,  
With a smile on my lips, and a sigh in my heart;  
Talk of anything, nothing, or carry your fan,  
While you dance with another, my sweet Mary  
Anne!

Ah! my candle is just burning out in the socket,  
And my bottle is empty, and so is my pocket;  
So I'll turn into bed, go to sleep if I can—  
If I do, I shall dream of thee, dear Mary Anne!

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

From an Old Paper.

#### THE FARMER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away.  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face,  
He thought how often her mother dead  
Had sat in the same, same place.  
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes  
you cry."

The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal;  
The busy old wife by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning wheel—  
And the old brass clock on the manteltree  
Had plodded along to almost three;—

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his heaving breast,  
The moistened brow and the head so fair,  
Of his sweet grandchild were prest!  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—  
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day!

*Essays. Second Series. By R. W. EMERSON. Chapman.*

MR. EMERSON is not a common man, and everything he writes contains suggestive matter of much thought and earnestness. In the instance here before us, it will nevertheless be frank in us to say that we often differ from him, and find ourselves more often unable to understand him. He thinks nothing of any value in books excepting the transcendental and extraordinary; and writes his books on that principle. We are sorry for it, because if he would make his purpose clearer, and descend somewhat more to the realities of earth, there is no voice in either continent of more musical and manly tone.

The volume, which is well printed and put forth as a part of a *Catholic Series* ("intended to consist of works of a liberal and comprehensive character, judiciously selected, and embracing various departments of literature,") contains eight new essays, and a lecture. It has also a page of notice from Mr. Carlyle, in which he gives welcome to the writer; intimates that his brave Emerson has brought us here new fire from the Empyrean; and leaves him to speak with his old admirers, and to make new. Moreover Mr. Carlyle, taking occasion to say that "the English publisher is one appointed by the author himself, and is under contract with him as to the pecuniary results," leaves the inference from this fact to the friendly and honorable thought of Emerson's readers in England; and takes the liberty to remind other more adventurous spirits, inclined to do a little in the pirate line, that *theft* in any sort is abhorrent to the mind of man.—*Examiner.*



From the Asiatic Journal.

MAJOR AND MRS. GRIFFITH'S "JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT."\*

It is seldom that we meet with a book the authorship of which is divided, as in the present instance, between husband and wife. This kind of partnership, however, is so very natural an affair, that we suppose its rarity is owing to the pride of the lordly sex, which heretofore was apt to think literary talents of the masculine gender. We have unlearned this as well as other vulgar errors, and perhaps the work of Major and Mrs. Griffith may be the forerunner of other family productions of a like nature, by which the public (if they be no worse than this) will be no loser.

The division of labor is thus apportioned: Mrs. Griffith is the writer of the narrative—a lively, rapid, amusing series of "sketches," as they are appropriately termed; and Major Griffith has supplied the graphic illustrations—extremely accurate and tasteful—as well as the matter of occasional descriptions.

As the work is made up of sketches, with a running commentary upon the remarkable objects seen in a steam-trip from Ceylon to Suez, thence through Egypt, to Italy and France, we cannot give the reader a better idea of it than by taking passages almost at random; and we shall confine our selections to the first volume.

The European public has not been so familiarized with the aspect of that extraordinary place, Aden, as to deprive Mrs. Griffith's sketches of it of novelty.

We hove to at the entrance of the harbor of Aden. I know not how to describe the scene that presented itself to my view. It is completely different from anything I ever saw or imagined: huge rocks rising in every direction, and of the most grotesque shapes. But the most striking thing of all is, that there is not the smallest particle of vegetation to relieve the eye from these huge cinders, for they are literally nothing else, which reflect the sun threefold. The whole place is supposed to be of volcanic formation, and it certainly gives the idea of the mouth of a crater. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the glare and heat, it is remarkably picturesque, and affords a wide field for the pencil; the rocks are of the most varied colors, and of the most grotesque shapes. From the spot where we are at anchor, the view is splendid. Immediately in front are two magnificent cliffs, and a narrow valley between them affords a sight of the two highest mountains in the Peninsular, which, early in the morning, are of a cobalt color. On the top of one are two ruined towers, scarcely distinguishable with the naked eye. In the foreground of one of the two cliffs is a rock having the exact appearance of a gigantic coal. In front is a sandy beach covered with loose pieces of rock. To the right is a point of high land jutting out into the bay; upon it are numer-

ous bungalows belonging to the principal inhabitants of Aden, and are so many country seats; in fact, it is the sanatorium of the place. The town of Aden is in a valley on the other side of the mountains.

Mrs. Griffith's visit to the town is thus described:—

The passage through the arch (the pass through the mountains cut in the solid rock) looked so high and narrow, one might almost compare it to the eye in a darning needle. When we issued from the pass, the whole valley of Aden lay like a map before us, hemmed in on three sides by precipitous mountains rising up straight and barren, like a mighty wall, almost to the sky; while on the fourth, and immediately opposite to us, was the sea; but even here the view was bounded by the island rock of Sera, completing the fortification of this Eastern Gibraltar. But the town! where was the town! How shall I describe it—this ancient and jewelled key to all the treasures of Arabia Felix! The only way I can give any idea of it is, to say what struck me at first sight. I saw clustered together throughout the valley a number of large baskets, like those met with at fairs in England and France to display crockery ware and other fragile articles. Here and there were a few tents, and in the centre towered a lofty minaret, while farther in the background rose the domes of two mosques. "But where are the houses?" I exclaimed. "There they are, and that very large hamper in the centre is Government-house," was the answer I received.

The houses are mostly two stories high, and very spacious. No traces of its former splendor now remain; not even the shaft of a pillar or a broken arch rears its head to testify the change that time has effected, and were it not for the solitary minaret crumbling with age, and the two mosques, one would be tempted to believe the present occupiers were the first; that none but basket buildings had ever reared their heads in this desert valley.

The bazaar was a very amusing assemblage of objects both animate and inanimate. Jews, with their sharp black eyes and long beards, were hurrying to and fro, and contrasted strangely with the stately parsees, who share with the Jews in the labors of building and shop-keeping, as the Arabs are either very idle, or do not wish to make our residence among them easy by assisting us in any way. The aspect of these children of the desert was very furious, and their jet-black countenances scowled under the constraint imposed upon them by our military. All classes are very jealous of their women; but I caught a sight of the most lovely young Jewish girls, who peeped out upon me as I passed from a wicker birdcage—I can call it nothing else—which was perched at the top of one of the hamper houses.

Mrs. Griffith describes the passage of the Desert as anything but an agreeable affair. It began with a "night of horrors" at the "delightful hotel of Messrs. Hill and Co.," at Suez, and a torment of flies in the day. The carriage for crossing the Desert is a tilted cart, like a butcher's or baker's, covered with cloth, in which a narrow bench is fixed on each side; this is carried along at full canter, by four horses, over a road, or

\* A Journey across the Desert, from Ceylon to Marseilles: comprising Sketches of Aden, the Red Sea, Lower Egypt, Malta, Sicily, and Italy. By Major and Mrs. GEORGE DUFFY GRIFFITH. Two vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

rather track, covered with large loose stones, and poor Mrs. Griffith "really thought she should have been driven out of her senses by the jolting, which was incessant." If the bi-monthly overland communication with India does not improve this track long before either railroad or canal be carried into execution in Egypt, we shall be much disappointed.

Mr. Galloway, indeed, in his "Observations on the Overland Route," thinks the evil incurable by the ordinary means. He says:—

The present transit, from Cairo to Suez, for passengers and baggage, occupies an average of twenty-four hours. The annoyances and inconveniences of this journey are mainly attributable to the length of time it occupies; and how little can be done to ameliorate them must be obvious, when it is considered that the whole distance of eighty-four miles is an open desert, and every article of food, even to water, has to be conveyed from Cairo. The road is at present bad and irregular, but it would cost many thousands of pounds to improve it, and even if improved, it would not cause an acceleration of more than a mile or two in the hour. The animals employed in the transport, viz., the camel, the horse, and the donkey, have been used for ages, and their powers and habits are well known, and have long been used to their utmost extent. The high temperature of the climate must always prevent rapid travelling by animal transport. These circumstances most clearly demonstrate the great difficulty of making any material improvement as to speed in this mode of conveyance.

A good road, however, will not destroy the flies; so that this evil, which has been a plague of Egypt since the time of the Pharaohs, must be endured.

At length, after running the gantlet through flies, fleas, and more loathsome persecutors, they beheld "a silvery stream in the horizon," which was the Nile, and at length came in sight of "a forest of domes and minarets," which was Grand Cairo. This oft-described city is again fully described by Mrs. Griffith, and not without some touches of novelty, in the manner at least. We subjoin her account of a visit to the slave-market.

We passed under an archway leading into a large open court, surrounded by buildings appropriated to the different classes of slaves. There are comparatively few men, as the women are in the greatest request and fetch three times the price of the males. The Georgians and Circassians, who are the white slaves, are never shown to Europeans, and, being much more valuable, are kept in separate rooms, and with great care. Those we saw were principally Nubians and Abyssinians; the former inhabit the ground-floor. I entered several of their apartments, consisting of two rooms, opening out of the court, and containing seven or eight women. A net was hung before the open door of each; and everything looked so clean and well-arranged, and the occupants so well-dressed, that, were it not for the absence of the face-veil, one could not have distinguished them from the women of the country. And yet there was something revolting in their apparent ease and content while thus exposed for sale

to the highest bidder. It seemed too degrading to human nature that the minds of these poor wretches should have habituated themselves, even to a state of tolerance, much more of satisfaction, in becoming objects of barter; they, in fact, look forward with delight to being made the inmates of a comfortable harem, where they are fed and clothed, and scarcely have anything to do, but are treated almost as adopted children. This is not all; for if a slave renders herself agreeable to her master, he frequently emancipates her, and makes her his wife. On the contrary, if she is not comfortable, she can, by law, oblige her owner (either master or mistress) to take her to market and sell her, not to the highest bidder, but to any one she chooses, who offers an equivalent to what was originally given for her. In point of fact, the slave in this country is so in name more than in reality; indeed, in some respects, she enjoys more freedom than the free woman who may have purchased her. A man may divorce his wife whenever he chooses, and send her almost adrift upon the world; but his slave he is obliged to provide for until he can find a suitable purchaser.

Most of the Nubian girls I saw were quite young, and many of them as pretty as an olive skin would admit of. Their features were small, and did not at all partake of the negro mould. The hair in most instances was soft, abundant, and glossy. They were dressed with evident care, probably to show their figures off to the best advantage. In all the apartments, we found the slaves playing about, laughing, and chattering together. Some, however, were sleeping on couches in the inner room. They seemed pleased to see my husband, probably supposing he might prove a customer, and ran round him, showing their white teeth and sparkling eyes. But when I followed, their surprise was very great; they stared at me, whispered together, walked round me on their tiptoes, and touched my clothes, which gave me an involuntary shudder. They were evidently speculating who and what I was; I could not be a lady, as I wore no khab'arah; and what was more, I could not be a free woman at all, appearing thus in public without my face-veil. I must, they probably thought, be some foreign slave brought by my companion to the market for sale.

As another evidence of the lightness of the slave-chain in Egypt, Mrs. Griffith mentions the following fact, related by M. Prieste, a French artist at Cairo:—

We were all struck by the little slave-boy who handed round the coffee. He appeared about twelve or thirteen years old, and had one of the sweetest and most intelligent countenances I ever saw, notwithstanding he was almost jet black. I could not help inquiring his history, which proved rather an interesting one, as it shows the footing of slaves in this country. Monsieur Prieste said the boy had been with him about three years; and the way he came into his possession was as follows:—Being one day in the slave-market, where the boy was offered for sale amongst many others, he thought he looked so clever and pretty that he took a great fancy to him, and inquired his price, which was equivalent to about twelve pounds of our money. He immediately purchased him, and then wrote a certificate declaring his freedom, which he gave to the boy, telling him he was no longer a slave, that he was at liberty, and might go where he liked.

The boy, instead of appearing pleased, turned round with a most disconsolate countenance, and said, "My father, do I not belong to you? Where am I to go if you abandon me? Let me follow you, and I will do all I can to serve you. I am your slave—do not forsake me." Monsieur Prieste then took him home, and has kept him ever since. He has instructed him in reading and writing, and the boy waits upon him, making his coffee and lighting his pipe.

The interior of a harem is a scene which can only be delineated by a feminine pen. Mrs. Griffith adds the following description of one to which she was admitted by the intervention of a French lady, or rather the daughter of a French lady, born in Egypt. The harem visited was that of Mochtah Bey.

We passed by a door leading out of the court into a room on the ground-floor, lighted by two windows. It was a very spacious, lofty apartment, divided into two parts, called *dooreka'ah* and *leewa'n*: the floor of the latter was raised six or seven inches higher than the former. The *dooreka'ah*, into which the door we entered at opened, was beautifully paved with black and white marble, intersected by complicated patterns of polished red tile. In the centre was a fountain, throwing up its sparkling jets nearly to the ceiling, and then falling into a shallow basin, inlaid with exquisite mosaic-work of *pietra dura*, spreading a delicious coolness around. The walls of this apartment were cased half-way up with inlaid marbles, of brilliant colors, worked into tasteful designs. On one side were some marble slabs, supported upon arches and light pilasters of the same material, ornamented in a similar style with the basin of the fountain. Several silver vessels were standing upon these costly shelves. The *leewa'n*, or highest portion of the room, was covered with very fine matting, and surrounded by divans composed of mattresses slightly raised from the ground, and backed with cushions supported against the walls. They were covered with embossed crimson and yellow satin, giving a very handsome effect to the whole. The walls of the *leewa'n* were quite plain. The ceilings of both were very singular and beautiful, but that over the *dooreka'ah* was the most ornamented. The first was composed of carved beams about a foot apart, and richly gilt, the intervening spaces being painted in various colors and patterns, having an exceedingly elegant appearance. But the eye was soon attracted to the richer half, the most striking, though, perhaps, not so chaste. Here, instead of the beams, a number of thin strips of wood were nailed upon the planks, forming the most curious and complicated, although perfectly regular, designs. These strips were gilt, and the intervening spaces painted red, blue, and black. It had altogether a highly ornamental and pleasing effect, and the apartment being lofty, it appeared, at first sight, almost like a basso-relievo of gems.

Having now attempted to give an idea of the room we were received in, and which I had ample leisure to survey during my visit, I must turn to its fair occupants. Seated cross-legged on a pile of violet colored satin cushions, that were placed on the pavement close to the fountain, was a beautiful and majestic-looking woman. Although she must have been at least forty, not a wrinkle was to be detected in her fine clear skin. Her features

were remarkably handsome, her teeth perfect and very white, while her dark-blue eyes shone forth with benignity. I never saw a countenance so dignified, and, at the same time, so sweet. Her hair was entirely concealed by a rich embroidered handkerchief, or *far'oo'dee'yeh*, bound round the head-dress, or *turboo'sh*. She was dressed in a shirt composed of a kind of silk gauze, white as snow, and a pair of very wide trousers, of the same material, fastened round the waist, and confined a little below the knee, but sufficiently long to hang down to the feet. A short vest, called *'an'ter'ee*, reaching just below the waist, and provided with loose open sleeves, completed her costume. Her only ornaments were five rows of very large-sized pearls suspended from her neck.

This lady was the widowed mother of Mochtah Bey's wife. Her son (whose name has escaped my memory) is immensely rich and powerful, owning one third of the houses and gardens in Grand Cairo, and she herself is a relation of the Pasha. She did not rise to receive us, (as she was our senior in years,) but she touched my hand with her right hand, pressed it on her bosom, and then raised it to her lips and forehead. She would not hear of my taking a seat on the divan, as she said she knew the European custom, but despatched a pretty Georgian slave for a green satin chair, (the only one in the house,) upon which she made me sit down close to her.

After the first tide of queries, she told me her daughter would soon be there, as she was particularly anxious to make the acquaintance of an English lady. I now had a moment's leisure to look around at the groups of beautiful slaves that were standing about the room in various attitudes, laughing and pointing at my dress. They were principally Georgians and Circassians, many of them exceedingly lovely, with fair complexions and dark eyes. All were dressed in the most costly materials, generally of gaudy colors; and two or three of the prettiest wore very handsome ornaments of gold filagree and precious stones. Their dresses were much handsomer than those of their mistresses; but I believe it is the delight of the Turkish ladies to deck out their favorite slaves in all their most valuable clothes and trinkets, while they themselves, excepting on particular occasions, dress very simply.

At length the daughter (the mistress of the house) made her appearance, and a lovely creature she was. Her complexion was the whitest and most brilliant that can be conceived; her forehead was lofty and entirely exposed, for her auburn hair, escaping from her "*far'oo'dee'yeh*," in careless plaits and tresses down her back and shoulders, was, according to the Turkish fashion, cut close round the face. Her teeth, which she constantly displayed through her rosy laughing lips, were beautifully even, and transparently white; while the effect produced by her magnificent eyes, of the deepest and softest blue, was heightened by the coquettish pencilling of *khohl* with which both the upper and under lids and eyebrows were stained. This gives a depth and shadow to the intensity of their beauty, in the same way that an appropriate setting enhances the brilliancy of a diamond.

Her dress was nearly similar to her mother's, excepting that her *'an'ter'ee* was cut in such a manner as to leave her neck uncovered, save by the slight folds of her low gauze shirt, entirely displaying her shape. Her arms were bare, and



perfect models of beauty, both in form and color, while the small taper fingers of her pretty hands were tipped with the rosy dye of the *hennâ*. She advanced towards me with the peculiar waddling walk of all Turkish ladies, and, having saluted me in the same way her mother had done before, squatted herself down on a similar pile of cushions in another part of the room, inviting me to sit close to her. Again I had to answer the same string of questions, to which were added multitudes of others upon England and English customs—"Whether I had ever seen any house so handsome as hers?" "Whether I could read and write?" and a variety of similar things. Having satisfied her curiosity, she told me that her husband, Mochtah Bey, was a very handsome man, and she named his height and the length of his beard; that he was very learned, and that Mohammed Ali had sent him to England, where he remained a year; and that when he came back again he would no longer eat with his fingers, but had tables and chairs made, and used a knife and fork; but as he died a short time ago, she had parted with all these useless incumbrances, and was soon going to marry again. She appeared exceedingly proud of being able to embroider a little: this is considered a great accomplishment amongst Eastern ladies.

These extracts will show the style of the work, as well as the materials of which it consists. The illustrations do credit to the graphic skill and taste of Major Griffith.

#### THE JEW WITH TWO HEADS :

AN ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1840.

Translated for "Hunt's London Journal,"  
FROM THE FRENCH OF P. D'ARRIEUX.

THERE lived at Constantinople a poor old tailor, who was an excellent Mussulman, scrupulously performing his five ablutions a day, a good observer of the Ramadhan, and who regularly kept himself, from morning till night, in a narrow stall, which he dignified by the name of shop, and who for more than twenty years had incessantly occupied himself in mending old clothes. His prophet had not even once sent fortune to visit him; nor had an opportunity ever been granted him of proving his talent in making a new suit of clothes. With his business, he joined an almost titular one of bell-ringer to a mosque, situated near his abode. It is well known, that the residences of Turkish shopkeepers are always separated from their shop, which forms part of a bazaar. One day, while Hussein the tailor was seated in his shop, counting his wooden beads and waiting for customers, he remarked a well-dressed man, who was walking slowly along the bazaar, passing and re-passing before his shop, and who appeared to him as if waiting the moment he could enter without being observed. Hussein was not wrong in his conjectures, notwithstanding the individual appeared to him a personage of too high a rank to need his humble services. Great was then his surprise, when, on entering, the stranger demanded if he thought himself capable of making a complete suit of clothes to the pattern of a model which he would give him. At this flattering proposition, the tailor felt himself transported to the third heaven, and as he had a vast opinion of his own abilities, he

immediately assured the stranger that he would not regret having addressed himself to him, and he would perform what he demanded as well as the most able tailor of Stamboul.

"It is well," answered the stranger; "but you must come yourself to get the model I have spoken of." "Immediately, if you wish it," "Now, be here when the clock strikes the midnight hour, and I will then come to conduct you, where it is necessary to go." "Your wish shall be obeyed." "That is not all; you must consent to have your eyes bandaged." At this second proposition poor Hussein trembled with fear, but the unknown threw on the counter three pieces of gold, and continued:—"Twenty other pieces of gold shall be your recompense when the work is done, and, by Mahomet! you shall have nothing to fear."

The sight of the gold, and the prospect of a considerable sum in addition, produced on the good tailor the same effect it always does on a Turk, and, need we add, as it does but too often also on a Christian. "Allah Kerim!" said Hussein between his teeth, and then promised to be exact in waiting for the stranger at the specified time. After this interview the tailor went to see his wife, to whom he recounted his adventure, without concealing from her the conditions which fortune had imposed on him. His wife, who felt much interested at his recital, used all her persuasions in encouraging him in his nocturnal enterprise.

At the promised midnight hour the stranger was at the shop of the tailor, where the latter was anxiously awaiting him. The former then placed a bandage over Hussein's eyes, and giving him his arm to guide him, conducted the tailor along the streets, and for two tedious hours Hussein was unable to form the slightest idea as to where he was leading him.

At length his guide halted, and directed him to kneel; when, removing the bandage, and ordering him to wait a little while, left him by one of four doors which the room he had entered contained. The moment Hussein recovered his sight, he found himself in a splendid saloon. Never could he have imagined a magnificence equal to that which now surrounded him. Immense mirrors encased with golden frames, silks of the most costly nature, displayed themselves to his eyes, while the whole saloon was illuminated by splendid girandoles and lustres.

Hussein, kneeling in the midst of this splendor, on a carpet of the richest design, had not yet recovered his astonishment, when he beheld the door open by which his guide had disappeared, and a man of majestic appearance, in the bloom of youth, entered the room, as equally remarkable for his beauty as for the richness of his dress. This splendid personage bore a packet enveloped in a cashmere of the most beautiful texture; which partly unfolding, he displayed to the trembling tailor the pattern which the cashmere contained, together with the rich stuffs necessary to make a similar one, saying, that he gave him five days to achieve his work. Unfolding the packet, and throwing it on the ground a few paces from where Hussein remained still kneeling, immovable as a statue, the splendid looking personage left the saloon, and immediately afterwards the guide reappeared, who immediately replaced the bandage over the eyes of the tailor, forcing under his arm the packet which the latter had not dared to touch, so great was his awe and astonishment. The guide re-conducted the tailor out of the sa-

loon. When they had entered the bazaar, the guide withdrew the bandage from Hussein's eyes, and recommended him to apply himself diligently to the work which had been confided to him. After adding that he would come himself to receive it, and begging him not to mention his good fortune to any one, he left the tailor to his own reflections.

It was autumn—the fourth hour of day had scarcely struck, so that three hours would yet elapse before the rising of the sun. Hussein thought it was too early to instal himself in his shop; he therefore directed his way towards his humble abode, where he found his wife anxiously waiting for his return. He recounted to her the extraordinary things he had seen, but scarcely giving him time to conclude his relation, she seized the packet that she might gratify her curiosity in beholding the beautiful stuffs it contained. Seating herself, she first minutely examined the beautiful cashmere. With an exclamation of delight she then unloosened its knots, when a cry of terror broke from her while she threw the packet to the ground. Hussein, at the cry, rushed towards his wife, and by the feeble light of a solitary candle beheld a human head rolling on the floor. His terror equalled if not surpassed that of his wife.

When the terror-stricken pair had partly regained their self-possession, they lost themselves in conjectures on such an extraordinary event. For a long time did they hold counsel together to find out some expedient to prevent their ruin.

"By Ali! we are saved," at length exclaimed the wife. "Only yesterday that upstart of a baker, our neighbor, refused to give me credit, but he shall now pay for it. Give me the tin dish we bake meat in, and let me arrange the matter."

The tailor brought the dish to her, wherein she placed the head, and covering it over went out.

Hussein, alarmed at the events of the morning, awaited his wife's return with anxiety. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when she reappeared.

"All goes well," she exclaimed on entering; "make yourself perfectly easy. You may now go to the mosque to ring the bells as usual, so that nobody might suspect anything."

We will now see what has become of the head. The wife of the tailor, well acquainted with the habits of the baker, was aware that every morning, while his oven was heating, he took a stroll out with his dog, while his son did not rise until his father had left the house, so that the shop remained without any one in it for a short time. She therefore seized this moment to place her baking dish among others filled with meat, which the neighbors had left for baking. When the baker returned from his walk, he found his son waiting for him on the steps of the door, without suspecting anything. Suddenly the dog rushed with extraordinary energy against the tailor's dish: the baker surprised, lifted up its cover. Had Satan presented himself to his view, he could not have been more startled; for he beheld two large black eyes staring at him, which struck him speechless. Astonished at this sudden emotion of his father, and the barking of the dog, the son approached to see what the dish contained, when he was seized with a fright equal to that of his father. Being, however,

the first to recover his self-possession, he began to reflect on the best means to be employed of getting rid of this terrible head. Following the example of the tailor's wife, he determined to pass it over to a neighbor. To execute this determination, it was necessary that his father should assist him; and the following was the plan pursued:—

At the turning of the street in which the baker resided, there stood a barber's shop, and it was to him the head was destined. As a pretext, the baker first went to the barber with an invitation to take a walk with him, while the son followed his father at a little distance, carrying the head hid under his mantle, and entered the shop, the moment the barber and his father had left it. On the chair where the barber's customers were wont to seat themselves, he placed a piece of wood of the size of a human body, on which he planted the head, and tied a shaving cloth over the wood which he had enveloped in an old frock. On returning, the barber, casting his eyes on the figure, thought that it was a customer awaiting him.

"You are very early," he exclaimed.

Finding that no answer was returned, he continued; "Ah! ah! I see now, he is dumb."

With this exclamation, he prepared the necessary articles, and placed himself, *secundum artem*, to commence his shaving operation. At the first touch of his hand, the head lost its equilibrium, and fell rolling to a corner of the shop. Astonished at this so unexpected an event, the barber, though terrified at the moment, was less so than the tailor. After a short time spent in consideration, he took up the head and commenced to examine it. By a small tuft of hair that grew on its crown, he recognized it as belonging to a Mussulman, which stimulated him to the same desire as that of its preceding possessors—that of promptly getting rid of it. Placing therefore the head under his mantle, he bent his way towards an eating house, kept by a Greek, who lived a few doors from him, and where he often went to take his meals.

"Landlord," he exclaimed on entering, "as this day is not one of fasting, prepare me a good piece of roasted mutton and a dish of rice."

After giving this order, the barber strode into the back shop to light his pipe, when, seizing an opportunity, he hid the head under a quantity of pieces of meat that were piled on the table, and then left the room. A few moments after, the master, in preparing to arrange the meat for cooking, discovered the head. His astonishment and fear were even greater than the preceding head bearers, and his situation even more critical than theirs. If a head was discovered at his house, there was no doubt, in his quality of a Christian, he would at once be impaled. A prey to the most violent fears, and in a state almost bordering on madness, he seized the head, and rushing forth from his house into the streets, ran as if a demon was pursuing him. Luckily it was not yet day. Fate conducted him to the quarter of the Jews, where he arrived out of breath. While running along in his haste he struck himself against some object, and looking at what thus impeded his path, he recognized, by a faint gleam of light, the dead body of a man, the head of which was separated from the trunk, and placed between the legs. Such is still the ignoble mode reserved for the decapitated Jews, the Mussulmans enjoying the



honor of having the head placed under the right arm until the body is interred. Without considering that no man, not even a Jew, can be possessed of two heads, the poor fellow seized, what he thought, a favorable opportunity of getting rid of his terrible burden, by placing it close to, and in the same position as, the other head, and then quietly returned to his home.

Day now began to appear in the narrow streets of Constantinople. The Jews, aware that one of their number had been decapitated the preceding evening before their residences, did not dare to go out, but viewed from their windows with astonishment the sight of the two heads. At the same time the Mussulmans, who commenced passing along the streets, beheld them, also, with similar wonder; and soon an immense crowd collected, which completely obstructed the passage of the street. At the report of this tumult, a body of Janissaries was seen to advance to establish order; but, oh shame! they beheld the head of a Mussulman lying next to that of a Jew. "The Israelite dogs have committed this sacrilege. Down with the cursed race!" resounded on all sides. In a moment they rushed into the Jews' houses, and commenced burning and pillaging all they were enabled to lay hold of; but their vengeance increased to a still greater degree, when, on examining the head, they recognized it to be that of their favorite aga. Their rage now knew no bounds; and several bodies of the same corps arriving to join their comrades, a formidable revolt menaced the whole city, when the tumult at length reached the ears of the sultan. His grand vizier and principal officers were immediately dispatched to the spot, and upon the Janissaries being promised in his name that justice should be rendered to them, they were with much difficulty persuaded to retire to their quarters.

At the first news of the tumult, the sultan divined its cause, and dispatched the tailor's guide, who was no other than a faithful slave, to inquire of Hussein what he had done with the head that he had borne to his house the preceding night. The tailor immediately related how his wife had taken it to the baker. The slave then applied to the latter, where he learnt the manner he had passed it on to the barber; and the latter, in his turn, owned the way he had disposed of it; and, lastly, the Greek recounted how he had placed it by the side of the Jew's head.

Upon the report of the slave, the sultan wished to have the different parts of the story related to him personally by those who had been actors therein. The tailor and his wife, the baker and his son, the barber and the Greek, were all summoned into his presence, and after each had given his relation, were, with the exception of the Greek, dismissed with rich presents, in testimony of his satisfaction at their ingenuity. The unfortunate Greek was sewn up into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus, to punish him for his audacity in placing the head of a Mussulman near that of a Jew.

As to the head of the aga, it had been struck off by order of the sultan, in consequence of the great influence this officer exercised over the Janissaries. Many times had the order been given to that effect without being executed; and this time, to make sure of obedience, he had commanded the head of the aga to be brought into his presence; and to prevent the discovery of his decapitation, Hussein had been thus conducted by night to the

sultan, and the head of the aga placed in the packet delivered to the former. Fate ordained the rest.

From the Spectator.

#### MR. ANSTED'S GEOLOGY

Is a very able work; well-arranged in its plan, comprehensive in its subjects both principal and subordinate, and scholarly in its treatment. It exhibits, in fact, a remarkable example of the effect to be produced by these characteristics without scientific or literary originality. In one sense the work is a compilation; it aims at teaching the elements of geology, and presenting a general view of its latest state: but the arrangement is so novel and so coherent, the mastery of the whole so complete, and the management of geological science, together with the cognate branches of zoology, &c., so skilful, that though the geologist may find little that is new, he will find a great deal exhibited to him in a way which almost produces the pleasure of novelty. A similar observation may be made upon its style. It is not eloquent; but the structure of the sentences is so workmanly, the meaning is so transparent, and the writing so finished, that in the more general parts the effect of eloquence is often produced. It is probable that a close examiner might detect diffuseness in its clear and elegant fulness; but, considering the elementary object of the author, this is rather a merit. Great condensation is only fit for strong and mature minds. The tyro must be fed with less essential food; and Professor Ansted's *Geology* was perhaps originally composed for a King's College class—at least it has something the air of lecture.

The title of the work—*Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical*—truly characterizes the nature of the plan. The first book contains a brief exposition of the principles of geology, or rather of the history of the earth's formation deducible from geological science. In explaining the technical terms of geology, the things which the words represent are so presented that the writer teaches much of the elements whilst seeming to define terms. The exposition of fossils, and their value in geology, gives rise to an account of the classification of the animal kingdom, with an exposition of Cuvier's law of the mutual relation of structure to habits, and a survey of the great naturalist's labors in palæontology, or the knowledge of animals that are now extinct. The second book, on descriptive geology, occupies by far the largest portion of the volumes, and contains a successive review of the whole of the geological formation of rocks stratified or unstratified, with elaborate accounts of the fossils found in the stratified series. In this review Mr. Ansted pursues a new method. He neither begins, as is usual, with the uppermost or latest-formed strata and then descends gradually to the oldest, nor does he first take up the unstratified rocks, which, whatever their age, (having been reduced to their present condition by the action of fire,) form in some sense the base of the whole series, as they are the simplest in substance. Our expositor, on the contrary, commences with the earliest series of the palæozoic rocks, or the strata containing the fossil remains of the earliest-formed animals, and then gradually proceeds upwards to the last formation of the tertiary period, and the superficial deposits of a still later time, treating the unstratified or more simple series



last. By this means, he is enabled to proceed on a more natural plan, and to narrate the annals of creation in (so far as we can know) chronological order.

The third book exhibits the application of geology to the practical pursuits of mining, engineering, architecture, agriculture, and so forth. As this division has more direct utility, and will come more home to the "business and bosoms" of many, it may be said to be the most attractive part of the volumes. We think, however, that it is often rather too general in its character; it wears too much the air of bookish theory. It is always just enough, but not always full and satisfying.

In this estimate of the work, it must be borne in mind that it is geological. A person knowing nothing of the science, and not wishing to learn, would not feel much interest in the expositions however lucid they may be: nor can Mr. Ansted, amidst the uncouth terms and dry matter of the more abstruse parts of the science, endow his composition with any other quality than clearness to those who wish to study it. Of his more general treatment an idea may be conveyed by a few examples.

#### NATURAL PREPARATIONS.

In a word, there is no limit to the number and variety of these remains of animal and vegetable existence. At one time we see before us, extracted from a solid mass of rock, a model of the softest, most delicate, and least easily preserved parts of animal structure; at another time the actual bones, teeth, and scales, scarcely altered from their condition in the living animal. The very skin, the eye, the foot-prints of the creature in the mud, and the food that it was digesting at the time of its death, together with those portions that had been separated by the digestive organs as containing no further nutriment, are all as clearly exhibited as if death had within a few hours performed its commission, and all had been instantly prepared for our investigation. We find the remains of fish, so perfect that not one bone, not one scale, is out of place or wanting; and others, in the same bed, presenting only the outline of a skeleton, or various disjointed fragments. We have insects, the delicate nervures of whose wings are permanently impressed upon the stone in which they are embedded; and we see occasionally shells, not merely retaining their shape, but perpetuating their very colors—the most fleeting, one would think, of all characteristics; and offering evidence of the brilliancy and beauty of creation at a time when man was not yet an inhabitant of the earth, and there seemed no one to appreciate beauties which we are perhaps too apt to think were called into existence only for our admiration.

#### IMPORTANCE OF TEETH.

The form of the teeth, and the corresponding articulation of the jaw, must in a great measure determine the nature of the food which the animal eats; as, for instance, sharp teeth which meet and lock into each other like scissors, with a vertical motion, are only adapted to cut and tear flesh. Animals unprovided with such organs, on the other hand, and whose teeth are flat topped, and their jaws provided with a lateral motion, could not exist at all if their extremities were not organized so as to obtain a sufficient supply of vegetable food, and their stomachs to digest it. There are several modifications in the structure of the teeth and the motion of the jaw upon which important

distinctions are founded; and it has been discovered that even differences so minute that they can only be observed by the aid of an excellent microscope, correspond in a most remarkable way to other differences, either in structure or in the habits of the animal; and may be depended on as indicating such differences, even in the absence of every other part of the skeleton.

#### EGYPTIAN SCIENCE OR ART.

No dependence can ever be placed on a building of which the foundations are not laid on thoroughly drained ground; but a very ingenious method has been lately adopted of avoiding the evils of a slippery clay foundation, by cutting a large trench below the substructure of a building and filling it in with sand well rammed. It is found that, when courses of stone are laid on such a basis, no settlement takes place; and it appears that this method has been successfully practised in some of the ancient buildings of Egypt.

#### A CUNNING TEST.

I have been told by a practical man, who had been employed in selecting stone for an important public building about to be erected, that in looking out for good stone, he was accustomed to go to the churchyard in the neighborhood of the quarries he wished to judge of, and examine on all sides the oldest tombstones that were there. He found that he could determine by that means the relative value and durability of most of the stones in the neighborhood, because they were there exposed under almost all conceivable circumstances. A laminated stone, however, that might be extremely decomposable as a tombstone, would not necessarily be bad in the wall of a building, where its edges only are exposed.

The volumes are got up with all the well-known taste of the publisher, Mr. Van Voorst; and are profusely illustrated, the diagrams and the woodcuts intermixed with the letter-press being highly useful in explaining the text. The tailpieces have a relation to the chapter they close, but are rather effective ornaments than geologically illustrative.

From the Spectator.

#### CAPTAIN WIDDRINGTON'S SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS IN 1843.

CAPTAIN WIDDRINGTON is a naval officer, of varied acquirements. Besides the knowledge appropriate to a "man of war," as Davy terms Falstaff, he is a geologist, an economist, a naturalist, and a connoisseur in painting, sculpture, and architecture. He has also a turn for working in brass and iron upon a large scale, a good eye for the beauties of landscape, and, it would seem, a notion for bull-fights, the mantilla, and Spanish costume in general. He is, moreover, well acquainted with Spain and the Spaniards; having sojourned in the romantic land from 1829 to 1832, and published an account of his experiences a dozen years since. With so many sources of inquiry, Captain Widdrington has that solid matter-of-fact mind which seems to distinguish "the services." As it will not do to "base an operation" on fancy or romance, officers of a certain age and

standing acquire a preference for the real, however minute or common it may be.

The present volumes originated both in public and private motives. After the civil war was over, Captain Widdrington felt desirous of revisiting the country, to see how his personal friends and affairs in general were getting on. At the same time, the Agricultural Society of Great Britain were anxious that the "very curious and unique formation of phosphorite which had been long known to exist in Estremadura" should be examined, to ascertain whether the mineral could be imported as a substitute for bones; and Dr. Daubeny had offered to undertake the task. As the philosopher appears to have known little or nothing of the language or the country, Captain Widdrington offered to accompany him; and the two departed in the spring of 1843, provided with all requisite introductions, official and private.

As the book is not Dr. Daubeny's, we need not follow the phosphorite further than to say that sufficient samples of it were procured, and sent to England to be analyzed. The general route commenced at Bayonne; whence they proceeded by diligence through Vittoria and Burgos to Madrid. After inspecting the changes which years had made in the capital, and making the requisite preparations, Captain Widdrington and the doctor started for Logrosan, where the vein of phosphorite was situated; passing in their journey through Talavera and Truxillo. When Dr. Daubeny's business was despatched, our author accompanied his friend Colonel Elorza, the managing director of a mining company, on a tour of inspection; and, after visiting these mines and exploring the country, reached Seville. He thence took another road, little if at all used by foreign travellers, to Ronda, Malaga, Granada, and Madrid. During this journey, the commotion was beginning that subsequently ended in the expulsion of Espartero; and Captain Widdrington witnessed the commencement of the affair in a "pronunciamento" at Malaga, which seemed and was so ridiculous, that but for the results produced by prevailing dissatisfaction, the weakness of character in the executive, and the want of money to pay the troops, the whole would have served as a subject for a farce. In his second tour through the northwestern provinces of Spain, by Valladolid, Leon, Oviedo, Corunna, Santiago, and Vigo, where he embarked for England, Captain Widdrington was travelling in the midst of the insurrection, if such it can be called. At Valladolid, he saw the pronunciamento beginning, and took his departure; at Leon, he was under examination by the authorities; at Santiago, he was stopped in the street and questioned; at Pontevedra, he was under arrest, and only saved himself from detention by his knowledge of the Spanish character.

The topics treated of in Captain Widdrington's volumes are of great variety, as may be imagined from the various nature of his pursuits; and he

has a further source of change in the comparison he could institute between Spain as it was and as it is. This variety, however, rather complicates the narrative. We go from a picture-gallery to a church, from a church to the manners and costumes of the people, from the people to a sight, from a sight to a landscape; and the landscape introduces us to a geological formation, the mineralogy of the district, with the agricultural and economical character of the place, and probably some discussion on public affairs. There are consequently two or three classes of subjects which rather interfere than interchange; the criticism on art having no cognate affinity with the scientific matters, and the materials of a popular tour having slight relation to either. This is remedied in some degree by removing entire subjects, systematically treated, to the appendix—several articles on the forests of Spain, the geology of certain provinces, a general survey of Spanish agriculture, together with a review of Spanish history and politics for the last ten years.

The perception of Captain Widdrington is clear and just, except perhaps on the very complicated question of Spanish politics. His style is plain and unaffected, but with something approaching to pleasantry. His manner is rather of the old school than the new, without any attempt at brilliancy or literary effect; so that his sobriety sometimes approaches monotony. We think much of this result, however, is to be ascribed to the intermixture of subjects which we have already spoken of, which really address themselves to different classes of readers.

The most interesting but most inexplicable subject in the volumes is the Spanish character and the late revolution; rendered perhaps still more complex by Captain Widdrington's leanings to the Regent, and a Gallophobia which induces him to attribute the present state of things to the money and intrigues of Louis Philippe—though he abstains, with a curious caution, from mentioning his name or country, but designates the French, when speaking diplomatically, as the "neighbors." So far as we are able to judge from what is before us, the late revolution took place without any particular public object whatever in view, and scarcely any party purpose. Putting aside French money and intrigue, about which we have little of either particulars or evidence, the true source of the frequent disturbances in the peninsula would seem to be want of means and want of occupation. The grandees of Spain, though possessing both their rank and their property, appear to be so personally contemptible that they are publicly insignificant; but the mass of what would here be called the gentry and middle classes seem to be without any profitable pursuit. They are pretty much as the Duke of Wellington described the French on the first downfall of Napoleon—"plus de trois quarts de la classe de la société, non employée à la main-d'œuvre ou à laborer la

terre, sont en état d'indigence, et par consequence, mécontents;" a state which renders any charge desirable, because there is a chance that in the scramble of the revolution they may get a place; and the Spaniards are too sanguine to calculate the number of revolutionists in the number of places, and too ignorant to perceive the injury that these constant commotions must cause to such industry as the country possesses.

These elements of incessant revolution can only be controlled by the energetic force of a reign of terror, such as Narvaez is employing. Espartero failed, we think, from indecision and from Spanish procrastination. The first pronunciamientos, which could easily have been put down, were permitted to go on till they became too strong for his feeble-minded agents to cope with. In the last stage they could not be overthrown, because the troops of the Regency were corrupted, or rather detached, by something in hand and the promise of their arrears. Where the revolutionary officers and juntas could lay their hands upon money or equipments, the revolution prospered. Where the functionaries were men of activity and firmness, and they had any possible means of "touching the Spanish," the troops, and consequently the place, remained loyal to the regent. At the same time, this mode of maintaining order cannot last long under any government; and we think, with Captain Widdington, that another revolution is brewing, despite the activity and unscrupulous resoluteness of Narvaez.

The intermixture of subjects we have already spoken of is rather felt in continuous reading than in occasional perusal, and is advantageous for the purposes of extract. The separate sections, too, derive a value from the author's knowledge of the country, the unfrequented districts he often travelled through, his means of acquiring information, and his inquiring mind. For these reasons, we will draw pretty freely upon his pages.

#### A TRUE SPANISH TOWN AND DISTRICT.

Logrosan is an ill-built and dirty place: the streets are narrow and inconvenient, the masses of slate on which it stands protruding, and making the passage through narrow and ill-kept streets excessively incommensurable; and when they are flooded by the descent of the water from the higher grounds, some of them are nearly impassable. The population is about 4,000; and it is a perfect specimen of that class of towns called *labradores* or farmers and agricultural laborers. There are a few houses with escutcheons over the doors, to which are attached small *mayorazgos* or independent properties; but they are little distinguished from those of their neighbors, and there appears to be nearly the sort of equality among them so often found in such places in Spain. There are no shops, and scarcely any commerce, the whole business of the people being with the cultivation of the land. There are three large estates belonging to the town, in which every inhabitant has a share; two of which are in cultivation, and the other in monte or woodland, to

supply fuel and pasture. The custom is, once a year to divide or portion out the arable land; and lots are then drawn for each parcel; a single one being allotted to each man who has not a yoke of oxen, a double one to those provided with it. These lands, in fact, form the basis of their existence, and afford a fair sample of one of the most curious and little noticed parts of Spanish economy. It is perfectly evident that in this system the lands must be badly cultivated: as they are of necessity changed every year, no one has a further interest than to make all he can during his occupation, and to do as little as possible in the way of improvement. I suggested whether the allowing each man to retain his portion would not be a better plan than this annual change, by which the good cultivator is made to suffer by the mismanagement or selfishness of his predecessor. This they instantly admitted would be the better system; but it cannot be adopted without some legislative enactment, and then there would be a great practical difficulty in carrying it into effect. The abuses in the management of these town-lands are among the oldest, most inveterate, most extended, and most incurable, in the whole economy of Spain. An immense portion of land, of the extent of which I know not that any account exists, is held by this sort of tenure. It is one cause both of the poverty and of the independence and dignity so striking in the demeanor of the Spanish peasant. By his share in the common lands he is a proprietor, and nearly above absolute want, being in the situation of a small freeholder. By being on an equality with his neighbors at the distribution and other arrangements, which are made in full assembly by the *Alcaldes* and other authorities of the place, and with the right of checking and controlling or opposing any plan which is a departure from an ancient usage, or which does not meet with his approbation, he has many of the advantages of freedom, prescriptively and quite abstracted from any political or constitutional right. This system is drawn from the most remote antiquity, and there is little doubt chiefly from the Visigothic customs, whence many of the traditional liberties of Spain are derived.

In most parts of Spain the towns would be not only thriving, but would be extremely rich, were their lands under proper management; and nothing in all their economy will require more careful or attentive examination from government than this great question; nor will any, although it is imperatively called for, be more difficult to deal with.

#### A GENUINE SPANISH INN.

After passing an archway, close to the Casa del Ayuntamiento, I descended, and found myself in a caravansera of the genuine Spanish style. An ample space was covered by a rude and irregular roof; portions of which appeared to have been added at different times. Under this were arranged every description of package,—*alabardas* or pack-saddles, *tinajas* or jars carried on asses, bales made to balance each other, bags of salt, and every sort of merchandise carried by the *arrieros*. Baggage was laid out, and the muskets of the parties near it; cooking was going on at an open fire; the most unsavory odors were exhaled by the rancid oil forming the basis of it, which would have been insupportable but from their being tempered and softened by the ammonia and other correctives issuing from the stables which opened into it. Mantas were being spread, and the re-



spective mozos were preparing to pass the early part of night in this elysium, lulled by the tinkling of the bells attached to their steeds, and only likely to be occasionally disturbed by the amorous whinings of some and the more amorous responses of others, with an occasional battle in consequence. In short, it was so true a specimen of a haunt of arrieros, that you might travel from Cadiz to Pamplona, or from Coruna to Barcelona, without meeting anything more perfect in the line.

#### SPANISH FEELING TOWARDS NEGROES.

We had a tolerably pleasant party of fellow-travellers; one of the inside passengers being a campaigner of the old time, and a very superior, well-informed person. The coupé was occupied by a gentleman from the Habana with his black servant; as, owing to this peculiar incumbrance, he had been obliged to take the whole. In a short time, a very agreeable-looking family of females, who were in the hinder compartment, showed evident signs of what the Spaniards call *codicia*, or hankering after places in the front; and, after a good deal of neat and pretty manœuvring, they effected an entrance: but before the arrangement could be completed, the poor black was obliged to be dislodged; which operation produced rather a curious scene. We had no room in the centre, and the remainder of the party behind refused him admittance to the place of the lady who had taken his seat in the coupé. They next tried to obtain a vacant-place by the escort who was perched outside: but this fellow, who was a half-reclaimed robber, and if he had had his deserts, instead of riding there, should have been in presidio, or possibly on the horca or gibbet, not only refused to let him keep company, but declared aloud, that if he presumed to get up he would pitch him off! At last it was settled in some way, and the black disappeared: I found afterwards that he was packed among the baggage under the "vache," or leather cover; which in the state of the atmosphere must have been a perfect black-hole. The people carried their insolence so far, that they would not allow the man to eat in company with them: and as I suppose he thought it probable those of the *posado*, would refuse to serve him, his master told me afterwards that he never tasted anything during the journey.

I felt very much for the poor fellow, and took the first opportunity, when we stopped for the night, of entering into conversation with him. I found him to be a very superior person in his station, extremely well-informed on all matters relating to the colony he belonged to, and speaking the language in the utmost purity: he was nearly as much dissatisfied as his master with the manners and customs of travelling in Spain.

#### CHANGES IN MADRID.

The bustle and movement in the streets is quite extraordinary; nor do I ever remember seeing such a change in a few years in any place. The ordinary daily passage is equal to that of the festival days in the time of Ferdinand. Everything connected with the commerce and activity of the place has made equal progress. The shops, instead of the paltry appearance they presented at the former epoch, are now nearly as good and well-filled as those of Paris in 1814. Spacious repositories abound, where every article of French

and English dress is exhibited in the greatest profusion. Formerly it was a misfortune to have anything to do with tailors; and if any one had the ill-luck to be stripped near the gate of the capital, he had great difficulty in replacing his losses. Now he need only cover himself with a capa, and, sallying out, may very soon complete his wardrobe; which is no small advantage where the Spanish practice of skinning, "*quitar el pellejo*," is still practised. Most of these articles are French, and many of them have probably taken their turn in the exhibitions of the Palais Royal before being transferred to the capital of the Castiles. Some are English, however; and in my first walk through these districts of fashion, I saw appended foulards or printed silks, of the identical patterns I had recently purchased as the newest in England.

The day we arrived was an era in the economy of Madrid; for on it was the first starting of a set of omnibuses, most gaily painted, which traverse the principal parts of the city, drawn by mules, the number of which, compared with the lightness of the vehicle, is a curious contrast to that in use at Paris and London. They will be of great use in the heat of summer and in the wet days of winter; otherwise, in general the Spaniards, like ourselves, are too much in the habit of walking to avail themselves of them. One of the greatest improvements recently made has been the regularly numbering the houses. Formerly they were divided by stacks or isolated masses of building, called in Spain *Manzanas*. Each of these was numbered separately, and without reference to the streets which formed the boundaries; and it became excessively difficult, in most cases, to make out the residences of the inhabitants of the spacious houses, containing many families, and generally unprovided with porters. At present they are regularly marked, and the name of the streets, which was seldom the case then, painted as in other places.

#### SPARE DIET FOR TRAVELLERS.

In the latter part of the route, subsequent to leaving Almaden, we had lived a good deal in the Spanish manner, and with great temperance. We drank little wine and abundance of goat's milk—that is not only the best in the world but superior to any other milk I ever tasted: I am not aware of the cause of its superiority, unless it be the plants on which they browse at this season. We consumed large quantities of it, generally commencing and ending the day by emptying capacious bowls, and the people were often surprised at the number of quartillos or pints that were ordered: it is sweet, and so light as to be of quite imperceptible digestion. At Pedroso, owing to the regulations above mentioned, it was obliged to be brought from some distance; the goats being driven down for the purpose of supplying our wants, but of course not allowed to quit the road or browse on the land. Another article strongly to be recommended is a water salad. The lettuce, which is deliciously crisp and tender, is mixed in the usual way with oil and vinegar, and then put in a bowl that is filled with water; so that you sup the liquid with the green herb. It is impossible to describe how refreshing and wholesome this simple dish is after a hot and dusty ride; and we always commenced the evening repast with it. This diet suited me so well, that at the end of the

journey I was in perfect health; which was by no means the case when I set out, or when I arrived in Estremadura. I had entirely abandoned the bota that was formerly a constant part of my travelling-equipage, and found their delicious springs a pleasant and wholesome substitute for it.

#### HINTS FOR THE ROAD.

There are two modes of managing this [hiring horses]—the one, to take the horses by the day and keep them yourself. This is frequently practised in the north, and may do for short distances, and when you return to the same point from which you set out; but as it leads to extravagance and cheating, especially in the south, I would by no means recommend it for general adoption. Besides other difficulties in such a place, you may not be able to purchase the food they choose, excepting at an exorbitant rate, and by favoring jobbing with the people at the posadas. Therefore, whenever it is possible, make your bargain complete, return and everything included, and let it be understood that the mozo finds himself. You must, if he behaves well, give him the remains of your meals, and he is easily satisfied; but if you engage to feed him, he will probably turn out a cormorant. From my not attending to this, I have known one devour the provisions intended to last for several days in the course of a few hours. Among the best I have seen are those at Gibraltar, where they are used to good company, and are somewhat disciplined. The rules for dealing with these people in general are, to treat them kindly but coolly. No familiarity, nor too much respect or deference; and give your orders, after hearing what they have to say, in a cool and determined manner, never wrangling nor entering into altercation with them. If in a wild or unfrequented district, pay little attention to the difficulties they may choose to find out; but always hear them patiently, and, after appearing to consider, adopt your own plan, and go through with it. Be very careful in talking at ventas and such places, and always keep your movements and time of departure as secret as possible; as in every village, of the south especially, there are loose fish hanging about, or probably others upon the tramp may drop in. Eat little, and you will find yourself the better, as everything they give you is more or less hard of digestion. Request them to use manteea or lard instead of oil, which they always conform to; leaving your mozo to enjoy his rancid oil, which he invariably prefers, and will make you join him if you leave the arrangement to himself. Always inquire what is to be had in the plaza or market, because they vary very much. In some there is game; others, as the Cuenca district, and some others, occasionally mutton, hares, rabbits, pigeons, partridges; and by looking out you may see fellows carrying them about, who are the pastores or shepherds, and have contrived to poach a brace or two on their walks. The law is altered by which the Ayuntamiento frequently had the monopoly and the supply of food; and everything belonging to posadas is now open to the public.

#### THE WANT OF SPAIN.

There is the greatest possible want of that useful article the valet de place, all over the country; and even at Madrid the breed hardly exists. At Seville, there is a man called Bailey, a mixture of French, English, and Spanish, a perfect linguist, and a

most able and intelligent guide, whom I have heard highly spoken of by those who have employed him; and, in addition to other requisites, he is a capital cook and travelling-servant. I am the more induced to mention him, because he complained bitterly that he had furnished their best anecdotes to several tourists, one dead and at least two living, without their making any mention of the source whence they obtained the information, and even in some instances actually taking pains to conceal it. He felt this the more sensibly, because they had always promised to mention him in their works; but somehow had forgotten to do so, although he saw, by the exactness with which they repeated his stories, their memories were not equally defective in other respects. He is well read in gipsy poetry and other lore, and, from what he stated, must have studied their manners very deeply. In short, he must be considered a most useful ally to those who may wish to add a little information to the common routine of tours in steam-boats and diligences, and have not time to dig deeply into the mines of Spanish history. I certainly feel it a duty to fulfil my promise of mentioning him; and the last party I heard of his serving spoke to me in the highest terms of his attention. The only thing I fear is, that in future he may be less communicative: and he was extremely irate with some of those he mentioned, one especially, whose memory had been peculiarly deficient.

From the Spectator.

#### PEEL AND GUIZOT.

KINGS were wont to be accompanied by their wise man, or *spruch-sprecher*, to give them counsel, and their jester, to amuse them. At the late regal visit to Windsor, the jesters were dispensed with—royalty, in these days of retrenchment, undertook to find its own jokes as well as its own laughter: but the *spruch-sprecher*s were in close attendance on both their majesties. M. Guizot stuck close to his master; and while the Duke of Wellington was despatched with Prince Albert to receive Louis Philippe at the water's edge, Sir Robert Peel remained at Windsor tied to the apron-string of his royal mistress.

The wise counsels given to the monarchs by their respective premiers may never transpire. Indeed, it is probable that their attendance was but a piece of state formality, and that they did not presume to watch the sayings and doings of the princes in order to save them from compromising themselves. It cannot even be said that one looked the character better than the other: each was "every inch a prime minister." It is only by their antecedents that Guizot can be distinguished from Peel.

They have several points in common. Each will be remembered more for his dexterity in acquiring office, than for an original, bold, or comprehensive line of policy. Each has a knack of trimming his bark to suit the tide: Peel, the Tory champion, rests his claim to public confidence on his Whiggish measures; and Guizot, the Protestant, valorously declares that France must be the

champion of the Roman Catholic faith throughout the world. The "Man of Ghent" as minister under the dynasty of the Barricades is an apt counterpart to the colleague of Eldon and Castlereagh crying "Register, register, register." Each contrives to make himself the leader of a party, which adheres to him more from belief in his skill as a tactician than any vehement admiration of his policy. Each is an irreproachable character, for whom nobody appears to entertain a very ardent affection.

But though the politicians have a strong family-likeness, the men are very different. Sir Robert Peel has no imagination, and, naturally, little eloquence. He knows as much of art and literature as a man can be taught, and no more. By patient drudgery, he has acquired considerable knowledge of finance and some other branches of politics, and a thorough mastery of the forms of parliamentary and official business. Under any circumstances, he must have been a useful member of a party; but had not his affluence made him independent of party, he never could have become a leader. He has neither the buoyant and relentless will of a Chatham, nor the brilliant and fascinating qualities of a Canning, to sway the minds of his followers. One great source of his power is that he can better afford to do without his party than his party without him.

Guizot, on the contrary, though if he chose he might be independent of party, cannot be so if he is to continue a politician. His party feel that if he continue engaged in politics, it must be as a trade by which he earns his bread. He and party are mutually dependent on each other. It is not to his social position, but to something inherent in himself, that he owes his leadership. The post is yielded to him because his literary reputation reflects honor on his party, and because he is a natural and powerful orator in addition to being an accomplished debater.

The difference between the characters of the two premiers is illustrative of the difference between the social conditions of their two countries. In England, George Canning is the solitary example of a politician of Guizot's class rising to the rank of premier: and for how brief a time did he enjoy it! how dearly did he buy it! In France, the only perilous rival to M. Guizot is one of his own fraternity. In this country there are more men of large fortunes than in France, and their wealth has more of an hereditary character: a man's social position is of more consequence, and his personal talents of less. At first sight, one is tempted to imagine that "they order these things better in France;" but experience dispels the illusion. Genius cannot be kept down by the mere mechanical pressure of wealth; it is only forced into different channels—driven to devise means of exerting its restless energies; and it is made stronger and more adroit by the struggle. It must be confessed that there is a better prospect of internal peace for England, where only a very few can hope to carry off the highest prizes in politics, than for France, where four hundred clever, vain, and reckless journalists awaken every morning with the thought, "Guizot was once no more than I am; why should I not rise as high?"

**SENSE OF PROPRIETY.**—The degree of this capacity in some persons, may be compared to the feeling of a hard-skinned finger; in others to that of the tongue.

ROME IN 1842.—I have lately seen the Statistical Tables of the Population of Rome for the year 1842, signed by Monsignore Zacchia, the present able governor, which, under various points of view, are deserving attention. The following is a summary:—

Families.	Individuals.	Sex.	Country.
34,449	167,121	88,442 males.	151,424 Roman.
		78,679 females.	15,697 Foreign.
Occupations.			
Cardinals,			30
Archbishops and Bishops,			21
Prelates,			125
Secular Clergy,			1,654
Monks,			2,749
Nuns,			1,550
Nobles and Proprietors,			2,652
Professors of Science and Literature,			2,158
Those who profess the Fine Arts,			1,522
Physicians,			213
Surgeons,			183
Druggists,			71
Assistants to Druggists,			113
Midwives,			62
Masters of Public Schools,			302
Public Employés and Pensioners,			3,733
Private Employés and Pensioners,			2,622
Shopkeepers and Tradesmen,			37,202
Servants,			12,128
Laborers and Workpeople in the different			
suburbs,			15,158
Laborers on public works and Beggars,			1,913
Youths and individuals of both sexes without any fixed condition,			81,230
Individuals comprising the military force, and those who are confined in prison, are not enumerated.			
Births, Males,			2,110
" Females,			1,933
Deaths, Males,			1,809
" Females,			1,779
Marriages,			1,313
Proportion of			
Births, to the population,			1 in 41
Deaths,			1 " 47
Marriages,			1 " 127

Thus we find that upwards of 3,600 individuals are devoted to the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. Those who are engaged on public works and beggars are estimated at 1,913, under which head cannot be included the swarms of mendicants who infest every street and alley of Rome, but those merely who are licensed by government, and who may be always distinguished by a label they wear around their necks. Another remarkable item is 81,230 individuals who cannot be said to have any settled condition; not that they are courtiers or nobles, but that they have no certain means of subsistence;—a state of things, even after making every deduction for youth, perilous to the good order of society. Of those who are in religious orders, we have 6,129, including doubtless many excellent and many learned men, but together exercising an influence on the mass which is anything but healthy. The excess of males may here be explained in some measure by the number of clergy, and that so large a number of foreigners are constantly domiciled at Rome, amounting to 15,697, who are in a large proportion young men pursuing their studies. The population for some years has been on the decrease; in the year 1842 it has increased by 455.—*Athenæum*.